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THE

OBSERVER:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

MORAL, LITERARY AND FAMILIAR

ESSAYS.

——MULTORUM PROVIDUS URBES
ET MORES HOMINUM INSPEXIT.——
(HORAT.)

By Richard Cumberland

VOL. III.

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TH

THE

OBSERVER.

N° LXXIX.

PREJUDICE is ſo wide a word, that if we would have ourſelves underſtood, we muſt always uſe ſome auxiliary term with it to define our meaning: Thus when we ſpeak of national prejudices, prejudices of education, or religious prejudices, by compounding our expreſſion we convey ideas very different from each other

National prejudice is by ſome called a virtue, but the virtue of it conſiſts only in the proper application and moderate degree of it. It muſt be confeſſed a happy attachment, which can recon-

cile the Laplander to his freezing ſnows, and th African to his ſcorching ſun. There are ſom portions of the globe ſo partially endowed by Pro vidence with climate and productions, that were it not for this prejudice to the *natale ſolum*, th greater part of the habitable world would be a ſcene of envy and repining. National predilec tion is in this ſenſe a bleſſing, and perhaps a vir tue; but if it operates otherwiſe than in the beſ ſenſe of its definition, it perverts the judgment and in ſome caſes vitiates the heart. It is an ol ſaying, that *charity begins at home*, but this is n reaſon it ſhould not go abroad: A man ſhoul live with the world as a citizen of the world; h may have a preference for the particular quarter or ſquare, or even alley in which he lives, but h ſhould have a generous feeling for the welfare o the whole; and if in his rambles through thi great city (the world) he may chance upon a man of a differen: habit, language or complexion fron his own, ſtill he is a fellow-citizen, a ſhort ſo journer in common with himſelf, ſubject to th ſame wants, infirmities and neceſſities, and on that has a brother's claim upon him for his cha rity, candour and relief. It were to be wiſhed n traveller would leave his own country withou theſe impreſſions, and it would be ſtill better if al who live in it would adopt them; but as an *Ob ſerver* of mankind (let me ſpeak it to the honour of my countrymen) I have very little to reproach them with on this account. It would be hard i a nation, more addicted to travel than any other in Europe, had not rubbed off this ruſt of the ſou in their excurſions and colliſions; it would be an

indelibl

delible reproach, if a people, ſo bleſt at home ere not benevolent abroad. Our ingenious eighbours the French are leſs agreeable gueſts an hoſts: I am afraid their national prejudices ach a little beyond candour in moſt caſes, and ey are too apt to indulge a vanity, which does ot become ſo enlightened a nation, by ſhutting eir eyes againſt every light except their own; ut I do a violence to my feelings, when I exreſs myſelf unfavourably of a people, with whom e have long been implicated in the moſt honouable of all connections, the mutual purſuits of terary fame, and a glorious emulation in arts and iences.

Prejudices of education are leſs dangerous than eligious prejudices, leſs common than national nes, and more excuſable than any; in general ey are little elſe than ridiculous habits, which annot obtain much in a country where public ducation prevails, and ſuch as a commerce with he world can hardly fail to cure: They are chaacteriſtic of ſeraglio princes; the property of ſeeſtered beings, who live in celibacy and retirent, contracted in childhood and confirmed by e: A man, who has paſſed his life on ſhipard, will pace the length of his quarter-deck the terrace before his houſe, were it a mile in ngth.

Theſe are harmleſs peculiarities, but it is obvis to experience that prejudices of a very evil nare may be contracted by habits of education; d the very defective ſtate of the police, which ſuffered yet to go on without reform in and out our capital, furniſhes too many examples of

our fatal inattention to the morals of our infa
poor: Amongſt the many wretched culprits wl
ſuffer death by the law, how many are there, wh
when ſtanding at the bar to receive ſentence
execution, might urge this plea in extenuation
their guilt!

"This action which you are pleaſed to ter
criminal, I have been thought to conſider as m
ritorious: The arts of fraud and thieving, b
which I gained my living, are arts inſtilled in
me by my parents, habits wherein I was educate
from my infancy, a trade to which I was regular
bred: If theſe are things not to be allowed o
and a violation of the laws, it behoves the law
to prevent them, rather than to puniſh them; fo
I cannot ſee the equity of putting me to deat
for actions, which, if your police had taken an
charge of me in my infancy, I never had com
mitted. If you would ſecure yourſelves from re
ceiving wrong, you ſhould teach us not to d
wrong; and this might eaſily be effected, if yo
had any eye upon your pariſh poor. For my part
I was born and bred in the pariſh of Saint Giles
my parents kept a ſhop for the retail of gin, an
old rags; chriſtening I had none; a church I ne
ver entered, and no pariſh officer ever viſited ou
habitation: If he had done ſo, he would hav
found a ſeminary of thieves and pick-pockets,
magazine of ſtolen goods, a houſe of call whe
nightly depredators met together to compare a
counts, and make merry over their plunder
Amongſt theſe and by theſe I was educated;
obeyed them as my maſters, and I looked up
them as my examples: I believed them to b
gre

t men; I heard them recount their actions
glory; I saw them die like heroes, and I at-
ed their executions with triumph. It is now
urn to suffer, and I hope I shall not prove
lf unworthy of the calling in which I have
brought up: If there be any fault in my con-
, the fault is yours; for, being the child
overty, I was the son of the public: If there
ny honour, it is my own; for I have acted
my instructions in all things, and faithfully
led the purposes of my education."

annot excuse myself from touching upon one
prejudice, which may be called natural, or
rejudice: Under correction of the *Dam-*
I hope I may be allowed to say, that a cer-
portion of this is a good quickener in all con-
ions; being seasonably applied, it acts like
pur in the wing of the ostrich, and keeps in-
y awake: Being of the nature of all vola-
nd provocatives, the merit of it consists in
oderation and discretion which administer it:
nan rightly knows himself, he may be called
if he justly confides in himself, he may be
nted happy; but if he keeps both this know-
and this confidence to himself, he will nei-
be less wise nor less happy for so doing: If
are any secrets, which a man ought to keep
his neareſt friends, this is one of them. If
were no better reason why a man should
aunt himself, but because it is robbing the
mountebanks of their livelihood, methinks
uld be reason enough: If he must think
upon such occasions, let him lock himself
is closet, and take it out in soliloquy: If he

likes the ſound of his own praiſes there, and ca reconcile himſelf to the belief of them, it wi then be time enough to try their effect upon oth people.

Ventidius is the modeſteſt of all men; h bluſhes when he ſees himſelf applauded in th public papers; he has a better reaſon for bluſhin than the world is aware of; he knows himſelf t be the author of what he reads.

It ſeems a matter pretty generally agreed b tween all tellers and hearers of ſtories, that on party ſhall work by the rule of addition, an the other by that of ſubſtraction: In moſt narr tives, where the relater is a party in the ſcene, have remarked that the *ſays-I* has a decided adva tage in a dialogue over the *ſays-he*; few peop take an under-part in their own fable. There a ſalvo, however, which ſome gentlemen mak uſe of (but I cannot recommend it) of hookin in a word to their own advantage, with the pr face of *I think I may ſay without vanity*—and aft all, if it was not for the vanity of it, there wou be no need to ſay it at all.

I knew a gentleman who poſſeſſed more re accompliſhments, than fall to one man's lot in thouſand; he was an excellent painter, a fi muſician, a good ſcholar, and more than al very worthy man—but he could not ride: It happened, that upon a morning's airing I dete ed him in the attempt of mounting on the ba of a little pony, no taller than his whip, and quiet as a lamb: Two ſtout fellows held the a mal by the head, whilſt my friend was perfor ing a variety of very ingenious manœuvres t lodgi

lodging himſelf upon the ſaddle by the aid of a ſtirrup, which nearly touched the ground: I am afraid I ſmiled, when I ought not ſo to have done, for it is certain it gave offence to my worthy friend, who ſoon after joined me on his pony, which he aſſured me was remarkably vitious, particularly at mounting; but that he had been giving him ſome proper diſcipline, which he doubted not would cure him of his evil tricks; "for "you may think what you pleaſe," adds he, of "my painting, or my muſic, or any other little "talent you are pleaſed to credit me for; the "only art, which I really pique myſelf upon— "is the art of riding."

N° LXXX.

To the OBSERVER.

Sir,

I am a plain man without pretenſions, and lead a retired life in the country: The ſports of the ſeaſon, a ſmall farm, which I hold in my own hands, and a pretty good kitchen garden, in which I take amuſement, with the help of a few

Engliſh books, have hitherto made my life, though it is that of a bachelor, paſs off with more than tolerable comfort. By this account of my time you will perceive tha moſt of my enjoyments depend upon the weather; and though the wear-and-tear of age may have made me more ſenſible to the ſeaſons than I have been, yet I cannot help thinking that our climate in England is as much altered for the worſe, as my conſtitution may be. I do not pretend to reaſon upon natural cauſes, but ſpeak upon obſervation only; for by an exact journal of my time (which I keep more for a check upon my actions than for any importance which appertains to them) I can find that I am obliged to my books for helping me through more rainy hours in the courſe of years laſt paſt, than I have been accuſtomed to be, or indeed than I could wiſh; for you muſt know I never read, when I can amuſe myſelf out of doors.

My ſtudies are but trifling, for I am no ſcholar, but in bad weather and dark evenings they have ſerved to fill up time; a very little diſcouragement however ſuffices to put me out of conceit with my books, and I have thoughts of laying them totally on the ſhelf, as ſoon as ever I can provide ſome harmleſs ſubſtitute in their place: This you ſee is not ſo eaſy for me to do, being a ſolitary man, and one that hates drinking, eſpecially by myſelf; add to this that I ſmoke no tobacco, and have more reaſons than I chuſe to explain againſt engaging in the nuptial ſtate: My houſekeeper it is true is a decent converſable woman, and plays a good game at all-fours; and I had begun to fill up an hour in her company, till I was

ſurprized unawares by a neighbour who is a
and has never ceaſed jeering me upon it ever
: I took next to making nets for my currant
es, but alas I have worked myſelf out of all
oy and am got weary of the trade; I have
ght of making fiſhing-rods; but I have a
ıbour ſo tenacious of his trout, that I ſhould
breed a quarrel, and fiſh in troubled waters,
I to attempt it. To make ſhort of my ſtory,
I have been obliged after many efforts to go
to my books, tho' I have loſt all the little
ı I had for them ever ſince I have been ho-
ed with the viſits of a learned gentleman,
is lately ſettled in my neighbourhood. He
be a prodigious ſcholar, for I believe in my
:ience he knows every thing that ever was
en, and every body that ever writes. He
aken a world of kind pains I muſt confeſs
t me right in a thouſand things, that I was
ant enough to be pleaſed with: He is a fine-
en man, and in ſpite of my ſtupidity has the
nce to convince me of the faults and blun-
of every author in his turn: When he ſhows
to me I ſee them as clear as day, and never
up the book again; he has now gone pretty
y through my whole neſt of ſhelves, point-
ut, as he proceeds, what I like a fool never
ıefore, nor ever ſhould have ſeen but for him.
d to like a *Spectator* now and then, and gene-
ſought out for *Clio*, which I was told were
Addiſon's papers; but I have been in a groſs
ke, to loſe my time with a man that cannot
common Engliſh; for my friend has proved
:o me out of a fine book, three times as big

as the *Spectator*; and, which is more, this gr book is made by a foreign gentleman, who wri and ſpeaks clear another language from Mr. A diſon; ſurely he muſt be a dunce indeed, w is to be taught his mother tongue by a ſtrang I was apt to be tickled with ſome of our Engl poets, Dryden and Pope and Milton, and c Gray, that turns out to be a very contempti fellow truly, for he has ſhewn me all their ſec hiſtories in print, written by a learned man gr ter than them all put together, and now I wo not give a ruſh for one of them; I could find my heart to ſend *Bell* and all his books to the vil. As for all the writers now living, my nei bour, who by the way has a hand in reviewi their works, aſſures me he can make nothing them, and indeed I wonder that a man of his nius will have any thing to ſay to them. It my cuſtom to read a chapter or two in the Bi on a Sunday night; but there I am wrong aga I ſhall not enter upon the ſubject here, but won't do, that I am convinced of, Sir; it p tively will not do.

The reaſon of my writing to you at all is o to let you know, that I received a volume of y Obſerver by the coach; my friend has caſt eye over it, and I have returned it by the wagg which he ſays is the fitteſt conveyance for wa paper.

I am, Sir,
Your humble ſervant,
RUSTICUS.

I ſh

I ſhall give no other anſwer to my correſpondent but to lament his loſs of ſo innocent a reſource as reading, which I ſuſpect his new acquirements will hardly compenſate. I ſtill think that half an hour with Mr. Addiſon over a *Spectator*, notwithſtanding all his falſe grammar, or even with one of the poets, notwithſtanding their infirmities, might be as well employed as in weaving nets for the currant-buſhes, or playing at all-fours with his houſekeeper. No man has a right to complain of the critic, whoſe ſagacity diſcovers inaccuracies in a favourite author, and ſome readers may probably be edified by ſuch diſcoveries; but the bulk of them, like my correſpondent Ruſticus, will get nothing but diſguſt by the information: Every man's work is fair game for the critic; but let the critic beware that his own production is not open to retaliation. As for our late ingenious biographer of the poets, when I compare his life of Savage with that of Gray, I muſt own he has exalted the low, and brought down the lofty; with what juſtice he has done this the world muſt judge. On the part of our authors now living, whom the learned gentleman in the letter condemns in the lump, I have only this to obſerve, that the worſe they fare now, the better they will ſucceed with poſterity; for the critics love the ſport too well to hunt any but thoſe, who can ſtand a good chace; and authors are the only objects in nature, which are magnified by diſtance and diminiſhed by approach: Let the illuſtrious dead change places with the illuſtrious living, and they ſhall eſcape no better than they have done who make room for them; the more

more merit they bring amongſt us, the heavier the tax they ſhall pay for it.

Let us ſuppoſe for a moment that Shakeſpear was now an untried poet, and opened his career with any one of his beſt plays; The next morning uſhers into the world the following, or ſomething like the following, critique.

"Laſt night was preſented for the firſt time a tragedy called *Othello, or the Moor of Venice*, avowedly the production of *Mr. William Shakeſpear*, the actor. This gentleman's reputation in his profeſſion is of the *mediocre*, and we predict that his preſent tragedy will not add much to it in any way.—*Mediocribus eſſe poetis*—the reader can ſupply the reſt—*verb. ſap.* As we profeſs ourſelves to be friendly to the players in general, we ſhall reſerve our fuller critique of this piece, till after its third night; for *we hold it very ſtuff of the conſcience* (to uſe Mr. Shakeſpear's own words) not to war againſt the poet's purſe; though we might apply the author's quaint conceit to himſelf—

"*Who ſteals his purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething;*
" *nothing.*

In this laſt reply we agree with Mr. Shakeſpear that *'tis nothing*, and our philoſophy tells us *ex nihilo nihil fit.*

" For the plot of this tragedy the moſt we can ſay is, that it is certainly of the *moving* ſort, for it is here and there and every where; a kind of theatrical *hocus-pocus*; a creature of the pye-ball breed, like Jacob's muttons, between a black ram, and a white ewe. It brought to our mind the

children's game of—*I love my love with an A*—
i this difference only, that the young lady in
play loves her love with a B, *becauſe he is*
k—Riſum teneatis?

There is one *Iago*, a bloody-minded fellow,
ſtabs men in the dark behind their backs;
this is a thing we hold to be moſt vile and
-to-be abhorred. Othello ſmothers his white
in bed; our readers may think this a ſhabby
l of an action for a general of his high call-
; but we beg leave to obſerve that it ſhews
e ſpirit at leaſt in Othello to attack the enemy
er *ſtrong quarters* at once. There was an in-
nt of a *pocket-handkerchief*, which *Othello* call-
out for moſt luſtily, and we were rather ſorry
his lady could not procure it, as we might
have ſeen one *handkerchief* at leaſt employed
he tragedy. There were ſome *vernacular*
ſes, which caught our ear, ſuch as where the
k damns his wife twice in the breath—*Oh*
n her, damn her!—which we thought ſavour-
more of the language ſpoken *at* the doors, than
in the doors of the theatre; but when we
ll recollect that the author uſed to amuſe a leiſure
with calling up gentlemen's coaches after the
was over, before he was promoted to take a
in it, we could readily account for old habits.
we have ſeen many gentlemen and ladies kill
ſelves on the ſtage, yet we muſt give the
or credit for the new way in which his hero
himſelf out of the world: Othello, having
hered his wife, and being taken up by the
ers of the ſtate, prepares to diſpatch himſelf
eſcape from the hands of juſtice; to bring
this

this about, he begins a ſtory about his killing a man in Aleppo, which he illuſtrates *par exemple* by ſtabbing himſelf, and ſo winds up his ſtory and his life in the ſame moment. The author made his appearance in the perſon of one *Brabantio* an old man, who makes his firſt entry from a window; this occaſioned ſome riſibility in the audience: The part is of an inferior kind, and Mr. Shakeſpear was more indebted to the exertions of his brethren, than to his own, for carrying his play through. Upon the whole, we do not think the paſſion of jealouſy, on which the plot turns, ſo proper for tragedy as comedy, and we would recommend to the author, if his piece ſurvives its nine nights, to cut it down to a farce and ſerve it up to the public *cum micâ ſalis* in that ſhape. After this ſpecimen of Mr. William Shakeſpear's tragic powers, we cannot encourage him to purſue his attempts upon Melpomene; for there is a good old proverb, which we would adviſe him to bear in mind—*ne ſutor ultra crepidam*—If he applies to his friend *Ben*, he will turn it into Engliſh for him."

N° LXXXI.

THE conduct of a young lady, who is the only daughter of a very worthy father, and ſome alarming particulars reſpecting her ſituation which had come to my knowledge, gave occaſion to me for writing my Paper, N° XLVI. in which I endeavour to point out the conſequences parents have to apprehend from novels, which, though written upon moral plans, may be apt to take too ſtrong a hold upon young and ſuſceptible minds, eſpecially in the ſofter ſex, and produce an affected character, where we wiſh to find a natural one.

As the young perſon in queſtion is now happily extricated from all danger, and had ſeen her error, I ſhall relate her ſtory, not only as it contains ſome incidents which are amuſing, but as it tends to illuſtrate by example the ſeveral inſtructions, which in my Paper before mentioned I endeavoured to convey.

Sappho is the only child of *Clemens*, who is a widower; a paſſionate fondneſs for this daughter, tempered with a very ſmall ſhare of obſervation or knowledge of the world, determined Clemens to an attempt (which has ſeldom been found to ſucceed) of rendering Sappho a miracle of accompliſhments, by putting her under the inſtructions of maſters in almoſt every art and ſcience at one and the ſame time: His houſe now became

an

an academy of muſicians, dancing-maſters, language-maſters, drawing-maſters, geographers, hiſtorians, and a variety of inferior artiſts male and female; all theſe ſtudies appeared the more deſirable to Clemens, from his own ignorance of them, having devoted his life to buſineſs of a very different nature. Sappho made juſt as much progreſs in each, as is uſual with young ladies ſo attended; ſhe could do a little of moſt of them, and talk of all: She could play a concerto by heart with every grace her maſter had taught her, note for note, with the preciſe repetition of a barrel-organ: She had ſtuck the room round with drawings, which Clemens praiſed to the ſkies, and which Sappho aſſured him had been only *touched up a little* by her maſter: She could tell the capital of every country, when he queſtioned her out of the newſpaper, and would point out the very ſpot upon the terreſtrial globe, where Paris, Madrid, Naples and Conſtantinople actually were to be found: She had as much French as puzzled Clemens, and would have ſerved her to buy blonde-lace and Paris netting at a French milliner's; nay, ſhe had gone ſo far as to pen a letter in that language to a young lady of her acquaintance, which her maſter, who ſtood over her whilſt ſhe wrote it, declared to be little inferior in ſtile to Madame Sevigné's: In hiſtory, both antient and modern, her progreſs was proportionable; for ſhe could run through the twelve Cæſars in a breath, and reckon up all the kings from the conqueſt upon her fingers without putting one out of place; this appeared a prodigy to Clemens, and in the warmth of his heart he fairly

told her ſhe was one of the world's won-
Sappho aptly ſet him right in this miſtake,
ıring him that there were but ſeven won-
ı the world, all of which ſhe repeated to
ınd only left him more convinced that ſhe
was deſervedly the eighth.

ːre was a gentleman about fifty years old,
d of Clemens, who came frequently to his
and, being a man of talents and leiſure,
kind as to take great pains in directing and
ıg Sappho forward in her ſtudies: This
very acceptable ſervice to Clemens, and the
f *Muſidorus* were always joyfully welcomed
ıy him and Sappho herſelf: Muſidorus de-
himſelf overpaid by the delight it gave him
template the opening talents of ſo promiſ-
oung lady; and as Sapho was now of years
bliſh her pretenſions to taſte and ſentiment,
ɔrus made ſuch a ſelection of authors for
ıding, as were beſt calculated to accompliſh
:hoſe particulars: In ſettling this important
he was careful to put none but wri-
: delicacy and ſenſibility into her hands;
ting and affecting tales or novels were the
he chiefly recommended, which by exhi-
the faireſt patterns of female purity (ſuffer-
treſs and even death itſelf from the attacks
ntious paſſion in the groſſer ſex) might in-
er ſympathetic heart with pity, and guard
ı ſeduction by diſplaying proffigacy in its
lious colours.

ıho's propenſity to theſe ſtudies fully an-
the intentions of her kind director, and
ame more and more attached to works of
ſentiment

ſentiment and pathos. Muſidorus's next ſolicitude was to form her ſtile, and with this view he took upon himſelf the trouble of carrying on a kind of probationary correſpondence with her; this happy expedient ſucceeded, beyond expectation, for as two people, who ſaw each other every day, could have very little matter to write upon, there was ſo much the more exerciſe for invention; and ſuch was the copiouſneſs and fluency of expreſſion which ſhe became miſtreſs of by this ingenious practice, that ſhe could fill four ſides of letter paper with what other people expreſs upon the back of a card: Clemens once, in the exultation of his heart, put a bundle of theſe manuſcripts into my hands, which he confeſſed he did not clearly underſtand, but nevertheleſs believed them to be the moſt elegant things in the language; I ſhall give the reader a ſample of two of them, which I drew out of the number, not by choice, but by chance; they were carefully folded, and labelled at the back in Sappho's own hand as follows, *Muſidorus to Sappho of the* 10*th of June*; underneath ſhe had wrote with a pencil theſe words:

PICTURESQUE!

ELEGANT!

HAPPY ALLUSION TO THE SUN!

KING DAVID NOT TO BE COMPARED TO MUSIDORUS.

Here

Here follows the note, and I cannot doubt but the reader will confeſs that its contents deſerve all that the label expreſſes.

" *June the* 10*th*, 1785.

" As ſoon as I aroſe this morning, I directed my eyes to the eaſt, and demanded of the ſun, if he had given you my good-morrow: This was my parting injunction laſt night, when I took leave of him in the weſt, and he this moment plays his beams with ſo particular a luſtre, that I am ſatisfied he has fulfilled my commiſſion, and ſaluted the eyelids of Sappho: If he is deſcribed to *come forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber*, how much rather may it be ſaid of him, when he comes forth out of *your's?* I ſhall look for him to perform his journey this day with a peculiar glee; I expect he will not ſuffer a cloud to come near him, and I ſhall not be ſurprized, if through his eagerneſs to repeat his next morning's ſalutation, he ſhould *whip his fiery-footed ſteeds to the weſt* ſome hours before their time; unleſs indeed you ſhould walk forth whilſt he is deſcending, and he ſhould delay the wheels of his chariot to look back upon an object ſo pleaſing. You ſee therefore, moſt amiable Sappho, that unleſs you fulfil your engagement, and conſent to repeat our uſual ramble in the cool of the evening, our part of the world is likely to be in darkneſs before it is expected, and that nature herſelf will be put out of courſe, if Sappho forfeits her promiſe to Muſidorus."

" SAPPHO

"SAPPHO IN REPLY TO MUSIDORUS."

"If nature holds her courſe till Sappho forfeits her word to Muſidorus, neither the ſetting nor the riſing ſun ſhall vary from his appointed time. But why does Muſidorus aſcribe to me ſo flattering an influence, when, if I have any intereſt with Apollo, it muſt be to his good offices only that I owe it? If he bears the meſſages of Muſidorus to me, is it not a mark of his reſpect to the perſon who ſends him, rather than to her he is ſent to? And whom ſhould he ſo willingly obey, as one whom he ſo copiouſly inſpires? I ſhall walk as uſual in the cool hour of even-tide, liſtening *with greedy ear* to that diſcourſe, which, by the refined and elevated ſentiments it inſpires, has taught me to look down with ſilent pity and contempt upon thoſe frivolous beings, who talk the mere language of the ſenſes, not of the ſoul, and to whoſe filly prattle I neither condeſcend to lend an ear, or to ſubſcribe a word. Know then that Sappho will reſerve her attention for Muſidorus, and if Apollo *ſhall delay the wheels of his chariot* to wait upon us in our evening ramble, believe me he will not ſtop for the unworthy purpoſe of looking back upon Sappho, but for the nobler gratification of liſtening to Muſidorus."

The evening walk took place as uſual, but it was a walk in the duſty purlieus of London, and Sappho ſighed for a cottage and the country: Muſidorus ſeconded the ſigh, and he had abundance of fine things to ſay on the occaſion: Retirement

tirement is a charming ſubject for a ſentimental enthuſiaſt; there is not a poet in the language, but will help him out with a deſcription; Muſidorus had them all at his fingers ends, from *Heſperus that led the ſtarry hoſt*, down to a glow-worm.

The paſſion took ſo ſtrong a hold of Sappho's mind, that ſhe actually aſſailed her father on the ſubject, and with great energy of perſuaſion moved him to adopt her ideas: It did not exactly ſuit Clemens to break up a very lucrative profeſſion, and ſet out in ſearch of ſome ſolitary cottage, whoſe romantic ſituation might ſuit the ſpiritualized deſires of his daughter, and I am afraid he was for once in his life not quite ſo reſpectful to her wiſhes, as he might have been: Sappho was ſo unuſed to contradiction, that ſhe explained herſelf to Muſidorus with ſome aſperity, and it became the ſubject of much debate between them: Not that he held a contrary opinion from her's; but the difficulty which embarraſſed both parties was, where to find the happy ſcene ſhe ſighed for, and how to obtain it when it was found. The firſt part of this difficulty was at laſt ſurmounted, and the choſen ſpot was pointed out by Muſidorus, which according to his deſcription was the very bower of felicity; it was in a northern county at a diſtance from the capital, and its ſituation was moſt delectable: The next meaſure was a ſtrong one; for the queſtion to be decided was, if Sappho ſhould abandon her project or her father; ſhe called upon Muſidorus for his opinion, and he delivered it as follows:—"If I was not convinced, moſt amiable Sappho, that a ſecond application to Clemens would be as unſucceſsful as the firſt,

firſt, I would adviſe you to the experiment; but as there is no doubt of this, it muſt be the heighth of imprudence to put that to a trial, of which there is no hope: It comes therefore next to be conſidered, if you ſhall give up your plan, or execute it without his privity; in other words, if you ſhall or ſhall not do that, which is to make you happy: If it were not conſiſtent with the ſtricteſt purity of character, I ſhould anſwer no; but when I reflect upon the innocence, the ſimplicity, the moral beauty of the choice you make, I then regard the duty you owe to yourſelf as ſuperior to all others, which are falſely called natural; whereas, if you follow this in preference, you obey nature herſelf: If you were of an age too childiſh to be allowed to know what ſuits you beſt, or, if being old enough to be intitled to a choice, you wanted wit to make one, there would be no doubt in the caſe; nay, I will go ſo far as to ſay, that if Clemens was a man of judgment ſuperior to your own, I ſhould be ſtaggered with his oppoſition; but if truth may ever be ſpoken, it may on this occaſion, and who is there that does not ſee the weakneſs of the father's underſtanding; who but muſt acknowledge the preeminence of the daughter's? I will ſpeak yet plainer, moſt incomparable Sappho, it is not fitting that folly ſhould preſcribe to wiſdom: The queſtion therefore is come to an upſhot, Shall Sappho live a life ſhe deſpiſes and deteſts, to humour a father, whoſe weakneſs ſhe pities, but whoſe judgment ſhe cannot reſpect?"

"No," replied Sappho, "that point is decided; paſs on to the next, and ſpeak to me upon the

the practicability of executing what I am reſolved to attempt." "The authority of a parent," reſumed Muſidorus, "is ſuch over an unprotected child, that reaſon will be no defence to you againſt obſtinacy and coercion. In the caſe of a ſon, profeſſion gives that defence: new duties are impoſed by a man's vocation, which ſuperſede what are called natural ones; but in the inſtance of a daughter, where ſhall ſhe fly for protection againſt the imperious controul of a parent, but to the arms—? I tremble to pronounce the word; your own imagination muſt complete the ſentence"—"Oh! horrible!" cried Sappho, interrupting him, "I will never marry; I will never ſo contaminate the ſpotleſs luſtre of my incorporeal purity: No, Muſidorus, no—*I'll lear my bluſhing honours ſtill about me.*"—"And fit you ſhould," cried Muſidorus, "what dæmon dare defile them? Periſh the man, that could intrude a ſenſual thought within the ſphere of ſuch repelling virtue!—But marriage is a form; and forms are pure; at leaſt they may be ſuch; there's no pollution in a name; and if a name will ſhelter you, why ſhould you fear to take it?"—"I perceive," anſwered Sappho, "that I am in a very dangerous dilemma; ſince the very expedient, which is to protect me from violence of one ſort, expoſes me to it under another ſhape too odious to mention."—"And is there then," ſaid Muſidorus ſighing, is there no human being in your thoughts in whom you can confide? Alas for me! if you believe you have no friend who is not tainted with the impurities of his ſex: And what is friendſhip? what, but the union of ſouls? and are not

ſouls

ſouls thus united already married? For my part, I have long regarded our pure and ſpiritualized connection in this light, and I cannot foreſee how any outward ceremony is to alter that inherent delicacy of ſentiment, which is inſeparable from my ſoul's attachment to the ſoul of Sappho: If we are determined to deſpiſe the world, we ſhould alſo deſpiſe the conſtructions of the world: If retirement is our choice, and the life and habits of Clemens are not to be the life and habits of Sappho, why ſhould Muſidorus, who is ready to ſacrifice every thing in her defence, not be thought incapable of abuſing her confidence, when he offers the protection of his name? If a few words muttered over us by a blackſmith will put all our troubles to reſt, why ſhould we reſort to dangers and difficulties, when ſo eaſy a remedy is before us?—But why ſhould I ſeek for arguments to allay your apprehenſions, when you have in me ſo natural a ſecurity for my performance of the ſtricteſt ſtipulations?"—"And what is that ſecurity?" ſhe eagerly demanded. Muſidorus now drew back a few paces, and with the moſt ſolemn air and action, laying his hand upon his heart, replied, "My age, madam!"—"That's true," cried Sappho; and now the converſation took a new turn, in the courſe of which they agreed upon their plan of proceeding, ſettled their rendezvous for the next day, and Muſidorus departed to prepare all things neceſſary for the ſecurity of their expedition.

N° LXXXII.

N° LXXXII.

Tange Chloën ſemel arrogantem.

(HORAT.)

" O Cupid, touch this rebel heart !"

UPON the day appointed, Sappho, with her father's conſent, ſet out in a hired poſt-chaiſe upon a pretended viſit to a relation, who lived about twenty miles from town on the northern road: At the inn where ſhe was to change horſes, ſhe diſmiſſed her London poſtillion with a ſhort note to her father, in which ſhe told him ſhe ſhould write to him in two or three days time: Here ſhe took poſt for the next ſtage upon the great road, where ſhe was met by Muſidorus, and from thence they preſſed forward with all poſſible expedition towards Gretna Green.

The mind of Sappho was viſited with ſome compunctions by the way; but the eloquence of her companion, and the reſpectful delicacy of his behaviour, ſoon reconciled her conſcience to the ſtep ſhe had taken: The reflections which paſſed in Muſidorus's breaſt, were not ſo eaſily quieted: The anxiety of his thoughts, and the fatigues of the journey, brought ſo violent an attack upon him, that when he was within a ſtage or two of

his journey's end, he found himſelf unable to p
ceed; the gout had ſeized upon his ſtomach, a
immediately relief became neceſſary: The rom
tic viſions, with which Sappho hitherto had
dulged her imagination, now began to vani
and a gloomy proſpect opened upon her; in pl
of a comforter and companion by the way to fo
her cares, and fill her mind with ſoft healing ſer
ments, ſhe had a wretched object before her ey
tormented with pain and at the point of death.

The houſe, in which ſhe had taken ſhelt
was of the meaneſt ſort, but the good people w
humane and aſſiduous, and the village afforde
medical aſſiſtant of no contemptible ſkill in
profeſſion: There was another conſolation atte
ed her ſituation, for in the ſame inn was quart
ed a dragoon officer with a ſmall recruiting par
this young cornet was of a good family, of an
gaging perſon and very elegant addreſs; his
manity was exerted not only in conſoling Sapp
but in nurſing and cheering Muſidorus. Th
charitable offices were performed with ſuch a
tural benignity, that Sappho muſt have been m
inſenſible if ſhe could have overlooked them;
gentle heart on the contrary overflowed with g
titude, and in the extremity of her diſtreſs
freely confeſſed to him, that but for his ſupp
ſhe muſt have ſunk outright. Though the
tremity of Muſidorus's danger was now over,
he was incapable of exertion; and Sappho, w
was at leiſure to reflect upon her ſituation, be
to waver in her reſolution, and to put ſome qu
tions to herſelf, which reaſon could not rea
anſwer. Her thoughts were ſo diſtracted
perple

ed, that ſhe ſaw no reſource but to un-
n them, and throw herſelf upon the ho-
id diſcretion of Lionel, for ſo this young
was called. This ſhe had frequently in
o do, and many opportunities offered them-
or it, but ſtill her ſenſibility of ſhame pre-
it. The conſtant apprehenſion of purſuit
ver her, and ſometimes ſhe meditated to
: to her father; in one of theſe moments
l begun to write a letter to Clemens to pre-
m for her return, when Lionel entered
m and informed her that he perceived ſo
an amendment in Muſidorus, that he ex-
to congratulate her on his recovery in a
w days—" and then, Madam," added he,
orrows will begin where your's end; be it
you are happy, I muſt not complain: I
e this gentleman is your father, or near re-
"—" Father!" exclaimed Sappho:—She
: eyes upon the letter ſhe was inditing, and
ito tears. Lionel approached, and took
id in his; ſhe raiſed her handkerchief to
s with the other, and he proceeded—" If
ious ſolicitude for an unknown lady, in
happineſs my heart is warmly intereſted,
; me to any hazard of your diſpleaſure,
ie before I ſpeak another word; if not,
: in me, and you ſhall find me ready to de-
r life to ſerve you. The myſtery about you
: road you are upon (were it not for the
nion you are with) would tempt me to be-
ou was upon a generous errand, to reward
worthy man, whom fortune and your pa-

rents do not favour; but this poor object abo
ſtairs makes that impoſſible. If however there
any favoured lover, waiting in ſecret agony f
that expected moment, when your releaſe fro
hence may crown him with the beſt of huma
bleſſings, the hand, which now has hold of you
ſhall be devoted to his ſervice: Command m
where you will; I never yet have forfeitted m
honour, and cannot wrong your confidence."-
"You are truly generous," replied Sappho; "the
is no ſuch man; the hand you hold is yet un
tainted, and till now has been untouched; relea
it therefore, and I will proceed.—My innocen
has been my error; I have been the dupe of ſe
timent: I am the only child of a fond father, an
never knew the bleſſing of a mother; when
look back upon my education, I perceive that a
has been exhauſted, and nature overlooked in i
The unhappy object above ſtairs has been my ſo
adviſer and director; for my father is immerſe
in buſineſs: From him, and from the duty whic
I owe him, I confeſs I have ſeceded, and my de
ſign was to devote myſelf to retirement. M
ſcheme I now perceive was viſionary in the extrem
left to my own reflections, reaſon ſhews me bot
the danger and the folly of it: I have therefo
determined upon returning to my father, and a
writing to him a letter, which I ſhall ſend by ex
preſs, to relieve him from the agonies my fil
conduct has occaſioned."—"What you have no
diſcloſed to me," ſaid Lionel, "with a ſincerit
that does equal honour to yourſelf and me, de
mands a like ſincerity on my part, and I mu
therefore confeſs to you, that Muſidorus, believ
in

ing himſelf at the point of death, imparted to me not only every thing that has paſſed, but all the future purpoſes of this treacherous plot, from which you have ſo providentially eſcaped; theſe I ſhall not explain to you at preſent, but you may depend upon it, that this attack upon his life has ſaved his conſcience. I cannot as a man of honour oppoſe myſelf to your reſolution of returning home immediately; and yet when I conſider the ridicule you will have to encounter from the world at large, the reflections that will ariſe in your mind, when there is perhaps no friend at hand to aſſuage them, but above all when I thus contemplate your charms, and recollect that affection is expelled, and nature reinſtated in your heart, I cannot reſiſt the impulſe nor the opportunity of appealing to that nature againſt a ſeparation ſo fatal to my peace: Yes, loveliest of women, I muſt appeal to nature; I muſt hope this heart of your's, where ſuch refined ſenſations have reſided, will not be ſhut from others of a more generous kind. What could the name of Muſidorus do, which Lionel's cannot? Why ſhould you not replace an unworthy friend with one of fairer principles; with one of honourable birth, of equal age, and owner of a heart, that beats with ardent paſſion towards you? Had you been made the ſacrifice of this chimæra, this illuſion, what had your father ſuffered? If I am honoured with your hand in marriage, what can he complain of? My conduct, my connections and my hopes in life will bear the ſcrutiny: Suffer me to ſay you will have a protector, whoſe character can face the world, and whoſe ſpirit cannot

fear

fear it. As for worldly motives, I renounce them give me yourſelf and your affections; give m poſſeſſion of this hand, theſe eyes, and the ſo which looks through them; let your father with hold the reſt. Now, lovelieſt and moſt beloved have you the heart to ſhare a ſoldier's fortune Have you the noble confidence to take his word Will you follow, where his honour bids him g and whether a joyful victory or a glorious deat attends him, will you receive him living, or en tomb him dying in your arms?"

Whilſt Lionel was uttering theſe words, hi action, his emotion, and that honeſt glow of pa ſion, which nature only can aſſume and artifi cannot counterfeit, had ſo ſubdued the yieldin heart of Sappho, that he muſt have been du indeed, if he could have wanted any ſtronge confirmation of his ſucceſs, than what her look beſtowed: Never was ſilence more eloquent; th labour of language and the forms of law had n ſhare in this contract: A ſigh of ſpeechleſ ecſtacy drew up the nuptial bond; the operation of love are momentary: Tears of affection inter changeably witneſſed the deed, and the contrac ing parties ſealed it with an inviolable embrace.

Every moment now had wings to waft them t that happy ſpot, where the unholy hand of la has not yet plucked up the root of love: Freedo met them on the very extremity of her precinct Nature held out her hand to welcome them, an the Loves and Graces, though exiled to a deſart danced in her train.

Thus was Sappho, when brought to the ver brink of deſtruction, reſcued by the happy inter

ventio

vention of Providence. The next day produced an interview with Clemens, at the houſe to which they returned after the ceremony in Scotland: The meeting, as might well be expected, was poignant and reproachful; but when Sappho, in place of a ſuperannuated ſentimentaliſt, preſented to him a ſon-in-law, in whoſe martial form and countenance he beheld youth, honour, manly beauty, and every attractive grace that could juſtify her choice, his tranſports became exceſſive; and their union, being now ſanctified by the bleſſings of a father, and warranted by love and nature, has ſnatched a deluded victim from miſery and error, and added one conjugal inſtance to the ſcanty records of unfaſhionable felicity.

Let not my young female readers believe that the extravagance of Sappho's conduct is altogether out of nature, or that they have nothing to apprehend from men of Muſidorus's age and character; my obſervation convinces me to the contrary. *Gravity*, ſays Lord Shafteſbury, *is the very eſſence of impoſture;* and ſentimental gravity, varniſhed over with the experienced artifice of age and wiſdom, is the worſt of its ſpecies.

N° LXXXIII.

THE deiſtical writers, who would fain perſuade us that the world was in poſſeſſion of as pure a ſyſtem of morality before the introduction of Chriſtianity as ſince, affect to make a great diſplay of the virtues of many eminent heathens, particularly of the philoſophers Socrates, Plato, and ſome others.

When they ſet up theſe characters as examples of perfection, which human nature with the aids of revelation either has not attained to, or not exceeded, they put us upon an invidious taſk, which no man would voluntarily engage in, and challenge us to diſcuſs a queſtion, which, if thoroughly agitated, cannot fail to ſtrip the illuſtrious dead of more than half the honours which the voice of ages has agreed to give them.

It is therefore to be wiſhed that they had held the argument to its general terms, and ſhewn us where that ſyſtem of ethics is to be found, which they are prepared to bring into compariſon with the moral doctrines of Chriſt. This I take to be the fair ground whereon the controverſy ſhould have been decided, and here it would infallibly have been brought to iſſue; but they knew their weapons better than to truſt them in ſo cloſe a conflict.

The maxims of ſome heathen philoſophers, and the moral writings of Plato, Cicero and Seneca,

neca, contain many noble truths, worthy to be held in veneration by poſterity; and if the deiſt can from theſe produce a ſyſtem of morality as pure and perfect as that which claims its origin from divine revelation, he will prove that God gave to man a faculty of diſtinguiſhing between right and wrong with ſuch correctneſs, that his own immediate revelation added no lights to thoſe, which the powers of reaſon had already diſcover ed. Let us grant therefore for a moment, that Chriſt's religion revealed to the world no new truths in morality, nor removed any old errors, and what triumph accrues to the deiſt by the admiſſion? The moſt he gains is to bring reaſon to a level with revelation, as to its moral doctrines; in ſo doing he dignifies man's nature, and ſhews how excellent a faculty God gave his creatures in their original formation, to guide their judgments and controul their actions; but will this diminiſh the importance of revealed religion? Certainly not, unleſs, he can prove one or both of the following poſitions; viz.

Firſt, that the moral tenets of Chriſtianity either fall ſhort of, or run counter to, the moral tenets of natural religion; or,

Secondly, That Chriſt's miſſion was nugatory and ſuperfluous, becauſe the world was already in poſſeſſion of as good a ſyſtem of morality as he imparted to mankind.

As to the firſt, I believe it has never been attempted by any heathen or deiſtical advocate to convict the Goſpel ſyſtem of falſe morality, or to alledge that it is ſhort and defective in any one particular duty, when compared with that ſyſtem

which the world was poſſeſt of without its aid No man, I believe, has controverted its trut though many have diſputed its diſcoveries: man has been hardy enough to ſay of any of doctrines—*This we ought not to practiſe;* thou many have been vain enough to cry out—*All we knew before,*—Let us leave this poſition the fore for the preſent, and paſs to the next, Whether Chriſt's miſſion was nugatory and ſup fluous, becauſe the world already knew as mu morality as he taught them.

This will at once be anſwered, if the Gol aſſertion be eſtabliſhed, that life and immorta were brought to light. We need not adduce other of the myſteries of revelation; may ſafely reſt the queſtion here, and ſay w the apoſtle to the Gentile world—*Behold! I ſh you a myſtery: We ſhall not all ſleep, but we ſ all be changed; in a moment, in the twinkling of eye, at the laſt trump (for the trumpet ſhall ſou and the dead ſhall be raiſed incorruptible, and ſhall be changed.* Mark to how ſhort an iſſue argument is now brought! Either the apoſtle not warranted in calling this a *myſtery*, or deiſt is not warranted in calling Chriſt's miſſ nugatory and ſuperfluous.

It now reſts with the deiſt to produce from writings and opinions of mankind antecedent Chriſtianity, ſuch a revelation of things to co as can fully anticipate the Goſpel revelation, elſe to admit with the apoſtle that *a myſtery* ſhewn; and if the importance of this *myſtery* admitted, as it ſurely muſt, the importance Chriſt's miſſion can no longer be diſputed; thou

though revelation ſhall have added nothing to the heathen ſyſtem of morality, ſtill it does not follow that it was ſuperfluous and nugatory.

Let the deiſt reſort to the heathen Elyſium and the realms of Pluto in ſearch of evidences, to ſet in competition with the Chriſtian revelation of a future ſtate; let him call in Socrates, Plato, and as many more as he can collect in his cauſe; it is but loſt labour to follow the various tracks of reaſon through the pathleſs ocean of conjecture, always wandering, though with different degrees of deviation. What does it avail, though Seneca had taught as good morality as Chriſt himſelf preached from the Mount? How does it affect revealed religion, though Tully's Offices were found ſuperior to Saint Paul's Epiſtles? Let the deiſt indulge himſelf in declaiming on the virtues of the heathen heroes and philoſophers; let him ranſack the annals of the Chriſtian world, and preſent us with legions of cruſaders drenched in human blood, furious fanatics ruſhing on each other's throats for the diſtinction of a word, maſſacring whole nations and laying nature waſte for a metaphyſical quibble, it touches not religion; let him array a hoſt of perſecuting Inquiſitors with all their torturing engines, the picture indeed is terrible, but who will ſay it is the picture of Chriſtianity?

When we conſider the ages, which have elapſed ſince the introduction of Chriſtianity, and the events attending its propagation, how wonderful is the hiſtory we contemplate! We ſee a mighty light ſpreading over all mankind from one ſpark kindled in an obſcure corner of the earth: An humble

humble perſecuted teacher preaches a religion of peace, of forgiveneſs of injuries, of ſubmiſſion to temporal authorities, of meekneſs, piety, brotherly love and univerſal benevolence; he is tried, condemned and executed for his doctrines; he riſes from the tomb, and, breaking down the doors of death, ſets open to all mankind the evidence of a life to come, and at the ſame time points out the ſure path to everlaſting happineſs in that future ſtate: A few unlettered diſciples, his adherents and ſurvivors take up his doctrines, and going forth amongſt the provinces of the Roman empire, then in its zenith, preach a religion to the Gentiles, directly ſtriking at the foundation of the moſt ſplendid fabric Superſtition ever reared on earth: Theſe Gentiles are not a rude and barbarous race, but men of illuminated minds, acute philoſophers, eloquent orators, powerful reaſoners, eminent in arts and ſciences, and armed with ſovereign power: What an undertaking for the teachers of Chriſtianity! What a conflict for a religion, holding forth no temporal allurements! On the contrary, promiſing nothing but mortification in this world, and referring all hope of a reward for preſent ſufferings to the unſeen glories of a life to come.

The next ſcene which this review preſents to us, ſhews the followers of Chriſtianity ſuffering under perſecution by the heathen, whom their numbers had alarmed, and who began to tremble for their gods: In the revolution of ages the church becomes triumphant, and, made wanton by proſperity, degenerates from its primitive ſimplicity, and running into idle controverſies and metaphyſical

metaphyſical ſchiſms, perſecutes its ſeceding brethren with unremitting fury; whilſt the Popes, thundering out anathemas and hurling torches from their throne, ſeem the vicegerents of the furies rather than of the author of a religion of peace: The preſent time affords a different view; the temper of the church grown milder though its zeal leſs fervent; men of different communions begin to draw nearer to each other; as refinement of manners becomes more general, toleration ſpreads; we are no longer ſlaves to the laws of religion, but converts to the reaſon of it; and being allowed to examine the evidence and foundation of the faith that is in us, we diſcover that Chriſtianity is a religion of charity, toleration, reaſon and peace, enjoining us to *have compaſſion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous, not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwiſe bleſſing; knowing that we are thereunto called, that we ſhould inherit a bleſſing.*

No LXXXIV.

TASTE may be conſidered either as ſenſitive or mental; and under each of theſe denominations is ſometimes ſpoken of as natural, ſometimes as acquired; I propoſe to treat of it in its intellectual conſtruction only, and in this ſenſe Mr. Addiſon defines it to be *that faculty of the ſoul, which diſcerns the beauties of an author with pleaſure, and the imperfections with diſlike.*

This

This definition may very properly apply to the faculty which we exerciſe in judging and deciding upon the works of others; but how does it apply to the faculty exerciſed by thoſe who produced thoſe works? How does it ſerve to develope the taſte of an author, the taſte of a painter or a ſtatuary? and yet we may ſpeak of a *work* of taſte with the ſame propriety, as we do of a *man* of taſte. It ſhould ſeem therefore as if this definition went only to that denomination of taſte, which we properly call an *acquired* taſte; the productions of which generally end in imitation, whilſt thoſe of *natural* taſte bear the ſtamp of originality: Another characteriſtic of natural taſte will be ſimplicity; for how can nature give more than ſhe poſſeſſes, and what is nature but ſimplicity? Now when the mind of any man is endued with a fine natural taſte, and all means of profitting by other men's ideas are out of the queſtion, that taſte will operate by diſpoſing him to ſelect the faireſt ſubjects out of what he ſees either for art or imagination to work upon: Still his production will be marked with ſimplicity; but as it is the province of taſte to ſeparate deformity or vulgarity from what is merely ſimple, ſo according to the nature of his mind who poſſeſſes it, beauty or ſublimity will be the reſult of the operation: If his taſte inclines him to what is fair and elegant in nature, he will produce beauty; if to what is lofty, bold and tremendous, he will ſtrike out ſublimity.

Agreeably to this, we may obſerve in all literary and enlightened nations, their earlieſt authors and artiſts are the moſt ſimple: Firſt, adventurers repreſent what they ſee or conceive with ſimplicity,

ty, becauſe their impulſe is unbiaſſed by emulation, having nothing in their ſight either to imitate, avoid, or excel; on the other hand their ſucceſſors are ſenſible, that one man's deſcription of nature muſt be like another's, and in their zeal to keep clear of imitation, and to outſtrip a predeceſſor, they begin to compound, refine, and even to diſtort. I will refer to the *Venus de Medicis* and the *Laöcoon* for an illuſtration of this: I do not concern myſelf about the dates or ſculptors of theſe figures; but in the former we ſee beautiful ſimplicity, the faireſt form in nature, ſelected by a fine taſte, and imitated without affectation or diſtortion, and as it ſhould ſeem without even an effort of art: In the *Laöcoon* we have a complicated plot; we unravel a maze of ingenious contrivance, where the artiſt has compounded and diſtorted Nature in the ambition of ſurpaſſing her.

Virgil poſſeſſed a fine taſte according to Mr. Addiſon's definition, which I before obſerved applies only to an *acquired taſte*: He had *the faculty of diſcerning the beauties of an author with pleaſure, and the imperfections with diſlike*: He had alſo the faculty of *imitating* what he *diſcerned*; ſo that I cannot verify what I have advanced by any ſtronger inſtance than his. I ſhould think there does not exiſt a poet, who has gone ſuch lengths in imitation as Virgil; for to paſs over his paſtoral and bucolic poems, which are evidently drawn from Theocritus and Heſiod, with the aſſiſtance of Aratus in every thing that relates to the ſcientific part of the ſigns and ſeaſons, it is ſuppoſed that his whole narrative of the deſtruction of

Troy,

Troy, with the incident of the wooden horſ
the epiſode of Sinon, are an almoſt literal tr
tion of Piſander the epic poet, who in his
perhaps might copy his account from the
Minor; (but this laſt is mere ſuggeſtion). A
the Æneid, it does little elſe but reverſe th
der of Homer's epic, making Æneas's vo
precede his wars in Italy, whereas the voya
Ulyſſes is ſubſequent to the operations o
Iliad. As Apollo is made hoſtile to the Gr
and the cauſe of his offence is introduce
Homer in the opening of the Iliad, ſo Jun
the Æneid ſtands in his place with every cir
ſtance of imitation. It would be an endleſs
to trace the various inſtances throughout
Æneid, where ſcarce a ſingle incident ca
found which is *not* copied from Homer: Ne
is there greater originality in the executive
of the poem, than in the conſtructive; with
difference only, that he has copied paſſages
various authors, Roman as well as Greek, th
from Homer the moſt. Amongſt the Gr
the dramatic poets Æſchylus, Sophocles,
principally Euripides, have had the greateſt
of his attention; Ariſtophanes, Menander
other comic authors, Callimachus and ſom
the lyric writer, alſo may be traced in his i
tions. A vaſt collection of paſſages from Er
chiefly, from Lucretius, Furius, Lucilius, P
vius, Suevius, Nævius, Varius, Catullus, A
and others of his own nation, has been mad
Macrobius in his *Saturnalia*, where Virgil
done little elſe but put their ſentiments into
elegant verſe; ſo that in ſtrictneſs of ſpea
we may ſay of the Æneid, "that it is a miſc

neous compilation of poetical paſſages, compoſing all together an epic poem, formed upon the model of Homer's Iliad and Odyſſey; abounding in beautiful verſification, and juſtly to be admired for the fine *acquired taſte* of its author, but devoid of originality either of conſtruction or execution." Beſides its general inferiority as being a copy from Homer, it particularly falls off from its original in the conception and preſervation of character: It does not reach the ſublimity and majeſty of its model, but it has in a great degree adopted the ſimplicity, and entirely avoided the ruſticity of Homer.

Lucan and Claudian in later ages were perhaps as good verſifiers as Virgil, but far inferior to him in that fine acquired taſte, which he excelled in: They are ingenious, but not ſimple; and execute better than they contrive. A paſſage from Claudian, which I ſhall beg the reader's leave to compare with one from Virgil (where he perſonifies the evil paſſions and plagues of mankind, and poſts them at the entrance of hell, to which Æneas is deſcending) will exemplify what I have ſaid; for at the ſame time that it will bear a diſpute, whether Claudian's deſcription is not even ſuperior to Virgil's in poetical merit, yet the judicious manner of introducing it in one caſe, and the evident want of judgment in the other, will help to ſhew, that the reaſon why we prefer Virgil to Claudian, is more on account of his ſuperiority of taſte than of talents.

Claudian's deſcription ſtands in the very front of his poem on Ruffinus; Virgil's is woven into his fable, and will be found in the ſixth book of his Æneid, as follows:

Veſtibulum

Veſtibulum ante ipſum, primiſque in faucibus Orci,
Luctus, et ultrices poſuere cubilia Curæ;
Pallenteſque habitant Morbi, triſtiſque Senectus,
Et Metus, et maleſuada Fames, et turpis Egeſtas.
Terribiles viſu formæ; Lethumque, Laborque;
Tum conſanguineus Lethi Sopor, et mala mentis
Gaudia, mortiferumque adverſo in limine Bellum,
Ferreique Eumenidum thalami, et Diſcordia demens
Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis.

(VIRGIL.

Juſt in the gates, and in the jaws of Hell,
Revengeful Cares and ſullen Sorrows dwell,
And pale Diſeaſes, and repining Age;
Want, Fear, and Famine's unreſiſted rage;
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sl
Forms terrible to view, their centry keep:
With anxious Pleaſures of a guilty mind,
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind:
The Furies iron beds, and Strife that ſhakes
Her hiſſing treſſes, and unfolds her ſnakes.

(DRYDEN.

Protinus infernas ad limina tetra ſorores
Conciliùm deformè vocat; glomerantur in unum
Innumeræ peſtes Erebi, quaſcunque ſiniſtro
Nox genuit fœtu: Nutrix Diſcordia belli;
Imperioſa Fames; leto vicina Senectus;
Impatienſque ſui Morbus; Livorque ſecundis
Anxius, et ſciſſo Mœrens velamine Luctus,
Et Timor, et cæco præceps Audacia vultu;
Et luxus populator opum; cui ſemper adhærens
Infelix humili greſſu comitatur Egeſtas;
Fœdaque Avaritiæ complexæ pectora matris
Inſomnes longo veniunt examine Curæ.

(CLAUDIAN

"

" The infernal council, at Alecto's call
" Conven'd, aſſemble in the Stygian hall;
" Myriads of ghaſtly plagues that ſhun the light,
" Daughters of Erebus and gloomy Night:
" Striſe war-compelling; Famine's waſting rage;
" And Death juſt hovering o'er decrepid Age;
" Envy, Proſperity's repining foe,
" Reſtleſs Diſeaſe, and ſelf-diſhevell'd Woe,
" Raſhneſs, and Fear, and Poverty, that ſteals
" Cloſe as his ſhadow at the Spendthrift's heels;
" And Cares, that clinging to the Miſer's breaſt,
" Forbid his ſordid ſoul to taſte of reſt."

The productions of the human genius will borrow their complexion from the times in which they originate. Ben Jonſon ſays, that *the players often mentioned it as an honour to Shakeſpear, that in his writing (whatſoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My anſwer hath been* (adds he) *Would he had blotted out a thouſand! which they thought a malevolent ſpeech. I had not told poſterity this, but for their ignorance, who choſe that circumſtance to commend their friend by, wherein he moſt faulted; and to juſtify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this ſide idolatry as much as any: He was indeed honeſt, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantaſie, brave notions and gentle expreſſions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that ſometime it was neceſſary he ſhould be ſtopped;* Sufflaminandus erat, *as Auguſtus ſaid of Haterius: His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been ſo too!*

I think there can be no doubt but this kind of indignant negligence with which Shakeſpear wrote, was greatly owing to the ſlight conſideration he had

had for his audience. Jonſon treated them with the dictatorial haughtineſs of a pedant; Shakeſpear with the careleſſneſs of a gentleman who wrote at his eaſe, and gave them the firſt flowings of his fancy without any dread of their correction. Theſe were times in which the poet indulged his genius without reſtraint; he ſtood alone and ſupereminent, and wanted no artificial ſcaffold to raiſe him above the heads of his contemporaries; he was natural, lofty, careleſs, and daringly incorrect. Place the ſame man in other times, amongſt a people poliſhed almoſt into general equality, and he ſhall begin to heſitate and retract his ſallies; for in this reſpect poetical are like military excurſions, and it makes a wide difference in the movements of a ſkilful general, whether he is to ſally into a country defended by well-diſciplined troops, or only by an irregular mob of unarmed barbarians. Shakeſpear might vault his Pegaſus without a rein; mountains might riſe and ſeas roll in vain before him; Nature herſelf could neither ſtop nor circumſcribe his career. The modern man of verſe mounts with the precaution of a riding-maſter, and prances round his little circle full-bitted and capariſoned in all the formality of a review. Whilſt he is thus pacing and *piaffering* with every body's eyes upon him, his friends are calling out every now and then—"Seat yourſelf firm in the ſaddle! Hold your body ſtraight! Keep your ſpurs from his ſides for fear he ſets a kicking! Have a care he does not ſtumble; there lies a ſtone, here runs a ditch; keep your whip ſtill, and depend upon

upon your bit, if you have not a mind to break your neck!"—On the other quarter his enemies are bawling out—"How like a taylor that fellow ſits on horſeback! Look at his feet, look at his arms! Set the curs upon him; tie a cracker to his horſe's tail, and make ſport for the ſpectator's!"—All this while perhaps the poor devil could have performed paſſably well, if it were not for the mobbing and hallooing abont him: Whereas Shakeſpear mounts without fear, and ſtarting in the jockey-phraſe *at ſcore*, cries out, "Stand clear, ye ſons of earth! or, by the beams of my father Apollo, I'll ride over you, and trample you into duſt!"

N° LXXXV.

I WAS in company the other day with a young gentleman, who had newly ſucceeded to a conſiderable eſtate, and was a good deal ſtruck with the converſation of an elderly perſon preſent who was very deliberately caſting up the ſeveral demands that the community at large had upon his property.—"Are you aware," ſays he, "how ſmall a portion of your revenue will properly remain to yourſelf, when you have ſatisfied all the claims which you muſt pay to ſociety and your country

country for living amongſt us and ſupporting the character of what is called a landed gentleman? Part of your income will be ſtopt for the maintenance of them who have none, under the denomination of poor-rates; this may be called a fine upon the partiality of fortune, levied by the law of ſociety, which will not truſt its poor members to the precarious charity of the rich: Another part muſt go to the debts and neceſſities of the government, which protects you in war and peace, and is alſo a fine, which you muſt be content to pay for the honour of being an Engliſhman, and the advantage of living in a land of liberty and ſecurity. The learned profeſſions will alſo have their ſhare; the church for taking care of your ſoul, the phyſician for looking after your body, and the lawyer muſt have part of your property for ſuperintending the reſt. The merchant, tradeſman and artiſan will have their profit upon all the multiplied wants, comforts and indulgences of civilized life; theſe are not to be enumerated, for they depend on the humours and habits of men; they have grown up with the refinements and elegancies of the age, and they will further encreaſe, as theſe ſhall advance: They are the conductors, which, like the blood-veſſels in the human frame, circulate your wealth, and every other man's wealth, through every limb and every fibre of the national body: The hand of induſtry creates that wealth, and to the hand of induſtry it finally returns, as blood does to the heart."

If

If we trace the ſituation of man from a mere ſtate of nature to the higheſt ſtate of civilization, we ſhall find theſe artificial wants and dependences encreaſe with every ſtage and degree of his improvements; ſo that if we conſider each nation apart as one great machine, the ſeveral parts and ſprings, which give it motion, naturally become more and more complicated and multifarious, as the uſes to which it is applied are more and more diverſified. Again, if we compare two nations in an equal ſtate of civilization, we may remark, that where the greater freedom obtains, there the greater variety of artificial wants will obtain alſo, and of courſe property will circulate through more channels: This I take to be the caſe upon a compariſon between France and England, ariſing from the different conſtitutions of them and us with reſpect to civil liberty.

The natural wants of men are pretty much the ſame in moſt ſtates, but the humours of men will take different directions in different countries, and are governed in a great degree by the laws and conſtitution of the realm in which they are found: There are numbers of people in England, who get their living by arts and occupations, which would not be tolerated in a deſpotic government. Men's manners are ſimplified in proportion to the reſtraint and circumſcription under which they are kept. The country ſports of Engliſh gentlemen furniſh maintenance and employment to vaſt numbers of our people, whereas in France and other arbitrary ſtates, men of the firſt rank and fortune reſide in the capital, and keep no eſtabliſhments of this ſort. What a

train

train of grooms, jockies and ſtable-boys follow the heels of our horſes and hounds in tight boots and leather breeches! each of which carries the clothes of ſix men upon his back, caſed in one ſkin of flannel under another, like the coats of an onion. The locomotive mania of an Engliſhman circulates his perſon, and of courſe his caſh, in every quarter of the kingdom: A Frenchman takes a journey only when he cannot help it, an Engliſhman has no other reaſon but becauſe he likes it; he moves with every ſhift of the weather, and follows the changes of the moſt variable climate in the world; a froſty morning puts him from his hunting, and he is in London before night; a thaw meets him in town, and again he ſcampers into the country: He has a horſe to run at Epſom, another at Saliſbury, and a third at York, and he muſt be on the ſpot to back every one of them; he has a ſtud at Newmarket, a miſtreſs in London, a ſhooting-box in Norfolk, and a pack of fox-hounds in the New Foreſt: For one wheel that real buſineſs puts in motion, pleaſure, whim, *ennui* turn one hundred: Sickneſs, which confines all the reſt of the world, ſends him upon his travels; one doctor plunges him into the ſea at Brighthelmſtone, a ſecond ſteeps him in warm water at Buxton; and a third ſends him to Bath; for the gentlemen of the learned faculty, whether they help us into life, or help us out of it, make us pay toll at each gate; and if at any time their art keeps us alive, the fine we muſt pay to their ingenuity makes the renewal in ſome caſes too hard a bargain for a poor man to profit by. In all other countries upon earth

earth a man is contented to be well and pay nothing for being ſo, but in England even health is an expenſive article, as we are for ever contriving how to be a little better, and phyſicians are too conſcientious to take a fee and do nothing for it. If there is any thing like ridicule in this, it is againſt the patient and not againſt the phyſician I would wiſh to point it; it is in England that the profeſſion is truly dignified, and if it is here accompanied with greater emoluments, it is proportionably practiſed with ſuperior learning; if life is more valuable in a land of freedom than in a land of ſlavery, why ſhould it not be paid for according to its value? In deſpotic ſtates, where men's lives are in fact the property of the prince, all ſubjects ſhould in juſtice be cured or killed at his proper charge; but where a man's houſe is his caſtle, his health is his own concern.

As to the other learned profeſſion of the law, to its honour be it ſpoken, there is that charming perplexity about it, that we can ruin one another and ourſelves with the greateſt certainty and facility. It is ſo ſuperior to all other ſciences, that it can turn demonſtration into doubt, truth into contradiction, make improbability put matter of fact out of countenance, and hang up a point for twenty years, which common ſenſe would decide in as many minutes. It is the glorious privilege of the freemen of England to make their own laws, and they have made ſo many, that they can neither count them up nor comprehend them. The parliament of England is without compari the moſt voluminous author in the world; and there is ſuch a happy ambiguity in its works, that

its ſtudents have as much to ſay on the wrong ſide of every queſtion as upon the right: In all caſes of diſcuſſion it is one man's buſineſs to puzzle, and another's to explain, and though victory be ever ſo certain, it is agreed between the parties to make a long battle. There muſt be an extraordinary faculty of expreſſion in the law, when the only parts clearly underſtood are thoſe which it has not committed to writing.

I ſhall ſay very little in this place upon the ſacred profeſſion of divinity: It is to be lamented that the church of England is not provided with a proper competency for all who are engaged in performing its functions; but I cannot cloſe with their opinion, who are for ſtripping its dignities, and equalizing thoſe ſplendid benefices, which are at once the glory and ſupport of its eſtabliſhment. Levellers and reformers will always have the popular cry on their ſide, and I have good reaſon to know with what inveteracy a man is perſecuted for an opinion which oppoſes it; and yet it is hard to give credit to the ſincerity and diſintereſtedneſs of him who courts popularity, and deny it to the man who ſacrifices his repoſe and ſtands the brunt of abuſe in defence of what he believes to be the truth.

And now having fallen upon the mention of Popularity, I ſhall take leave to addreſs that divinity with a few lines picked up from an obſcure author, which, though below poetry, are not quite proſe, and on that account pretty nearly ſuited to the level of their ſubject.

" O Popularity,

" O Popularity, thou giddy thing!
" What grace or profit doſt thou bring?
" Thou art not honeſty, thou art not fame;
" I cannot call thee by a worthy name:
" To ſay I hate thee were not true;
" Contempt is properly thy due;
" I cannot love thee and deſpiſe thee too.

" Thou art no patriot, but the veriеſt cheat
" That ever traffick'd in deceit;
" A ſtate empiric, bellowing loud
Freedom and phrenzy to the mobbing crowd;
" And what car'ſt thou, if thou canſt raiſe
" Illuminations and huzzas,
" Tho' half the city ſunk in one bright blaze?

" A patriot! no; for thou doſt hold in hate
" The very peace and welfare of the ſtate:
" When anarchy aſſaults the ſovereign's throne,
" Then is the day, the night thine own;
" Then is thy triumph, when the foe
" Levels ſome dark inſidious blow,
" Or ſtrong rebellion lays thy country low.

" Thou canſt affect humility to hide
" Some deep device of monſtrous pride;
" Conſcience and charity pretend
For compaſſing ſome private end;
" And in a canting conventicle note
" Long ſcripture paſſages canſt quote,
When perſecution rankles in thy throat.

" Thou haſt no ſenſe of nature at thy heart,
" No ear for ſcience, and no eye for art,
" Yet confidently doſt decide at once
" This man a wit, and that a dunce;
" And, (ſtrange to tell!) howe'er unjuſt,
" We take thy dictates upon truſt,
" For if the world will be deceiv'd, it muſt.

" In truth and juſtice thou haſt no delight,
" Virtue thou doſt not know by ſight;

him: As he was to be the chief ſeducer and miſleader of the heir apparent of the crown, it was incumbent on the poet to qualify him for that part in ſuch a manner as ſhould give probability and even a plea to the temptation; this was only to be done by the ſtrongeſt touches and the higheſt colourings of a maſter; by hitting off a humour of ſo happy, ſo facetious and ſo alluring a caſt, as ſhould tempt even royalty to forget itſelf and virtue to turn reveller in his company. His lies, his vanity and his cowardice, too groſs to deceive, were to be ſo ingenious as to give delight; his cunning evaſions, his witty reſources, his mock ſolemnity, his vapouring ſelf-conſequence, were to furniſh a continual feaſt of laughter to his royal companion; he was not only to be witty himſelf, but the cauſe of wit in other people; a whetſtone for raillery; a buffoon, whoſe very perſon was a jeſt: Compounded of theſe humours, Shakeſpear produced the character of *Sir John Falſtaff*; a character, which neither ancient nor modern comedy has ever equalled, which was ſo much the favourite of its author as to be introduced in three ſeveral plays, and which is likely to be the idol of the Engliſh ſtage, as long as it ſhall ſpeak the language of Shakeſpear.

This character almoſt ſingly ſupports the whole comic plot of the firſt part of Henry the fourth; the poet has indeed thrown in ſome auxiliary humours in the perſons of Gadſhill, Peto, Bardolph, and Hoſteſs Quickly; the two firſt ſerve for little elſe except to fill up the action, but Bardolph as a butt to Falſtaff's raillery, and the hoſteſs in her wrangling ſcene with him, when his

the conqueſt of France. This prince, whoſe character was deſtined to exhibit a revolution of ſo brilliant a ſort, was not only in himſelf a very tempting hero for the dramatic poet, who delights in incidents of novelty and ſurprize, but alſo offered to his imagination a train of attendant characters, in the perſons of his wild comrades and aſſociates, which would be of themſelves a drama. Here was a field for invention wide enough even for the genius of Shakeſpear to range in. All the humours, paſſions and extravagancies of human life might be brought into the compoſition, and when he had grouped and perſonified them to his taſte and liking, he had a leader ready to place at the head of the train, and the truth of hiſtory to give life and intereſt to his drama.

With theſe materials ready for creation the great artiſt ſate down to his work; the canvaſs was ſpread before him, ample and capacious as the expanſo of his own fancy; nature put her pencil into his hand, and he began to ſketch. His firſt concern was to give a chief or captain to this gang of rioters; this would naturally be the firſt outline he drew. To fill up the drawing of this perſonage he conceived a voluptuary, in whoſe figure and character there ſhould be an aſſemblage of comic qualities; in his perſon he ſhould be bloated and blown up to the ſize of a *Silenus*, lazy, luxurious, in ſenſuality a ſatyr, in intemperance a baccha-nalian: As he was to ſtand in the poſt of a ring-leader amongſt thieves and cutpurſes, he made him a notorious liar, a ſwaggering coward, vainglorious, arbitrary, knaviſh, crafty, voracious of plunder, laviſh of his gains, without credit, honour or honeſty, and in debt to every body about him:

Caliban; but I now perceive, by the help of these discoveries, that the character is *made up in great part of absurd and fustian passages from many plays, in which Shakespear* was versed and perhaps *had been a performer:* Pistol's dialogue is a tissue of old tags of bombast, like the middle comedy of the Greeks, which dealt in parody. I abate of my astonishment at the invention and originality of the poet, but it does not lessen my respect for his ingenuity. Shakespear founded his bully in parody, Jonson copied his from nature, and the palm seems due to Bobadil upon a comparison with Pistol; Congreve copied a very happy likeness from Jonson, and by the fairest and most laudable imitation produced his Noll Bluff, one of the pleasantest humourists on the comic stage.

Shallow and Silence are two very strong auxiliaries to this second part of Falstaff's humours, and though they do not absolutely belong to his family, they are nevertheless near of kin, and derivatives from his stock: Surely two pleasanter fellows never trode the stage; they not only contrast and play upon each other, but Silence folly and Silence tipsy make the most comical reverse of nature; never was drunkenness so well introduced or so happily employed in any drama: The dialogue between Shallow and Falstaff, and the description given by the latter of Shallow's youthful frolicks, are as true nature and as true comedy as man's invention ever produced: The recruits are also in the literal sense the recruits of the drama. These personages have the further merit of throwing Falstaff's character into a new cast, and giving it the seasonable relief of variety.

D

Dame Quickly alſo in this ſecond part reſumes her rôle with great comic ſpirit, but with ſome variation of character for the purpoſe of introducing a new member into the troop in the perſon of Doll Tearſheet, the common trull of the times. Though this part is very ſtrongly coloured, and though the ſcene with her and Falſtaff is of a looſe as well as ludicrous nature, yet if we compare Shakeſpear's conduct of this incident with that of the dramatic writers of his time, and even ſince his time, we muſt confeſs he has managed it with more than common care, and exhibited his comic hero in a very ridiculous light, without any of thoſe groſs indecencies which the poets of his age indulged themſelves in without reſtraint.

The humour of the Prince of Wales is not ſo free and unconſtrained as in the firſt part; though he ſtill demeans himſelf in the courſe of his revels, yet it is with frequent marks of repugnance and ſelf-conſideration, as becomes the conqueror of Percy, and we ſee his character approaching faſt towards a thorough reformation; but though we are thus prepared for the change that is to happen, when this young hero throws off the reveller and aſſumes the king, yet we are not fortified againſt the weakneſs of pity, when the diſappointment and baniſhment of Falſtaff takes place, and the poet executes juſtice upon his inimitable delinquent, with all the rigour of an unrelenting moraliſt. The reader or ſpectator, who has accompanied Falſtaff through his dramatic ſtory, is in debt to him for ſo many pleaſant moments, that all his failings, which ſhould have

raiſed contempt, have only provoked laughter, and he begins to think they are not natural to his character, but aſſumed for his amuſement. With theſe impreſſions we ſee him delivered over to mortification and diſgrace, and bewail his puniſhment with a ſenſibility, that is only due to the ſufferings of the virtuous.

As it is impoſſible to aſcertain the limits of Shakeſpear's genius, I will not preſume to ſay he could not have ſupported his honour, had he choſen to have prolonged his exiſtence thro' the ſucceeding drama of Henry the Fifth; we may conclude, that no ready expedient preſented itſelf to his fancy, and he was not apt to ſpend much pains in ſearching for ſuch: He therefore put him to death, by which he fairly placed him out of the reach of his contemporaries, and got rid of the trouble and difficulty of keeping him up to his original pitch, if he had attempted to carry him through a third drama, after he had removed the Prince of Wales out of his company, and ſeated him on the throne. I cannot doubt but there were reſources in Shakeſpear's genius, and a latitude of humour in the character of Falſtaff, which might have furniſhed ſcenes of admirable comedy by exhibiting him in his diſgrace, and both Shallow and Silence would have been acceſſaries to his pleaſantry: Even the field of Agincourt, and the diſtreſs of the king's army before the action, had the poet thought proper to have produced Falſtaff on the ſcene, might have been as fruitful in comic incidents as the battle of Shrewſbury; this we can readily believe from the humours of Fluellen and Piſtol, which he

he has woven into his drama; the former of whom is made to remind us of Falſtaff, in his dialogue with Captain Gower, when he tells him that—*As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turned away the fat Knight with the great pelly-doublet: He was full of jeſts and gypes and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.—Sir John Falſtaff.—That is he.*——This paſſage has ever given me a pleaſing ſenſation, as it marks a regret in the poet to part with a favourite character, and is a tender farewel to his memory: It is alſo with particular propriety that theſe words are put into the mouth of Fluellen, who ſtands here as his ſubſtitute, and whoſe humour, as well as that of Nym, may be ſaid to have ariſen out of the aſhes of Falſtaff.

No LXXXVII.

No. LXXXVII.

Singula lætus
Exquiritque, hauditque, virûm monumenta priorum.
(VIRGIL.)

OF all our dealers in second-hand wares, few bring their goods to so bad a market, as those humble wits who retail other people's worn-out jokes. A man's good sayings are so personally his own, and depend so much upon manner and circumstances, that they make a poor figure in other people's mouths, and suffer even more by printing than they do by repeating: It is also a very difficult thing to pen a witticism; for by the time we have adjusted all the descriptive arrangements of *this man said*, and *t'other man replied*, we have miserably blunted the edge of the repartee. These difficulties however have been happily overcome by *Mr. Joseph Miller* and other facetious compilers, whose works are in general circulation, and may be heard of in most clubs and companies where gentlemen meet, who love to say a good thing without the trouble of inventing it. We are also in a fair train of knowing every thing that a *late celebrated author* said, as well as wrote, without an exception even of his most secret ejaculations. We may judge how valuable

luable theſe diaries will be to poſterity, when we reflect how much we ſhould now be edified, had any of the antients given us as minute a *collectanea* of their illuſtrious contemporaries.

We have, it is true, a few of *Cicero's* table-jokes; but how delightful would it be to know what he ſaid, when nobody heard him! how piouſly he reproached himſelf when he laid in bed too late in a morning, or eat too heartily at *Hortenſius*'s or *Cæſar*'s table. We are told indeed that *Cato the Cenſor* loved his jeſt, but we ſhould have been doubly glad to have partaken of it: What a pity it is that nobody thought it worth their while to record ſome pleaſanter ſpecimen than *Macrobius* has given us of his retort upon *Q. Albidius*, a glutton and a ſpendthrift, when his houſe was on fire—*What he could not eat, he has burnt*, ſaid Cato; where the point of the jeſt lies in the alluſion to a particular kind of ſacrifice, and the good-humour of it with himſelf. It was better ſaid by *P. Syrus* the actor, when he ſaw one *Mucius*, a malevolent fellow, in a very melancholy mood—*Either ſome ill-fortune has befallen Mucius, or ſome good has happened to one of his acquaintance.*

A man's fame ſhall be recorded to poſterity by the trifling merit of a jeſt, when the great things he has done would elſe have been buried in oblivion: Who would now have known that *L. Mallius* was once the beſt painter in Rome, if it was not for his repartee to *Servilius Geminus*? *You paint better than you model*, ſays *Geminus*, pointing to *Mallius*'s children, who were crooked and ill-favoured.—*Like enough*, replied the artiſt; *I paint in the daylight, but I model, as you call it, in the dark.*

Cicero,

Cicero, it is well known, was a great joker, and ſome of his good ſayings have reached us; it does not appear as if his wit had been of the malicious ſort, and yet *Pompey*, whoſe temper could not ſtand a jeſt, was ſo galled by him, that he is reported to have ſaid with great bitterneſs—*Oh! that Cicero would go over to my enemies, for then he would be afraid of me.*—If *Cicero* forgave this ſarcaſm, I ſhould call him not only a better-tempered, but a braver man than *Pompey*.

But of all the antient wits *Auguſtus* ſeems to have had moſt point, and he was as remarkable for taking a jeſt, as for giving it. A country fellow came to Rome, who was ſo like the emperor, that all the city ran after him; *Auguſtus* heard of it, and ordering the man into his preſence—*Harkye, friend!* ſays he, *when was your mother in Rome?*—*Never, an pleaſe you!* replied the countryman, *but my father has been here many a time and oft.* The anecdote of the old ſoldier is ſtill more to his credit: He ſolicited the emperor to defend him in a ſuit; *Auguſtus* ſent his own advocate into court; the ſoldier was diſſatisfied, and ſaid to the emperor—*I did not fight for you by proxy at Actium*—*Auguſtus* felt the reproof, and condeſcended to his requeſt in perſon. When *Pacuvius Taurus* greedily ſolicited a largeſs from the emperor, and to urge him to the greater liberality added, that all the world would have it that he had made him a very bountiful donation—*But you know better*, ſaid *Auguſtus*, *than to believe the world*—and diſmiſſed the ſycophant without his errand. I ſhall mention one more caſe, where by a very courtly evaſion, he parried the ſolicitation

ſolicitation of his captain of the guard, who had been caſhiered, and was petitioning the emperor to allow him his pay; telling him that he did not aſk that indulgence for the ſake of the money which might accrue to him, but that he might have it to ſay he had reſigned his commiſſion, and not been caſhiered—*If that be all your reaſon*, ſays the emperor, *tell the world that you have received it, and I will not deny that I have paid it.*

Vatinius, who was noted to a proverb as a common ſlanderer, and particularly obnoxious for his ſcurrility againſt *Cicero*, was pelted by the populace in the amphitheatre, whilſt he was giving them the Gladiators: He complained to the Ædiles of the inſult, and got an edict forbidding the people to caſt any thing into the area but apples. An arch fellow brought a furious large fir-apple to the famous lawyer *Caſcellius*, and demanded his opinion upon the edict.—*I am of opinion*, ſays *Caſcellius*, *that your fir-apple is literally and legally an apple, with this proviſo however, that you intend to throw it at Vatinius's head.*

As there is ſome danger in making too free with *old jokes*, I ſhall hold my hand for the preſent; but if theſe ſhould ſucceed in being acceptable to my readers, I ſhall not be afraid of meeting *Mr. Joſeph Miller* and his modern witticiſms with my antients. In that caſe I ſhall not deſpair of being able to lay before the public a veritable Roman newſpaper, compounded of events in the days of Julius Cæſar: By what happy chance I traced this valuable relick, and with what pains I poſſeſſed myſelf of it, may be matter of future explanation: I have the ſatisfaction however to pre-

miſe

miſe to the reader, that it is written with gre freedom, and as well ſprinkled with private ane dotes as any of the preſent day, whoſe agreeab familiarity is ſo charming to every body but th parties concerned: It has alſo a good daſh the dramatic; and as ſome faſtidious people hav been inclined to treat our intelligencers and n viewers with a degree of neglect bordering upo contempt, I ſhall have pleaſure in ſhewing th they have claſſical authority for all their quirk and conceits, and that they are all written in th true quaint ſpirit of criticiſm: It is to be la mented that the Roman theatre furniſhes no la dies to match the heroines of our ſtage; but can produce ſome encomiums upon *Laberius*, *R ſcius* and the famous *Publius Syrus*, which woul not be unapplicable to ſome of our preſent capit actors: I am ſorry to be obliged to confeſs, th they were not in the habit of ſpeaking epilogue in thoſe days; but I have a ſubſtitute in a pro logue written and ſpoken by *Decimus Laberius* which I am tempted to throw out as a lure to m newſpaper; but I muſt firſt explain upon wha occaſion it was compoſed.

This *Laberius* was a Roman knight of goo family, and a man withal of high ſpirit and pr tenſions, but unfortunately he had a talent fo the drama: He read his own plays better tha any man then living could act them, for neithe *Garrick* nor *Henderſon* were yet born. *P. Clodius* the fine gentleman and rake of the age, had th indecorum to preſs *Laberius* to come forward o the public ſtage, and take the principal characte in one of his own plays: *Laberius* was indignan

an

and *Clodius* proceeded to menaces:—*Do your worſt*, ſays the Roman knight, *you can but ſend me to Dyracchium and back again*—proudly intimating that he would ſuffer the like baniſhment with *Cicero* rather than conſent to his demand; for acting was not then the amuſement of the people of faſhion, and private theatres were not thought of. *Julius Cæſar* was no leſs captivated with *Laberius's* talents than *Clodius* had been, and being a man not apt to be diſcouraged by common difficulties, took up the ſame ſolicitation, and aſſailed our Roman knight, who was now ſixty years of age, and felt his powers in their decline: Conſcious of this decline no leſs than of his own dignity, he reſiſted the degrading requeſt; he interceded, he implored of *Cæſar* to excuſe him: It was to no purpoſe, *Cæſar* had made it his point, and his point he would carry: The word of *Cæſar* was law, and *Laberius*, driven out of all his defences, was obliged to ſubmit and comply. *Cæſar* makes a grand ſpectacle for all Rome; bills are given out for a play of *Laberius*, and the principal part is announced to be performed by the author himſelf: The theatre is thronged with ſpectators; all Rome is preſent, and *Decimus Laberius* preſents himſelf on the ſtage, and addreſſes the audience in the following prologue:

"*Prologue by* DECIMUS LABERIUS.

"O ſtrong Neceſſity! of whoſe ſwift courſe
"So many feel, ſo few eſcape the force,
"Whither, ah! whither, in thy prone career,
"Haſt thou decreed this dying frame to bear?

"Me

" Me in my better days nor foe, nor friend,
" Nor threat, nor bribe, nor vanity con'd bend;
" Now lur'd by flattery in my weaker age,
" I ſink my knighthood and aſcend the ſtage.
" Yet muſe not therefore—How ſhall man gainſay
" Him, whom the Deities themſelves obey?
" Sixty long years I've liv'd without diſgrace
" A Roman knight; let dignity give place!
" I'm Cæſar's actor now, and compaſs more
" In one ſhort hour, than all my life before.
" O Fortune! fickle ſource of good and ill,
" If here to place me 'twas thy ſovereign will,
" Why, when I'd youth and faculties to pleaſe
" So great a maſter and ſuch gueſts as theſe,
" Why not compel me then, malicious power!
" To the hard taſk of this degrading hour?
" Where now, in what profound abyſs of ſhame,
" Doſt thou conſpire with Fate to ſink my name?
" Whence are my hopes? What voice can age ſu
" To charm the ear; what grace to pleaſe the eye?
" Where is the action, energy, and art,
" The look, that guides its paſſion to the heart?
" Age creeps like ivy o'er my wither'd trunk,
" Its bloom all blaſted, and its vigour ſhrunk;
" A tomb, where nothing but a name remains
" To tell the world whoſe aſhes it contains."

The original is ſo ſuperiorly beautiful, that prevent a bathos I ſhall inſert it after the tr lation.

NECESSITAS, *cujus curſus tranſverſi impetum*
Voluerunt multi effugere, pauci potuerunt,
Quo me detruſit pæne extremis ſenſibus?
Quem nulla ambitio, nulla unquam largitio,

r timor, vis nulla, nulla auctoritas
re potuit in juventa de statu;
n senecta ut facile labefecit loco
xcellentis mente clemente e.. ta
ssa placide blandiloquens oratio!
n ipsi Dii negare cui nihil potuerunt,
iem me denegare quis posset pati?
bis tricenis annis actis sine nota
Romanus lare egressus meo
m revertas mimus: Nimirum hoc die
lus vixi mihi quam vivendum fuit.
ia, immoderata in bono æque atque in malo,
erat libitum literarum laudibus
cacumen nostræ famæ frangere,
um vigebam membris præviridantibus,
acere populo et tali cum poteram viro,
lexibilem me concurvasti ut carperes?
me quo dejicis? quid ad scenam affero?
em formæ, an dignitatem corporis,
virtutem, an vocis jucundæ sonum?
dera serpens vires arboreas necat,
vetustas amplexo annorum enecat:
bri similis nihil nisi nomen retines.

y which this pathetic prologue was at-
:o was a comedy, in which *Laberius* took
racter of a slave, and in the course of the
; usual) was beaten by his master: In this
n, having marked his habit with counter-
tripes, he runs upon the stage, and cries
ain—*Porro, Quirites! libertatem perdimus*
od faith, Countrymen, there is an end of
The indignant spectators sent up a shout;
n the language of our present playhouse
burst of applause; a most violent burst of ap-
plause

plause from a most crowded and brilliant house, over flowing in all parts. *Laberius* not yet content wit this atonement to the manes of his knighthood subjoins the following pointed allusion: *Necess est multos timeat, quem multi timent—The man whom many fear, must needs fear many.* All eye were now turned upon *Cæsar*, and the degrade *Laberius* enjoyed a full revenge.

We may naturally suppose this conduct lo him the favour of *Cæsar*, who immediately too up *Publius Syrus*, a Syrian slave, who had bee manumitted for his ingenious talents, and wa acting in the country theatres with much applaus *Cæsar* fetched him out of his obscurity, as w bring up an actress from Bath or York, and pi ted him against *Laberius*. It was the triumph o youth and vigour over age and decay, and *Cæs* with malicious civility said to Laberius, *Faven tibi me victus es, Laberi, a Syro—You are surpass by Syrus in spite of my support.* As *Laberius* w going out of the theatre he was met by *Syru* who was inconsiderate enough to let an expressi escape him, which was very disrespectful to h veteran competitor: *Laberius* felt the unbecom ing insult, and, turning to *Syrus*, gave him th extemporary answer—

" To stand the first is not the lot of all;
" 'Tis now your turn to mount, and mine to fall:
" 'Tis slippery ground; beware you keep your fee
" For public favor is a public cheat."

Non possunt primi esse omnes omni in tempore;
Summum ad gradum cum claritatis veneris,

Consi

Conſiſtes egre; et quam deſcendas, decides:
Cecidi ego: Cadet qui ſequitur. Laus eſt publica.

I need not remind the learned Reader in what credit the ſayings of this *Publius Syrus* have been juſtly held by all the *literati* from *Seneca* to *Scaliger*, who turned them into Greek; and it is for the honour of the fraternity of the ſtage, that both he and *Sophron*, whoſe moral ſentences were found under *Plato's* pillow when he died, were actors by profeſſion.

I ſhall now only add that my Newſpaper contains a very intereſting deſcription of two young actors, *Hylas* and *Pylades*, who became great favourites with *Auguſtus*, when he was emperor, and made their firſt appearance at the time this journal was written. If the Reader ſhall find any alluſion to two very promiſing young performers, now living, whoſe initials correſpond with the above, I can promiſe him that our contemporaries will not ſuffer by the compariſon. I may venture to ſay in the words of Doctor Young.—

The Roman wou'd not bluſh at the miſtake.

No LXXXVIII.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, in his life of Rowe, pronounces of *The Fair Penitent*, *that it is one of the moſt pleaſing tragedies on the ſtage, where it ſtill keeps its turns of appearing, and probably will long keep them, for that there is ſcarcely any work of any poet at once ſo intereſting by the fable, and ſo delightful by the language. The ſtory*, he obſerves, *is domeſtic, and therefore eaſily received by the imagination and aſſimilated to common life; the diction is exquiſitely harmonious, and ſoft or ſprightly as occaſion requires.* Few people, I believe, will think this character of *The Fair Penitent* too laviſh on the ſcore of commendation; the high degree of public favour in which this tragedy has long ſtood has ever attracted the beſt audiences to it, and engaged the talents of the beſt performers in its diſplay. As there is no drama more frequently exhibited, or more generally read, I propoſe to give it a fair and impartial examination, jointly with the more unknown and leſs popular tragedy from which it is derived.

The Fair Penitent is in fable and character ſo cloſely copied from *The Fatal Dowry*, that it is impoſſible not to take that tragedy along with it and it is matter of ſome ſurprize to me that Rowe ſhould have made no acknowledgment of his imitation either in his dedication or prologue, or anywhere elſe that I am appriſed of.

Thi

is tragedy of *The Fatal Dowry* was the joint
action of Maſſinger and Nathaniel Field; it
a wider compaſs of fable than *The Fair Pe-*
, by which means it preſents a very affecting
at the opening, which diſcovers young
alois attended by his friend Romont, waiting
a petition in his hand to be preſented to the
s, when they ſhall meet, praying the releaſe
dead father's body, which had been ſeized
s creditors, and detained in their hands for
he had incurred in the public ſervice, as
Marſhal of the armies of Burgundy. Maſ-
r, to whoſe ſhare this part of the tragedy de-
d, has managed this pathetic introduction
conſummate ſkill and great expreſſion of na-
; a noble youth in the laſt ſtate of worldly
ſs, reduced to the humiliating yet pious office
liciting an unfeeling and unfriendly judge to
him to pay the ſolemn rites of burial to the
ins of an illuſtrious father, who had fought
ountry's battles with glory, and had ſacrifice
e and fortune in defence of an ingrateful ſtate,
eſſes the ſpectators mind with pity and reſ-
which are felt through every paſſage of the
: One thing in particular ſtrikes me at the ope-
f the ſcene, which is the long ſilence that the
has artfully impoſed upon his principal cha-
r (Charalois) who ſtands in mute ſorrow with
etition in his hand, whilſt his friend Romont,
his advocate Charmi, urge him to preſent
elf to the judges and ſolicit them in perſon:
judges now make their entrance, they ſtop
the ſtage; they offer him the faireſt oppor-
y for tendering his petition and ſoliciting his
ſuit:

ſuit: Charalois remains fixed and ſpeechleſs; R mont, who is all eagerneſs in his cauſe, preſſ him again and again—

Now put on your ſpirits—
Now, Sir, loſe not this offered means: Their looks
Fix'd on you with a pitying earneſtneſs,
Invite you to demand their furtherance
To your good purpoſe.

The judges point him out to each other; th lament the misfortunes of his noble houſe; th obſerve,

It is young Charalois
Son to the Marſhal, from whom he inherits
His fame and virtues only.
Romont. *Ha! they name you.*
Dulroy. *His father died in priſon two days ſi*
Rochfort. *Yes, to the ſhame of this ingrateful ſt*
That ſuch a maſter in the art of war,
So noble and ſo highly meriting
From this forgetful country, ſhould, for want
Of means to ſatisfy his creditors
The ſum he took up for the general good,
Meet with an end ſo infamous.
Romont. *Dare you ever hope for like opportunity*

It is in vain; the opportunity paſſes off, a Charalois opens not his mouth, nor even ſilen tenders his petition.

I have, upon a former occaſion, both ge rally and particularly obſerved upon the effects dramatic ſilence; the ſtage cannot afford a m beautiful and touching inſtance than this bef

s: To ſay it is not inferior to the ſilence of Ham-t upon his firſt appearance, would be ſaying too ttle in its favour. I have no doubt but Maſſin-r had this very caſe in his thoughts, and I ho-our him no leſs for the imitating, than I ſhould ave done for ſtriking out a ſilence ſo naturally d ſo delicately preſerved. What could Chara-is have uttered to give him that intereſt in the earts of his ſpectators, which their own conclu-ons during his affecting ſilence have already im-reſſed? No ſooner are the judges gone, than ie ardent Romont again breaks forth—

This obſtinate ſpleen
You think becomes your ſorrow, and ſorts well
With your black ſuits.

his is Hamlet himſelf, his *inky cloak, and cuſ-nary ſuits of ſolemn black* The character of aralois is thus fixed before he ſpeaks; the et's art has given the prejudice that is to bear m in our affections through all the ſucceeding ents of the fable; and a ſtriking contraſt is ablifhed between the undiſcerning fiery zeal of omont, and Charalois' fine ſenſibility and high-rn dignity of ſoul.

A more methodical and regular dramatiſt uld have ſtopped here, ſatisfied that the im-eſſion already made was fully ſufficient for all e purpoſes of his plot; but Maſſinger, accor-ig to the buſy ſpirit of the ſtage for which he ote, is not alarmed by a throng of incidents, d proceeds to open the court and diſcuſs the adings on the ſtage: The advocate Charmi in

a ſet harangue moves the judges for diſpen with the rigour of the law in favour of credit and for reſcuing the Marſhal's corpſe out of t clutches; he is brow-beaten and ſilenced by preſiding judge old Novall: The plea is then ken up by the impetuous Romont, and ur with ſo much perſonal inſolence, that he is arr ed on the ſpot, put in charge of the officers the court, and taken to priſon. This is a ſtriking mode of introducing the ſet oratior Charalois; a ſon recounting the military atchi ments of a newly deceaſed father, and implo mercy from his creditors and the law towards unburied remains, now claims the attentior the court, who had been hitherto unmovec the feeble formality of a hired pleader, and turbulent paſſion of an enraged ſoldier. Ch lois' argument takes a middle courſe betw both; the pious feelings of a ſon, tempered the modeſt manners of a gentleman: The cr tors however are implacable, the judge is hoſ and the law muſt take its courſe.

Creditor. *'Tis the city's doctrine:*
We ſtand bound to maintain it.
Charalois. *Be conſtant in it;*
And ſince you are as mercileſs in your natures,
As baſe and mercenary in your means
By which you get your wealth, I will not urge
The court to take away one ſcruple from
The right of their laws, or one good thought
In you to mend your diſpoſition with.
I know there is no muſic in your ears
So pleaſing as the groans of men in priſon,

And that the tears of widows, and the cries
Of famiſh'd orphans, are the feaſts that take you.
That to be in your danger with more care
Should be avoided than infectious air,
The loath'd embraces of diſeaſed women,
A flatterer's poiſon, or the loſs of honour.
Yet rather than mt father's reverend duſt
Shall want a place in that fair monument,
In which our noble anceſtors lie entomb'd,
Before the court I offer up myſelf
A priſoner for it: Load me with thoſe irons
That have worn out his life; in my beſt ſtrength
I'll run to the encounter of cold hunger,
And chooſe my dwelling where no ſun darcs enter,
So he may be releas'd.

There was yet another incident, which the po- s paſſion for buſineſs and ſpectacle induced him avail himſelf of, viz. the funeral of the Mar- al; this he diſplays on the ſtage, with a ain of captains and ſoldiers following the body their general: Charalois and Romont, under ſtody of their jailors, appear as chief mour- rs, and a party of creditors are concerned in e groupe.

After this ſolemnity is diſpatched, the poet oceeds to develop the amiable generoſity of old ochfort, who being touched with the gallant irit of Romont, and ſtill more penetrated with e filial piety of young Charalois, delivers them ith from impriſonment and diſtreſs, by diſcharg- g the debts of the Marſhal and diſmiſſing the editors; this alſo paſſes before the eyes of the ectators. Before Charalois has given full ex-

preſſion to his gratitude for this extraordinary benefaction, Rochfort follows it with a further act of bounty, which he introduces in the ſtile of a requeſt—

Call in my daughter—Still I have a ſuit to you,
Would you requite me——
This is my only child.

Beaumelle, Rochfort's daughter, is preſented to Charalois; the ſcene is hurried on with a precipitation almoſt without example: Charalois aſks the lady,

Fair Beaumelle, can you love me?
Beaumelle. *Yes, my lord.*
Charalois. *You need not queſtion me if I can you*
You are the faireſt virgin in Dijon,
And Rochfort is your father.

The match is agreed upon as ſoon as propoſed and Rochfort haſtens away to prepare the celebration.

In this cluſter of incidents I muſt not fail to remark, that the poet introduces young Novall upon the ſcene, in the very moment when the ſhort dialogue above quoted was paſſing: This Novall had before been exhibited as a ſuitor to Beaumelle and his vain frivolous character had been diſplayed in a very ridiculous and contemptible light; he is now again introduced to be a witneſs of his own diſappointment, and his only obſervation upon it is—*What's this change?*—Upon the exit of the father however he addreſſes himſe

imſelf to the lady, and her reply gives the alarm-
g hint, that makes diſcovery of the fatal turn
hich the plot is now about to take; for when
ovall turning aſide to Beaumelle, by one word—
liſtreſs!—conveys the reproach of inconſtancy,
ıe replies,

Oh, Servant! Virtue ſtrengthen me!
Thy preſence blows round my affection's vane:
You will undo me if you ſpeak again (*Exit.*)

'oung Novall is left on the ſcene with certain
llowers and dependants, which hang upon his
rtune, one of which (Pontalier by name)
man under deep obligations to him, yet of an
oneſt nature, adviſes him to an honourable re-
unciation of all further hopes or attempts to
rail himſelf of the affections of Beaumelle—

Tho' you have ſav'd my life,
Reſcu'd me often from my wants, I muſt not
Wink at your follies, that will ruin you.
You know my blunt way, and my love to truth:
Forſake the purſuit of this lady's honour,
Now you do ſee her made another man's.

his honourable advice is rejected with con-
mpt: Novall, in whoſe mean boſom there does
ot ſeem a trace of virtue, avows a determined
erſeverance; and the poet having in this haſty
anner compleated theſe inauſpicious nuptials,
loſes the ſecond act of his tragedy.

N° LXXXIX.

N° LXXXIX.

WE have now expended two entire acts
The Fatal Dowry in advancing to that period i
the fable, at which the tragedy of *The Fair P*
nitent opens. If the author of this traged
thought it neceſſary to contract Maſſinger's plo
and found one upon it of a more regular cor
ſtruction, I know not how he could do this an
otherwiſe than by taking up the ſtory at the poir
where we have now left it, and throwing the ar
tecedent matter into narration; and though the
two prefatory acts are full of very affecting inc
dents, yet the pathos, which properly appertair
to the plot and conduces to the cataſtrophe of th
tragedy, does not in ſtrictneſs take place befor
the event of the marriage. No critic will ſa
that the pleadings before the judges, the interf
rence of the creditors, the diſtreſſes of Charaloi
or the funeral of the Marſhal, are neceſſar
parts of the drama; at the ſame time no reade
will deny (and neither could Rowe himſelf ove
look) the effect of theſe incidents. : He could n
fail to foreſee that he was to ſacrifice very muc
of the intereſt of his fable, when he was to thro
that upon narration, which his original had g
ven in ſpectacle; and the loſs was more enhance
by falling upon the hero of the drama; for wh
that compares Charalois, at the end of the ſecon
act of Maſſinger, with Rowe's Altamont at th
openin

ening ſcene of *The Fair Penitent*, can doubt hich character has moſt intereſt with the ſpec- tors? We have ſeen the former in all the moſt niable offices which filial piety could perform; during inſults from his inveterate oppreſſors, d voluntarily ſurrendering himſelf to a priſon ransom the dead body of his father from un- lenting creditors. Altamont preſents himſelf fore us in his wedding ſuit, in the ſplendour of rtune and at the ſummit of happineſs; he greets with a burſt of exultation—

Let this auſpicious day be ever ſacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it;
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings!
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Chooſe it to bleſs their hopes and crown their wiſhes;
This happy day, that gives me my Caliſta!

he reſt of the ſcene is employed by him and loratio alternately in recounting the benefits con- rred upon them by the generous Sciolto; and e very ſame incident of the ſeizure of his fa- er's corpſe by the creditors, and his redemption f it, is recited by Horatio—

When his hard creditors,
Urg'd and aſſiſted by Lothario's father,
(Foe to thy houſe and rival of their greatneſs)
By ſentence of the cruel law forbade
His venerable corpſe to reſt in earth,
Thou gav'd thyſelf a ranſom for his bones;
With piety uncommon didſt give up
Why hopeful youth to ſlaves, who ne'er knew mercy.

It

It is not however within the reach of this, or any other deſcription, to place Altamont in that intereſting and amiable light, as circumſtances have already placed Charalois; the happy and exulting bridegroom may be an object of our congratulation, but the virtuous and ſuffering Charalois engages our pity, love and admiration. If Rowe would have his audience credit Altamont for that filial piety, which marks the character he copied from, it was a ſmall overſight to put the following expreſſion into his mouth—

Oh, great Sciolto! Oh, my more than father!

A cloſer attention to character would have reminded him that it was poſſible for Altamont to expreſs his gratitude to Sciolto without ſetting him above a father, to whoſe memory he had paid ſuch devotion.

From this contraction of his plot, by the defalcation of ſo many pathetic incidents, it became impoſſible for the author of the Fair Penitent to make his Altamont the hero of his tragedy, and the leading part is taken from him by Horatio, and even by Lothario, throughout the drama. There are ſeveral other reaſons, which occur to ſink Altamont upon the compariſon with Charalois, the chief of which ariſes from the captivating colours in which Rowe has painted his libertine: On the contrary, Maſſinger gives a contemptible picture of his young Novall; he makes him not only vicious, but ridiculous; in foppery and impertinence he is the counterpart of Shakeſpear's Oſrick; vain-glorious, purſe-proud, and

nd overbearing amongſt his dependants; a ſpi-tleſs poltroon in his interview with Romont. *othario* (as Johnſon obſerves) *with gaiety which nnot be hated, and bravery which cannot be deſpiſ-l, retains too much of the Spectator's kindneſs.*— lis high ſpirit, brilliant qualities and fine perſon e ſo deſcribed, as to put us in danger of falſe npreſſions in his favour, and to ſet the paſſions i oppoſition to the moral of the piece: I ſuſ-ect that the gallantry of Lothario makes more lvocates for Caliſta than ſhe ought to have.— here is another conſideration, which operates gainſt Altamont, and it is an indelicacy in his iaracter, which the poet ſhould have provided gainſt: He marries Caliſta with the full perſua-on of her being averſe to the match; in his firſt ecting with Sciolto he ſays—

Oh! could I hope there was one thought of Altamont,
One kind remembrance in Caliſta's breaſt—
——I found her cold
As a dead lover's ſtatue on his tomb;
A riſing ſtorm of paſſion ſhook her breaſt,
Her eyes a piteous ſhower of tears let fall,
And then ſhe ſigh'd as if her heart were breaking.
With all the tendereſt eloquence of love
I beg'd to be a ſharer in her grief:
But ſhe, with looks averſe and eyes that froze me,
Sadly replied, her ſorrows were her own,
Nor in a father's power to diſpoſe of.

im aware that Sciolto attempts to parry theſe cts by an interpretation too groſs and unbecom-g for a father's character, and only fit for the

lips of a Lothario; but yet it is not in nature to ſuppoſe that Altamont could miſtake ſuch ſymptoms, and it fixes a meanneſs upon him, which prevails againſt his character throughout the play. Nothing of this ſort could be diſcovered by Maſſinger's bridegroom, for the ceremony was agreed upon and performed at the very firſt interview of the parties; Beaumelle gave a full and unreſerved aſſent, and though her character ſuffers on the ſcore of hypocriſy on that account, yet Charalois is ſaved by it: Leſs hypocriſy appears in Caliſta, but hers is the deeper guilt, becauſe ſhe was already diſhonoured by Lothario, and Beaumelle's coquetry with Novall had not yet reached the length of criminality. Adds to this, that Altamont appears in the contemptible light of a ſuitor, whom Caliſta had appriſed of her averſion, and to whom ſhe had done a deliberate act of diſhonour, though his perſon and character muſt have been long known to her. The caſe is far otherwiſe between Charalois and Beaumelle, who never met before, and every care is taken by the poet to ſave his hero from ſuch a deliberate injury, as might convey contempt; with this view the marriage is precipitated; nothing is allowed to paſs, that might open the character of Charalois to Beaumelle: She is hurried into an aſſignation with Novall immediately upon her marriage; every artifice of ſeduction is employed by her confidante Bellaperte, and Aymer the paraſite of Novall, to make this meeting criminal; ſhe falls the victim of paſſion, and when detection brings her to a ſenſe of her guilt, ſhe makes this penitent and pathetic appeal to Charalois—

Oh!

Oh my fate!
That never would conſent that I ſhould ſee
How worthy thou wert both of love and duty
Before I loſt you; and my miſery made
The glaſs, in which I now behold your virtue—
With juſtice therefore you may cut me off,
And from your memory waſh the remembrance
That e'er I was; like to ſome vicious purpoſe,
Which in your better judgment you repent of,
And ſtudy to forget——
——Yet you ſhall find,
Tho' I was bold enough to be a ſtrumpet,
I dare not yet live one: Let thoſe fam'd matrons,
That are canoniz'd worthy of our ſex,
Tranſcend me in their ſanctity of life,
I yet will equal them in dying nobly,
Ambitious of no honour after life,
But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me.

Compare this with the conduct of Caliſta, and then decide which frail fair-one has the better title to the appellation of a *Penitent*, and which drama conveys the better moral by its cataſtrophe.

There is indeed a groſſneſs in the older poet, which his more modern imitator has refined; but he has only ſweetened the poiſon, not removed its venom; nay, by how much more palatable he has made it, ſo much more pernicious it is become in his tempting ſparkling cup, than in the coarſe deterring doſe of Maſſinger.

Rowe has no doubt greatly outſtepped his original in the ſtriking character of Lothario, who leaves Novall as far behind him as Charalois does Altamont: It is admitted then that Caliſta has as good a plea as any wanton could wiſh to urge for her

her criminality with Lothario, and the poet has not ſpared the ear of modeſty in his exaggerated deſcription of the guilty ſcene; every luxurious image, that his inflamed imagination could crowd into the glowing rhapſody, is there to be found, and the whole is recited in numbers ſo flowing and harmonious, that they not only arreſt the paſſions but the memory alſo, and perhaps have been, and ſtill can be, as generally repeated as any paſſage in Engliſh poetry. Maſſinger with leſs elegance, but not with leſs regard to decency, ſuffers the guilty act to paſs within the courſe of his drama; the greater refinement of manners in Rowe's day did not allow of this, and he anticipated the incident; but when he revived the recollection of it by ſuch a ſtudied deſcription, he plainly ſhewed that it was not from moral principle that he omitted it; and if he has preſented his heroine to the ſpectators with more immediate delicacy during the compaſs of the play, he has at the ſame time given her greater depravity of mind; her manners may be more refined, but her principle is fouler than Beaumelle's. Caliſta, who yielded to the gallant gay Lothario, *hot with the Tuſcan grape*, might perhaps have diſdained a lover who addreſſed her in the holiday language which Novall uſes to Beaumelle—

Beſt day to Nature's curioſity!
Star of Dijon, the luſtre of all France!
Perpetual Spring dwell on thy roſy cheeks,
Whoſe breath is perfumes to our continent;
See, Flora trimm'd in her varieties!—
No Autumn, nor no Age ever approach

This

This heavenly piece, which Nature having wrought,
She loſt her needle, and did then deſpair
Ever to work ſo lively and ſo fair.

he letter of Caliſta (which brings about the diſ-very by the poor expedient of Lothario's drop-ng it and Horatio's finding it) has not even the erit of being characteriſtically wicked, and is ıth in its matter and mode below tragedy. It is *othario's cruelty has determined her to yield a per-ſt obedience to her father, and give her hand to Al-mont, in ſpite of her weakneſs for the falſe Lothario.* -If the lady had given her *perfect obedience* its ue denomination, ſhe had called it a moſt diſ-ɔnourable compliance; and if we may take Lo-ıario's word (who ſeems full correct enough in :ſcribing facts and particulars) ſhe had not much ıuſe to complain of his being falſe; for he tells .oſſano—

I lik'd her, would have marry'd her,
But that it pleas'd her father to refuſe me,
To make this honourable fool her huſband.

appears by this that Lothario had not been *falſe* her in the article of marriage, though he might ıve been *cruel* to her on the ſcore of paſſion, hich indeed is confeſt on his part with as much *ld indifference*, as the moſt barefaced avowal. uld expreſs.—But to return to the letter: She oceeds to tell him—*that ſhe could almoſt wiſh ſhe d that heart, and that honour to beſtow with it, bich he has robbed her of*—But left this half wiſh ould ſtartle him, ſhe adds—*But oh! I fear, could*

I retrieve

I retrieve them, I ſhould again be undone by the too faithleſs, yet too lovely Lothario.—This muſt be owned as full a reaſon as ſhe could give why ſhe ſhould only *almoſt wiſh* for her loſt honour, when ſhe would make ſuch an uſe of it, if ſhe had it again at her diſpoſal. And yet the very next paragraph throws every thing into contradiction, for ſhe tells him—*this is the laſt weakneſs of her pen, and to-morrow ſhall be the laſt in which ſhe will indulge her eyes.* If ſhe could keep to that reſolution, I muſt think the recovery of her innocence would have been worth a whole wiſh, and many a wiſh; unleſs we are to ſuppoſe ſhe was ſo devoted to guilt, that ſhe could take delight in reflecting upon it: This is a ſtate of depravity, which human nature hardly ever attains, and ſeems peculiar to Caliſta. She now grows very humble, and concludes in a ſtile well ſuited to her humility—*Lucilla ſhall conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me ſee you; it ſhall be the laſt trouble you ſhall meet with from*——*The loſt Caliſta.*

It was very ill done of Horatio's curioſity to read this letter, and I muſt ever regret that he has ſo unhandſomely expoſed a lady's private correſpondence to the world.

No XC.

No. XC.

THOUGH the part which Horatio takes in the buſineſs of the drama is exactly that which falls to the ſhare of Romont in the Fatal Dowry, yet their characters are of a very different caſt; for as Rowe had beſtowed the fire and impetuoſity of Romont upon his Lothario, it was a very judicious oppoſition to contraſt it with the cool deliberate courage of the ſententious Horatio, the friend and brother-in-law of Altamont.

When Horatio has read Caliſta's letter, which Lothario had dropped (an accident which more frequently happens to gentlemen in comedies than in tragedies) he falls into a very long meditation, and cloſes it with putting this queſtion to himſelf:

What if I give this paper to her father?
It follows that his juſtice dooms her dead,
And breaks his heart with ſorrow; hard return
For all the good his hand has heap'd on us!
Hold, let me take a moment's thought—

At this moment he is interrupted in his reflections by the preſence of Lavinia, whoſe tender ſolicitude fills up the remaining part of the dialogue, and concludes the act without any deciſive reſolution on the part of Horatio; an incident well contrived, and introduced with much dramatic ſkill and

and effect: Though preſſed by his wife to diſcloſe the cauſe of his uneaſineſs, he does not impart to her the fatal diſcovery he has made; this alſo is well in character. Upon his next entrance he has withdrawn himſelf from the company, and being alone, reſumes his meditation—

What, if, while all are here intent on revelling,
I privately went forth and ſought Lothario?
This letter may be forg'd; perhaps the wantonneſs
Of his vain youth to ſtain a lady's fame;
Perhaps his malice to diſturb my friend..
Ah! no, my heart forebodes it muſt be true.
Methought e'en now I mark'd the ſtarts of guilt
That ſhook her ſoul, tho' damn'd diſſimulation
Screen'd her dark thoughts, and ſet to public view
A ſpecious face of innocence and beauty.

This ſoliloquy is ſucceeded by the much-admired and ſtriking ſcene between him and Lothario; rigid criticiſm might wiſh to abridge ſome of the ſententious declamatory ſpeeches of Horatio, and ſhorten the dialogue to quicken the effect; but the moral ſentiment and harmonious verſification are much too charming to be treated as intruders, and the author has alſo ſtruck upon a natural expedient for prolonging the dialogue, without any violence to probability, by the interpoſition of Roſſano, who acts as a mediator between the hoſtile parties. This interpoſition is further neceſſary to prevent a deciſive rencounter, for which the fable is not ripe; neither would it be proper for Horatio to anticipate that revenge, which is reſerved for Altamont: The altercation therefore cloſes with a challenge from Lothario—

Weſt

Weſt of the town a mile, amongſt the rocks,
Two hours ere noon to-morrow I expect thee;
Thy ſingle hand to mine.

The place of meeting is not well aſcertained, ıd the time is too long deferred for ſtrict pro-ıbility; there are however certain things in all ·amas, which muſt not be too rigidly inſiſted up-ı, and provided no extraordinary violence is ›ne to reaſon and common ſenſe, the candid cri-: ought to let them paſs: This I take to be a ſe in point; and though Horatio's cool courage ıd ready preſence of mind are not juſt the quali-ːs to reconcile us to ſuch an overſight, yet I ſee › reaſon to be ſevere upon the incident, which is llowed by his immediate recollection—

Two hours ere noon to-morrow! Hah! Ere that
He ſees Caliſta.—Oh! unthinking fool!
What if I urg'd her with the crime and danger?
If any ſpark from Heav'n remain unquench'd
Within her breaſt, my breath perhaps may wake it.
Could I but proſper there, I would not doubt
My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaſter.

Whether this be a meaſure altogether in charac-r with a man of Horatio's good ſenſe and diſ-etion, I muſt own is matter of doubt with me. think he appears fully ſatisfied of her actual cri-inality; and in that caſe it would be more natu-l for him to lay his meaſures for intercepting ›thario, and preventing the aſſignation, than try his rhetoric in the preſent criſis upon the ;itated mind of Caliſta. As it has juſtly occurred

to

to him, that he has been over-reached by Lotha rio in the poſtponement of the duel, the meaſur I ſuggeſt would naturally tend to haſten that ren counter. Now, though the buſineſs of the dra ma may require an explanation between Horati and Caliſta, whereupon to ground an occaſion fo his intereſting quarrel with Altamont, yet I d not ſee any neceſſity to make that a premeditate explanation, nor to ſacrifice character by a mea ſure that is inconſiſtent with the better judgmen of Horatio. The poet, however, has decreed i otherwiſe, and a deliberate interview with Caliſt and Horatio accordingly takes place. This, al though introduced with a ſolemn invocation o his part, is very clumſily conducted—

Teach me, ſome Power! that happy art of ſpeech
To dreſs my purpoſe up in gracious words,
Such as may ſoftly ſteal upon her ſoul,
And never waken the tempeſtuous paſſions.

Who can expect, after this preparation, to hea Horatio thus break his ſecret to Caliſta?

Lothario and Caliſta!—Thus they join
Two names, which Heav'n decreed ſhould never mee
Hence have the talkers of this populous city
A ſhameful tale to tell for public ſport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a falſe fair-one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
When ſhe had giv'n her honour to a wretch.

This I hold to be totally out of nature; firſt, b cauſe it is a palpable departure from his reſolutio

t

to uſe *gracious words*; next, becauſe it has a certain tendency to produce rage and not repentance; and thirdly, becauſe it is founded in exaggeration and falſehood; for how is he warranted to ſay that the ſtory is the public talk and ſport of the city? If it were ſo, what can his interference avail? why ſeek this interview?

Why come to tell her how ſhe might be happy?
To ſooth the ſecret anguiſh of her ſoul?
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her ſteps to know the paths of peace?

No judge of nature will think he takes the means to lead her into the *paths of peace*, by hurrying her to the very brink of deſperation. I need not enlarge upon this obſervation, and ſhall therefore only remark, that the ſcene breaks up, as might be expected, with the following proof of her penitence, and his ſucceſs in perſuaſion—

Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more, nor dare, ev'n on thy life,
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue:
I am myſelf the guardian of my honour,
And will not bear ſo inſolent a monitor.

Let us now enquire how Romont (the Horatio of Maſſinger) conducts this incident, a character from whom leſs diſcretion is to be expected than from his philoſophical ſucceſſor. Romont himſelf diſcovers Beaumelle and Novall engaged in the moſt wanton familiarities, and, with a warmth ſuitable to his zeal, breaks up the amorous

rous conference by driving Novall off the ſce with ineffable contempt; he then applies himſ to the lady, and with a very natural and man ſpirit ſays,

——I reſpect you
Not for yourſelf, but in remembrance of
Who is your father, and whoſe wife you now ar

She replies to him with contempt and ridicule he reſumes the ſame characteriſtic ſtrain he ſet o with, and proceeds—

My intents,
Madam, deſerve not this; nor do I ſtay
To be the whetſtone of your wit: Preſerve it
To ſpend on ſuch as know how to admire
Such colour'd ſtuff. In me there is now ſpeaks to y
As true a friend and ſervant to your honour,
And one that will with as much hazard guard it,
As ever man did goodneſs. But then, lady,
You muſt endeavour, not alone to be,
But to appear worthy ſuch love and ſervice.

We have juſt now heard Horatio reproa Caliſta with the reports that were circulated agai her reputation; let us compare it with what R mont ſays upon the ſame ſubject—

But yet be careful!
Detraction's a bold monſter, and fears not
To wound the fame of princes, if it find
But any blemiſh in their lives to work on.
But I'll be plainer with you: Had the people
Been learnt to ſpeak but what even now I ſaw,
Their malice out of that would raiſe an engine

To overthrow your honour. In my ſight,
With yonder painted fool I frighted from you,
You us'd familiarity beyond
A modeſt entertainment: You embrac'd him
With too much ardour for a ſtranger, and
Met him with kiſſes neither chaſte nor comely:
But learn you to forget him, as I will
Your bounties to him; you will find it ſafer
Rather to be uncourtly than immodeſt.

What avails it to attempt drawing a compariſon between this conduct and that of Horatio's, where no compariſon is to be made? I leave it to the reader, and decline a taſk at once ſo unneceſſary and ungrateful.

When Romont finds no impreſſion is to be made upon Beaumelle, he meets her father, and immediately falls into the ſame reflection that Horatio had ſtruck upon—

Her father!—Hah!
How if I break this to him? Sure it cannot
Meet with an ill conſtruction. His wiſdom,
Made powerful by the authority of a father,
Will warrant and give privilege to his counſels.
It ſhall be ſo.

If this ſtep needs excuſe, the reader will conſider that it is a ſtep of prevention. The experiment however fails, and he is rebuffed with ſome aſperity by Rochfort; this draws on a ſcene between him and Charalois, which, as it is too long to tranſcribe, ſo it is throughout too excellent to extract any part from it. I can only expreſs my ſurprize, that the author of *The Fair Penitent*, with

with this ſcene before him, could conduct his
terview between Altamont and Horatio upo
plan ſo widely different, and ſo much inferior
muſt ſuppoſe he thought it a ſtrong incident
make Altamont give a blow to his friend, elſe
might have ſeen an interview carried on with
finitely more ſpirit, both of language and c
racter, between Charalois and Romont, in circu
ſtances exactly ſimilar, where no ſuch viole
was committed, or even meditated. Was it
cauſe Pierre had given a blow to Jaffier, that
tamont was to repeat the like indignity to H
ratio, for a woman, of whoſe averſion he l
proofs not to be miſtaken? Charalois is a char
ter at leaſt as high and irritable as Altamont, a
Romont is out of all compariſon more rough a
plain-ſpoken than Horatio: Charalois might be
ceived into an opinion of Beaumelle's affect
for him; Altamont could not deceive himſelf
to ſuch a notion, and the lady had teſtified
diſlike of him in the ſtrongeſt terms, accom
nied with ſymptoms which he himſelf had
ſcribed as indicating ſome rooted and concea
affliction: Could any ſolution be more natu
than what Horatio gives? Novall was a rival
contemptible, that Charalois could not, w
any degree of probability, conſider him as an
ject of his jealouſy; it would have been a deg
dation of his character, had he yielded to ſuc
ſuſpicion: Lothario, on the contrary, was of
men living the moſt to be apprehended by a h
band, let his confidence or vanity be ever ſo gre
Rowe, in his attempt to *ſurprize*, has ſacrifi
nature and the truth of character for ſtage-effe

Maſſing

Maſſinger, by preſerving both nature and character, has conducted his friends through an angry altercation with infinitely more ſpirit, more pathos and more dramatic effect, and yet diſmiſſed them with the following animated and affecting ſpeech from Charalois to his friend:

Thou'rt not my friend;
Or being ſo, thou'rt mad. I muſt not buy
Thy friendſhip at this rate. Had I juſt cauſe,
Thou know'ſt I durſt purſue ſuch injury
Thro' fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all
Shuffled again to chaos; but there's none.
Thy ſkill, Romont, conſiſts in camps, not courts.
Farewel, uncivil man! let's meet no more:
Here our long web of friendſhip I untwiſt.
Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my wife
For nothing from her birth's free liberty,
That open'd mine to me? Yes; if I do,
The name of cuckold then dog me with ſcorn:
I am a Frenchman, no Italian born. (*Exit.*)

It is plain that Altamont at leaſt was an exception to this remark upon *Italian* huſbands. I ſhall purſue this compariſon no further, nor offer any other remark upon the incident of the blow given by Altamont, except with regard to Horatio's conduct upon receiving it; he draws his ſword, and immediately ſuſpends reſentment upon the following motive:

Yet hold! By Heav'n, his father's in his face!
Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tenderneſs,
And I could rather die myſelf than hurt him.

We

We muſt ſuppoſe it was the martial attitude that Altamont had put himſelf into, which brought the reſemblance of his father ſo ſtrongly to the obſervation of Horatio, otherwiſe it was a very unnatural moment to recollect it in, when he had juſt received the deepeſt inſult one man can give to another: It is however worth a remark, that this father of Altamont ſhould act on both ſides, and yet miſcarry in his mediation; for it is but a few paſſages before that Altamont ſays to Horatio,

Thou wert my father's friend; he lov'd thee well;
A venerable mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance.
I cannot, dare not lift my ſword againſt thee.

What this *mark* was is left to conjecture; but it is plain it was as ſeaſonable for Horatio's reſcue at this moment, as it was for Altamont a few moments after, who had certainly overlooked it when he ſtruck the very friend againſt whom he could not, dared not *lift his ſword.*

When Lavinia's entrance has parted Altamont and Horatio, her huſband complains to her of the ingratitude with which he has been treated, and ſays—

He, who was all to me, child, brother, friend,
With barbarous bloody malice fought my life.

Theſe are very extraordinary terms for a man like Horatio to uſe, and ſeem to convey a charge, very unfit for him to make, and of a very different

nt nature from the haſty inſult he had received; n fact it appears as if the blow had totally re-verſed his character, for the reſolution he takes n conſequence of this perſonal affront is juſt ſuch in one as would be only taken by the man who lared not to reſent it—

From Genoa, from falſehood and inconſtancy,
To ſome more honeſt diſtant clime we'll go;
Nor will I be beholden to my country
For aught but thee, the partner of my flight.

That Horatio's heroiſm did not conſiſt in the ready orgiveneſs of injuries is evident from the obſtinate ullenneſs with which he rejects the penitent apo-ogies of Altamont in the further progreſs of the lay; I am at a loſs therefore to know what co-our the poet meant to give his character by diſpo-ng him to quit his country with this inſult una-oned for, and the additional ſtigma upon him of nning away from his appointment with Lothario r the next morning *amongſt the rocks*. Had he ant to bring him off upon the repugnance he t of reſenting any injury againſt the ſon of a fa-r whoſe image was ſo viſible *in his face*, that his rt ran o'er *with fondneſs in ſpite of h s wrongs, and* ould rather die than hurt him; ſurely that image uld have interceded no leſs powerfully for him, en penetrated with remorſe, he intercedes for y and forgiveneſs, and even faints at his feet h agony at his unrelenting obduracy: It would nfair to ſuppoſe he was more like his father when had dealt him an inſulting blow, than when

he was atoning for an injury by the moſt ample ſatisfaction and ſubmiſſion.

This is the light in which the conduct of Horatio ſtrikes me; if I am wrong I owe an atonement to the manes of an elegant poet, which upon conviction of my error, I will ſtudy to pay in the fulleſt manner I am able.

It now remains only to ſay a few words upon the cataſtrophe, in which the author varies from his original, by making Caliſta deſtroy herſelf with a dagger, put into her hand for that purpoſe by her father: If I am to moralize upon this proceeding of Sciolto, I know full well the incident cannot bear up againſt it; a Roman father would ſtand the diſcuſſion better than a Chriſtian one; and alſo know that the moſt natural expedient is unluckily a moſt undramatic one; yet the poet did not totally overlook it, for he makes Sciolto's firſt thought turn upon a convent, if I rightly underſtand the following paſſage—

Hence from my ſight! thy father cannot bear thee:
Fly with thy infamy to ſome dark cell,
Where, on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortunes, cares and anguiſh dwell;
Where ugly ſhame hides her opprobrious head,
And Death and Hell deteſted rule maintain;
There howl out the remainder of thy life,
And wiſh thy name may be no more remember'd.

Whilſt I am tranſcribing theſe lines a doubt ſtrikes me that I have miſinterpreted them, and yet Caliſta's anſwer ſeems to point to the meaning ſuggeſted; perhaps however they are mere ravings in ſi

numbe

numbers without any determinate idea: Whatever they may be, it is clear they do not go to the length of death: He tells Altamont, as ſoon as ſhe is departed—

I wo' not kill her;
Yet by the ruin ſhe has brought upon us,
The common infamy that brands us both,
She ſha' not 'ſcape.

He ſeems in this moment to have formed the reſolution, which he afterwards puts into execution; he prompts her to ſelf-murder, and arms her for the act: This may ſave the ſpectators a ſight too ſhocking to behold, but does it convey leſs horror to the heart, than if he had put her to death with his own hand? A father killing his child for incontinence with the man whom he had not permitted to marry her, when he ſolicited his conſent, is an act too monſtrous to reflect upon: Is that father leſs a monſter, who, deliberately and after full reflection, puts a dagger into her hand and bids her commit ſelf-murder? I ſhould humbly conceive the latter act a degree in guilt beyond the former; eſpecially when I hear that father coolly demanding of his victim, if ſhe has reflected upon what may happen after death—

Haſt thou conſider'd what may happen after it?
How thy account may ſtand, and what to anſwer?

A parent ſurely would turn that queſtion upon his own heart before he precipitated his unprepared child to ſo awful and uncertain an account: Rage

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and inſtant revenge may find ſome plea; ſudde paſſion may tranſport even a father to lift his han againſt his own offspring; but this act of Sciol has no ſhelter but in heathen authority—

'Tis juſtly thought, and worthy of that ſpirit,
That dwelt in antient Latian breaſts, when Rome
Was miſtreſs of the world.

Did ever poetry beguile a man into ſuch an alluſ on? And to what does that piece of informatio tend, *that Rome was miſtreſs of the world?* If th is human nature, it would almoſt tempt one t reply in Sciolto's own words— .

I cu'd curſe nature.

But it is no more like nature, than the followin ſentiments of Califta are like the ſentiments of *Penitent*, or a Chriſtian—

That I muſt die it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking—

And again,

Yet Heav'n, who knows our weak imperfect natura
How blind with paſſions, and how prone to evil,
Makes not too ſtrict enquiry for offences,
But is aton'd by penitence and prayer.
Cheap recompence! here 'twou'd not be receiv'd;
Nothing but blood can make the expiation.

Such

Such is the cataſtrophe of Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, ſuch is the repreſentation he gives us of human nature, and ſuch the moral of his tragedy.

I ſhall conclude with an extract or two from the cataſtrophe of *The Fatal Dowry;* and firſt, for the *penitence* of Beaumelle, I ſhall ſelect only the following ſpeech, addreſſed to her huſband:

I dare not move you
To hear me ſpeak. I know my fault is far
Beyond qualification or excuſe;
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you
To think of mercy; only I preſume
To intreat you wou'd be pleas'd to look upon
My ſorrow for it, and believe theſe tears
Are the true children of my grief, and not
A woman's cunning.

need not point out the contraſt between this and the quotations from Caliſta. It will require longer extract to bring the conduct of Rochfort to compariſon with that of Sciolto: The reader will obſerve that Novall's dead body is now on the ſcene, Charalois, Beaumelle, and Rochfort her father, are preſent. The charge of adultery is urged by Charalois, and appeal is made to the juſtice of Rochfort in the caſe.

Rochfort. *What anſwer makes the priſoner?*
Beaumelle. *I confeſs*
The fact I'm charg'd with, and yield myſelf
Moſt miſerably guilty.
Rochfort. *Heaven take mercy*
Upon your ſoul then! It muſt leave your body—
—Since that the politic law provides that ſervants,
To whoſe care we commit our goods, ſhall die

If they abuſe our truſt; what can you look for,
To whoſe charge this moſt hopeful Lord gave up
All he receiv'd from his brave anceſtors,
All he cou'd leave to his poſterity?
His honour—Wicked woman! in whoſe ſafety
All his life's joys and comforts were lock'd up,
Which thy luſt, a thief, hath now ſtolen from him!
And therefore——

Charalois. *Stay, juſt Judge—May not what's*
By her one fault (for I am charitable,
And charge her not with many) be forgotten
In her fair life hereafter?

Rochfort. *Never, Sir!*
The wrong that's done to the chaſte married bed,
Repentant tears can never expiate:
And be aſſur'd to pardon ſuch a ſin,
Is an offence as great as to commit it.

In conſequence of this the huſband ſtrikes dead before her father's eyes: The act indee horrid; even tragedy ſhrinks from it, and Nat with a father's voice inſtantly cries out—*Is dead then?—and you have kill'd her?*—Chara avows it, and pleads his ſentence for the de the revolting, agonized parent breaks forth i one of the moſt pathetic, natural and expreſ lamentations, that the Engliſh drama can p duce—

——*But I pronounc'd it*
As a Judge only, and a friend to juſtice,
And, zealous in defence of your wrong'd honour,
Broke all the ties of nature, and caſt off
The love and ſoft affection of a father:
I in your cauſe put on a ſcarlet robe
Of red dy'd cruelty; but in return

You have advanc'd for me no ſtag of mercy:
I look'd on you as a wrong'd huſband, but
You clos'd your eyes againſt me as a father.
Oh, Beaumelle! Oh, my daughter!——
Charalois. *This is madneſs.*
Rochfort. *Keep from me!---Cou'd not one good thought riſe up*
To tell you that ſhe was my age's comfort,
Begot by a weak man, and born a woman,
And cou'd not therefore but partake of frailty?
Or wherefore did not thankfulneſs ſtep forth
To urge my many merits, which I may
Object to you, ſince you prove ungrateful?
Flinty-hearted Charalois!---
Charalois. *Nature does prevail above your virtue.*

What concluſions can I draw from theſe comparative examples, which every reader would not anticipate? Is there a man, who has any feeling for real nature, dramatic character, moral ſentiment, tragic pathos or nervous diction, who can heſitate, even for a moment, where to beſtow the palm?

N° XCI.

An toti morimur?

(SENECA IN TROAD.)

I BELIEVE there are few people, who have not at ſome time or other felt a propenſity to humour themſelves in that kind of melancholy, which ariſes in the mind upon reviſiting the ſcene of former happineſs, and contemplating the change that time has wrought in its appearance by the mournful compariſon of preſent with paſt impreſſions.

In this train of thought I was the other day carried almoſt imperceptibly to the country ſeat of a deceaſed friend, whoſe loſs I muſt ever lament. I had not been there ſince his death, and there was a drearineſs in the ſcene as I approached, that might have almoſt tempted me to believe even things inanimate partook of my ſenſations. The traces of my friend, whoſe ſolicitude for order and ſeemlineſs reached to every thing about him, were no longer to be ſeen: The cottages and little gardens of his poor neighbours, which uſed to be ſo trim and neat, whilſt his eye was over them, ſeemed to be falling into neglect; the lawn before his houſe was now become a ſolitude; no labourers at their work; no domeſtics at their ſports and exerciſes: I looked around for my old acquaintance, that uſed to be grazing up and down

down upon their penſions of paſturage; they had probably been food for hounds long ago; Nature had loſt her ſmile of hoſpitality and benevolence; methought I never ſaw any thing more diſconſolate.

As I entered the houſe, an aged woman, whom I had long remembered as one of the family, met me in the paſſage, and, looking me in the face, cried out, "Is it you, Sir?"—and burſt into tears: She followed me into the common ſitting-room, and as ſhe was opening the ſhutters, obſerved to me—"That it did not look as it uſed to do, when my lord was living." It was true: I had already made the remark in ſilence:—"How the face of a friend," ſaid I within myſelf, "enlivens all things about him! What hours of placid delight have I paſſed within theſe walls! Have I ever heard a word here fall from his lips, that I have wiſhed him to recall? Has the reputation of the abſent ever bled by a ſtab of his giving? Has the ſenſibility of any perſon preſent ſuffered for an expreſſion of his? Once, and only once, in this very ſpot, I drew from him the circumſtantial detail of an unfortunate period in his life: It was a recital ſo manly and ingenuous, ſo void of colouring, ſo diſdainful of complaint and ſo untainted by aſperity, that it carried conviction to my mind, and I can ſcarce conceive a degree of prejudice that could have held out againſt it; but I could perceive that the greateſt event in a man's hiſtory may turn by ſprings ſo ſubtle and concealed, that they can never be laid open for public exculpation, and that in the proceſs of all human trials there may be things too ſmall for the

fingers of the law to feel; motives, which produce the good or ill fortunes of men and govern their actions, but which cannot guide the judgments, or even come under the contemplation of thoſe who are appointed to decide upon them."

I ſoon quitted this apartment, and entered one which I contemplated with more ſatisfaction, and even with a degree of veneration; for it was the chamber, in which I had ſeen my friend yield up the laſt breath of life. Few men had endured greater perſecution in the world; none could leave it in greater peace and charity: If forgiveneſs of injuries conſtitutes a merit, our enemies ſurely are thoſe to whom we are moſt beholden. How awful is the laſt ſcene of a man's life, who has filled a dubious and important part on the ſtage of the world!—"Of a truth," thought I, "thou art happily removed out of an unfriendly world; if thou hadſt deceived my good opinion, it had been an injury to my nature: But though the living man can wear a maſk and carry on deceit, the dying Chriſtian cannot counterfeit: Sudden death may ſmite the hypocrite, the ſenſualiſt, the impoſtor, and they may die in their ſhame; but ſlow and gradual diſſolution, a lingering death of agony and decay, will ſtrip the human heart before it ſeizes it; it will lay it naked, before it ſtops it. There is no trifling with ſome ſolemnities; no prevaricating with God, when we are on the very threſhold of his preſence: Many worldly friendſhips diſſolve away with his breath to whom they were pledged; but thy laſt moments, my friend, were ſo employed as to ſeal my affection to thy memory cloſer than it was ever attached to thy perſon;

perſon; and I have it now to ſay, there was a man, whom I have loved and ſerved, and who has not deceived or betrayed me."

And what muſt I now think of popularity, when I reflect upon thoſe who had it, and upon this man who had it not? Fallacious teſt!—Contemptible purſuit; How often, ſince the exile of Ariſtides, has integrity been thy victim and villany thine idol? Worſhip it then, thou filthy idolater, and take the proper wages of thy ſervility; be the dupe of cunning, and the ſtalking-horſe of hypocriſy.

What a contraſt to the death I have now been reviewing, occurs to my mind, when I reflect upon the dreadful conſummation of the once popular *Antitheüs!* I remember him in the height of his fame, the hero of his party; no man ſo careſſed, followed and applauded: He was a little looſe, his friends would own, in his moral character, but then he was the honeſteſt fellow in the world; it was not to be denied, that he was rather free in his notions, but then he was the beſt creature living. I have ſeen men of the graveſt characters wink at his ſallies, becauſe he was ſo pleaſant and ſo well bred, it was impoſſible to be angry with him. Every thing went well with him, and *Antitheüs* ſeemed to be at the ſummit of human proſperity, when he was ſuddenly ſeized with the moſt alarming ſymptoms: He was at his country houſe, and (which had rarely happened to him) he at that time chanced to be alone; wife or family he had none, and out of the multitude of his

his friends no one happened to be near him at the moment of this attack.

A neighbouring phyſician was called out of bed in the night to come to him with all haſte in this extremity: He found him ſitting up in his bed ſupported by pillows, his countenance full of horror, his breath ſtruggling as in the article of death, his pulſe intermitting, and at times beating with ſuch rapidity as could hardly be counted. *Antitheüs* diſmiſſed the attendants he had about him, and eagerly demanded of the phyſician, if he thought him in danger: The phyſician anſwered that he muſt fairly tell him he was in imminent danger—*How ſo! how ſo! do you think me dying?* He was ſorry to ſay the ſymptoms indicated death. *Impoſſible! you muſt not let me die; I dare not die: O doctor! ſave me if you can*—Your ſituation, Sir, is ſuch, ſaid the phyſician, that it is not in mine, or any other man's art, to ſave you; and I think I ſhould not do my duty, if I gave you any falſe hopes in theſe moments, which, if I am not miſtaken, will not more than ſuffice for any worldly or other concerns, which you may have upon your mind to ſettle.—*My mind is full of horror*, cried the dying man, *and I am incapable of preparing it for death.*—He now fell into an agony, accompanied with a ſhower of tears; a cordial was adminiſtered, and he revived in a degree; when turning to the phyſician, who had his fingers on his pulſe, he eagerly demanded of him, if he did not ſee that blood upon the feet-curtains of his bed. There was none to be ſeen the phyſician aſſured him: it was nothing but a vapour of his fancy.

fancy —*I ſee it plainly*, ſaid Antitheüs, *in the ſhape of a human hand: I have been viſited with a tremendous apparition. As I was lying ſleepleſs in my bed this night, I took up a letter of a deceaſed friend, to diſſipate certain thoughts that made me uneaſy. I believed him to be a great philoſopher, and was converted to his opinions: Perſuaded by his arguments and my own experience that the diſorderly affairs of this evil world could not be adminiſtered by any wiſe, juſt, or provident Being, I had brought myſelf to think no ſuch Being could exiſt, and that a life, produced by chance, muſt terminate in annihilation: This is the reaſoning of that letter, and ſuch were the thoughts I was revolving in my mind, when the apparition of my dead friend preſented itſelf before me; and unfolding the curtains of my bed, ſtood at my feet, looking earneſtly upon me for a conſiderable ſpace of time. My heart ſunk within me; for his face was ghaſtly, full of horror, with an expreſſion of ſuch anguiſh as I can never deſcribe: His eyes were fixed upon me, and at length with a mournfull motion of his head— "Alas, alas!" he cried, "we are in a fatal error" and taking hold of the curtains with his hand, ſhook them violently and diſappeard.—This, I proteſt to you, I both ſaw and heard, and look! where the print of his hand is left in blood upon the curtains.*

Antitheüs ſurvived the relation of this viſion very few hours, and died delirious in great agonies.

What a forſaken and diſconſolate creature is a man without religion!

Reader, whoſoever thou art, deceive not thyſelf; let not paſſion, or proſperity, or wit, or wantonneſs ſeduce thy reaſon to an attempt againſt the

the truth. If thou haſt the faculties of thou wilt never bring thyſelf to a fixed pe that there is no God: Struggle how th againſt the notion, there will be a mome the glaring conviction will burſt upon th Now mark what follows—If there is a G government of the world is in that God; once admitted the neceſſity of a future ſtate of conſequence. Aſk thyſelf then, what the purpoſes of that future ſtate; what, b of juſtice and retribution, to reward th and to puniſh the evil? Our preſent life t life of probation, a ſtate of trial and of di preparatory to that future ſtate. Now ſee fallen upon thee, and look well to thyſelf conſequences: Thou haſt let the idea of a (thy mind, becauſe indeed thou couldſt n it out, and religion ruſhes through the It is natural religion hitherto, and no mo no matter; there is enough even in natur on to make thee tremble. Whither wi now reſort for comfort, whither fly fo from the wrath which is to come?—Be aſylum is open, Chriſtianity is thy ſalvat redemption: That which natural religi ſhadowed out to thee in terrors, Chriſtia revail in glory: It will clear up thy dou perſe thy fears, and turn thy hopes into c Thy reaſonings about a future ſtate, which reaſonings, it will not only verify by divin rities, but by poſitive proof, by viſible exan teſted by witneſſes, confirmed by the evid the ſenſes, and uncontradicted by the hi ages. Now thou wilt know to thy comfo

there is a Mediator gone before thee, who will help out thy imperfect atonement, when thou art brought to judgment in a future ſtate. Thou wilt indeed be told for certain, that this life is a ſtate of probation, and that thou ſhalt be brought to account for thine actions; but thou wilt be taught an eaſy leſſon of ſalvation; thou wilt be cheared with the mercies of thy God, and comforted with the aſſurance of pardon, if thou wilt heartily turn to repentance: Thou wilt find that all this ſyſtem of religion is conformable to thoſe natural notions, which reaſon ſuggeſted to thee before, with this advantage, that it makes them clearer, purifies, refines, enlarges them; ſhuts out every diſmal proſpect, opens all that is delightful, and *points a road to Heaven through paths of peace and pleaſantneſs.*

N° XCII.

I DO not know a man in England better received in the circles of the great than *Jack Gayleſs*: Though he has no one quality for which he ought to be reſpected, and ſome points in his character for which he ſhould be held in deteſtation, yet his manners are externally ſo agreeable, and his temper generally ſo ſocial, that he makes a holiday in every family where he viſits. He lives with the nobility upon the eaſieſt footing, and in the great houſes where he is in habits of intimacy, he knows all the domeſtics by name, and has ſomething

ſomething to ſay to every one of them upon his
rival: He has a joke with the butler at the ſi
board during dinner, and ſets the footman a t
tering behind his chair, and is ſo comical and
familiar—He has the beſt receipt book in E
land, and recommends himſelf to the cook
a new ſauce, for he is in the ſecrets of the Kin
kitchen at Verſailles: He has the fineſt breed
ſpaniels in Europe, and is never without a pu
py at the command of a friend: He knows t
theory of hunting from top to bottom, is alwa
in with the hounds, can develop every hit in
check, and was never known to chear a wro
dog in a cover, when he gives his tongue: If y
want an odd horſe to match your ſet, Jack is yo
man; and for a neat travelling carriage, there
not an item that he will not ſuperintend, if y
are deſirous to employ him; he will be at yo
door with it, when the builder brings it home,
ſee that nothing is wanting, he is ſo ready and
obliging: No man canvaſſes a county or b
rough like Jack Gayleſs; he is ſo pleaſant wi
the freeholders, and has ſo many ſongs and ſu
facetious toaſts, and ſuch a way with him amon
their wives and daughters, that fleſh and blo
cannot hold out againſt him: In ſhort, he is t
beſt leader of a mob, and of courſe *the honeſt
fellow in England.*

A merchant's daughter of great fortune m
ried him for love; he ran away with her from
boarding-ſchool, but her father after a time w
reconciled to his ſon-in-law, and Jack, durin
the life of the good man, paſſed his time in
ſmall country houſe on Clapham Common, ſ
perintendi

perintending the concerns of about ſix acres of ground; being very expert however in the gardens and grape-houſe, and a very ſociable fellow over a bottle with the citizen and his friends on a Saturday and Sunday, he became a mighty favourite: All this while he lived upon the beſt terms with his wife; kept her a neat little palfrey, and regularly took his airing on the common by her ſide in the moſt uxorious manner: She was in fact a moſt excellent creature, of the ſweeteſt temper and mildeſt manners, ſo that there ſeemed no interruption to their happineſs, but what aroſe from her health, which was of a delicate nature. After a few years the citizen died, and Jack, whoſe conviviality had given him a helping hand out of the world, found himſelf in poſſeſſion of a very handſome ſum of money upon caſting up his affairs at his deceaſe.

Jack Gayleſs having no further purpoſe to ſerve, ſaw no occaſion to conſult appearances any longer, and began to form connexions, in which he did not think it neceſſary for his wife to have a ſhare. He now ſet out upon the purſuit of what the world calls pleaſure, and ſoon found himſelf in the company of thoſe whom the world call the Great. He had the addreſs to recommend himſelf to his new acquaintance, and uſed great diſpatch in getting rid of his old ones: His wife was probably his greateſt incumbrance on this occaſion; but Jack poſſeſſed one art in perfection, which ſtood him in great ſtead; he had the civileſt way of inſulting that could be imagined; and as the feelings of his wife were thoſe of the fondeſt

ſon left ſuſceptibility, operating upon a weak and delicate conſtitution, he ſucceeded to admiration in tormenting her by neglect, at the ſame time that he never gave her a harſh expreſſion, and in particular, when any body elſe was preſent, behaved himſelf towards her in ſo obliging a manner, that all his acquaintance ſet him down as the beſt tempered fellow living, and her as a lady, by his report, rather captious and querulous—When he had thus got the world on his ſide, he detached himſelf more and more from her ſociety, and became aſſiduous to diſguiſe the inſults he put upon her: She declined faſt in her health, and ſymptoms began to appear, which convinced Jack that a perſeverance in his ſyſtem would in a ſhort time lay her in the grave, and leave him without any further moleſtation. Her habit was conſumptive, for where is the human frame that can long reſiſt the agony of the heart? In this extremity ſhe requeſted the aſſiſtance of a certain phyſician, very eminent in theſe caſes: This little gentleman has a way of hitting off the complaints of his patients, which is not always ſo convenient to thoſe expectant parties, who have made up their minds and reconciled themſelves to the call of nature. As Jack had one object, and the Doctor another, they did not entirely agree in their proceſs, and ſhe was ſent down by her huſband into a diſtant county for the benefit of the air, in a low ſituation and a damp houſe. Jack and the phyſician had now a ſcene of altercation, in which it was evident that the leaſt man of the two had the greateſt ſpirit and the largeſt heart, and Jack certainly put up with

with ſome expreſſions, which could only be paſſed over by perfect innocence or abſolute cowardice: The little Doctor, who had no objection to ſend Jack out of the world, and a very longing deſire to keep his lady in it, ſpoke like a man who had long been in the practice of holding death at defiance; but what Jack loſt in argument he made up in addreſs, and after profeſſing his acquieſcence in the meaſures of his antagoniſt, he ſilently determined to purſue his own, and the Doctor's departure was very ſoon followed by that of his patient. The dying wife made a feeble ſtand for a while, but what can a broken heart do againſt a hardened one?

After Jack had taken ſuch zealous pains to over-rule the Doctor's advice, it is not to be ſuppoſed that he would have accompanied his wife to the place of her deſtination, if it had been only for the ſatisfaction of contemplating the effects of his own greater ſagacity in her caſe; and he proteſted to her, in the kindeſt manner, that nothing ſhould have robbed him of the pleaſure of attending her on the journey, but the moſt indiſpenſable and unexpected buſineſs: He had juſt then received letters from two friends, which would be attended with the greateſt breach of honour, if neglected; and ſhe knew his nicety of principle in thoſe affairs: He would not read them to her, as ſhe was in too weak a condition (he obſerved) to attend to buſineſs, but ſhe might reſt aſſured, he would, if poſſible, overtake her on the way, or be with her in a few hours after her arrival, for he ſhould be impatient to be a witneſs of her recovery, which he perſuaded

perſuaded himſelf would ſoon take place, when ſhe had made experiment of the place he had choſen for her. When he had finiſhed his apology, his wife raiſed her eyes from the ground, where ſhe had fixed them whilſt he was ſpeaking, and with a look of ſuch mild languor, and ſuch dying ſoftneſs, as would almoſt have melted marble into pity, mournfully replied—*farewell!*—and reſigning herſelf to the ſupport of her maid and nurſe, was lifted into her carriage, and left her huſband to purſue his buſineſs without reproach.

Jack Gayleſs now loſt no further time in fulfilling the promiſe he had made to his wife, and immediately began to apply himſelf to the letters, which had ſo indiſpenſably prevented him from paying her thoſe kind offices, which her ſituation was ſo much in need of. Theſe letters I ſhall now inſert, as ſome of my readers may probably think he wants a juſtification on this occaſion.—The firſt was from a great lady of unblemiſhed reputation, who has a character for public charity and domeſtic virtues, which even malice has not dared to impeach. Her ladyſhip was now at her country ſeat, where ſhe preſided at a table of the moſt ſplendid hoſpitality, and regulated a princely eſtabliſhment with conſummate judgment and decorum: In this great family Jack had long been a welcome viſiter, and as he had received a thouſand kindneſſes at her hands, gratitude would diſpoſe him to conſider her requeſts as commands the moſt preſſing. The important contents were as follow, viz.

Dear Jack—

Dear Jack,

I am ſorry your wife's ſo ſick; but methinks you'd do well to change the ſcene, and come amongſt us, now home's ſo dull. You'll be griev'd to hear I have clapp'd Tom Jones in the back ſinews: Ned has put a charge to him, but he is ſo cruelly let down, I am afraid he muſt be ſcor'd with a fine iron, and that will be an eye-ſore, to ſay no worſe on't. My lord you know hates writing, ſo he bids me tell you to bring Moll Roſs with you, as he thinks there is a young man here will take her off your hands; and as you have had the beſt of her, and ſhe is rather under your weight, think you'll be glad to get well out of her. Would you believe it, I was eight hours in the ſaddle yeſterday. We dug a fox in lady Tabby's park: The old Dowager goes on ſetting traps; all the country round cries out upon it: Thank the fates, ſhe had a py'd peacock and a whole brood of Guinea fowls carried off laſt night: My lord ſays 'tis a judgment upon her. Don't forget to bring your Highland tarrier, as I would fain have a croſs with my bitch Cruel.

Dear Jack, your's,

* *

As Jack Gayleſs was not one of thoſe milk-ſops, who let family excuſes ſtand in the way of the more amiable office of obliging his friends, and ſaw in its juſt light the ridicule he would naturally expoſe himſelf to, if he ſheltered himſelf under ſo ſilly a pretence as a wife's ſickneſs, he would

would infallibly have obeyed her ladyſhip's commands, and ſet out with the Highland tarrier inſtead of Mrs. Gayleſs, if he had not been divided by another very preſſing attention, which every man of the world will acknowledge the importance of. There was a certain young lady of eaſy virtue, who had made a tender impreſſion on his heart as he was innocently taking the air in Hyde Park: He had prevailed ſo far with her as to gain her conſent to an appointment for that day: not foreſeeing, as I ſhould ſuppoſe, or perhaps not juſt at that moment recollecting his wife's journey, and the call there would be upon him on that account. This young lady, who was wanting in no other virtue but chaſtity, had learnt ſome particulars of Mr. Gayleſs, which ſhe had not been informed of when ſhe yielded to the aſſignation, and in conſequence had written him the following perplexing billet:

Sir,

I am ſorry it is not poſſible for me to receive the honour of your viſit, and the more ſo, as I am afraid my reaſon for declining it, though inſuperable with me will not appear a ſufficient one in your opinion.— I have juſt now been informd that you are a married man; this would have been enough, if I had not heard it with the addition, that your Lady is one of the moſt excellent and moſt injured women living—if indeed ſhe be yet living, for I learn from the ſame authority that ſhe is in the laſt ſtage of a rapid decline.

In

In what light muſt I regard myſelf, if I was to ſupply you with a motive for neglecting that attention, which her ſituation demands of you? Don't let it ſurprize you, that a woman who has forfeited her claim to modeſty, ſhould yet retain ſome pretenſions to humanity: If you have renounced both the one and the other, I have a double motive for declining your acquaintance.

I am, &c.

* *

The ſtile of this letter ſeemed ſo extraordinary to Jack, and ſo unlike what he had been uſed to receive from correſpondents of this lady's deſcription, that it is not to be wondered at, if it threw him into a profound meditation: Not that the rebuke made any other impreſſion on him, that as it ſeemed to involve a myſtery, which he could not expound; for it never entered into his head to ſuppoſe that the writer was in earneſt. In this dilemma he imparted it to a friend, and with his uſual gaiety deſired his help to unriddle it: His friend peruſed it, and with a ſerious countenance told him he was acquainted with the lady, and gave her perfect credit for the ſincerity of the ſentiments it contained: She was a romantic girl, he told him, and not worth a further thought; but as he perceived he was chagrined with the affair, he adviſed him to take poſt for the country, and attend the ſummons of his noble correſpondent, for that he himſelf had always found the diſſipation of a journey the beſt remedy in all caſes of vexation, like the preſent. This friendly

friendly advice was immediately followed l
order for the journey, and Jack Gayleſs put
ſelf into his poſt-chaiſe, with his tarrier b
ſide, ordering his groom to followwith
Roſs by eaſy ſtages.

Whilſt Jack was rapidly poſting toward
houſe of jollity and diſſipation, his ſufferin
forſaken wife by ſlow ſtages purſued her laſt n
choly journey: Supported in her coach by he
women, and attended by an old man-ſerv
her father's ſhe at laſt reached the all
houſe, where her miſeries were to find a p
One indiſcretion only, a ſtolen and preci
marriage, had marked her life with a ble
and the huſband, who in early youth ha
trayed her artleſs affection into that fatal mi
was now the choſen inſtrument of chaſtiſe
She bore her complicated afflictions with the
patient reſignation; neither ſickneſs nor ſc
forced a complaint from her; and Death, b
gentleneſs of his advances, ſeemed to lay
his terrors, and approach her with reſpec
pity.

Jack was ſtill upon his viſit, when he rec
the news of her death: This event obliged
to break off from a moſt agreeable party,
take a journey to London; but as the ſeaſon
happened to ſet in for a ſevere froſt, and the
hounds were confined to their kennel, he
the conſolation to reflect that his amuſements
not ſo much interrupted as they might have l
He gave orders for a handſome funeral, and
ported himſelf with ſuch outward propriet
the occaſion, that all the world gave him c

for his behaviour, and he continues to be the ſame popular character amongſt his acquaintance, and univerſally careſſed: In ſhort, Jack Gayleſs (to uſe the phraſe of faſhion) is *the honeſteſt fellow in England*, and—a diſgrace to human nature.

N° XCIII.

BEING now arrived at the concluſion of my Third Volume, and having hitherto given my readers very little interruption in my own perſon, I hope I may be permitted to make one ſhort valedictory addreſs to theſe departing adventures, in whoſe ſucceſs I am naturally ſo much intereſted.

I have employed much time and care in rearing up theſe Eſſays to what I conceived maturity, and qualifying them, as far as I was able, to ſhift for themſelves, in a world where they are to inherit no popularity from their author, nor to look for any favour but what they can earn for themſelves. To any, who ſhall queſtion them who they are, and whence they come, they may truly anſwer—*We are all one man's ſons*—we are indeed *Obſervers*, but no *Spies*. If this ſhall not ſuffice,

and they muſt needs give further account of themſelves, they will have to ſay, that he who ſent them into the world, ſent them as an offering of his good-will to mankind; that he truſts they have been ſo trained as not to hurt the feelings or offend the principles of any man, who ſhall admit them into his company; and that for their errors (which he cannot doubt are many) he hopes they will be found errors of the underſtanding, not of the heart: They are the firſt fruits of his leiſure and retirement; and as the mind of a man in that ſituation will naturally bring the paſt ſcenes of active life under its examination and review, it will ſurely be conſidered as a pardonable zeal for being yet ſerviceable to mankind, if he gives his experience and obſervations to the world, when he has no further expectations from it on the ſcore of fame or fortune. Theſe are the real motives for the publication of theſe Papers, and this the author's true ſtate of mind: To ſerve the cauſe of morality and religion is his firſt ambition; to point out ſome uſeful leſſons for amending the education and manners of young people of either ſex, and to mark the evil habits and unſocial humours of men, with a view to their reformation, are the general objects of his undertaking. He has formed his mind to be contented with the conſciouſneſs of theſe honeſt endeavours, and with a very moderate ſhare of ſucceſs: He has ample reaſon notwithſtanding to be more than ſatisfied, with the reception theſe Papers have already had in their probationary excurſion; and it is not from any diſguſt, taken up in a vain conceit of his own merits, that he has more than once obſerved upon

m the fraudsand follies of popularity, or that he r repeats his opinion, that it is the worſt guide ublic man can follow, who wiſhes not to go out he track of honeſty; for at the ſame time that has ſeen men force their way in the world by ontery, and heard others applauded for their nts, whoſe only recommendation has been ir ingenuity in wickedneſs, he can recollect ve- few indeed, who have ſucceeded, either in ie or fortune,under the diſadvantage of modeſ- and merit.

To ſuch readers, as ſhall have taken up theſe ays with a candid diſpoſition to be pleaſed, he l not ſcruple to expreſs a hope that they have t been altogether diſappointed; for though he s been unaſſiſted in compoſing them, he has leavoured to open a variety of reſources, ſenſi- : that he had many different palates to provide . The ſubject of politics, however, will ne- r be one of theſe reſources; a ſubject which he s neither the will nor the capacity to meddle th. There is yet another topic, which he has en no leſs ſtudious to avoid, which is perſona- y; and though he profeſſes to give occaſional lineations of living manners, and not to make n in his cloſet (as ſome Eſſayiſts have done) he es not mean to point at individuals; for as this i practice which he has ever rigidly abſtained m when he mixed in the world, he ſhould d himſelf without the excuſe, even of tempta- n, if he was now to take it up, when he has hdrawn himſelf from the world.

In the Eſſays (which he has preſumed to call *erary*, becauſe he cannot ſtrike upon any ap-

poſite title of an humbler ſort) he has ſtudied render himſelf intelligible to readers of all c ſcriptions, and the deep-read ſcholar will not fi tidiouſly pronounce them ſhallow, only becau he can fathom them with eaſe; for that woul be to wrong both himſelf and their author, who there is any vanity in a pedantic margin of ref rences, certainly reſiſted that vanity, and as ce tainly had it at his choice to have loaded his pa with as great a parade of authorities, as any of h brother writers upon claſſical ſubjects have ofte tatiouſly diſplayed. But if any learned criti now or hereafter, ſhall find occaſion to char theſe Eſſays on the ſcore of falſe authority or a tual error, their author will moſt thankfully me the inveſtigation; and the fair reviewer ſhall fin that he has either candour to adopt correctio or materials enough in reſerve to maintain eve warrantable aſſertion.

The Moraliſt and the Divine, it is hoped, w here find nothing to except againſt; it is not lik ly ſuch an offence ſhould be committed by on who has reſted all his hope in that Revelatio on which his faith is founded; whom nothi could ever divert from his aim of turning ev the gayeſt ſubjects to moral purpoſes, and who r probates the jeſt, which provokes a laugh at t expence of a bluſh.

The Eſſays of a critical ſort are no leſs addr ſed to the moral objects of compoſition, than thoſe which they have more profeſſedly in viev They are not undertaken for the invidious pu poſe of developing errors, and ſtripping the la rels of departed poets, but ſimply for the uſ of the living. The ſpecimens already given, ar

tho

which are intended to follow in the further
cution of the work, are propoſed as diſqui-
s of inſtruction rather than of ſubtlety ; and
y ſhall be found more particularly to apply
ramatic compoſitions, it is becauſe their au-
looks up to the ſtage, as the great arbiter of
important delights, than thoſe only which
ern the taſte and talents of the nation ; it is
ıſe he ſees with ſerious regret the buffoonery
ow abuſe of humour to which it is ſinking,
ıpprehends for the conſequences ſuch an in-
of folly may lead to. It will be readily grant-
here are but two modes of combating this
ment of the drama with any probability of
ſs : One of theſe modes is, by an expoſition
me one or other of the productions in queſ-
which are ſuppoſed to contribute to its de-
ıtion ; the other is, by inviting the attention
public to an examination of better models,
ıich the ſtandard works of our early drama-
bound. If the latter mode therefore ſhould
opted in theſe Eſſays, and the former alto-
r omitted, none of their readers will regret
reference that has been given upon ſuch an
ıative.

the ladies of wit and talents do not take of-
at ſome of theſe Eſſays, it will be a teſt of
uth of their pretenſions, when they diſcern
the raillery, pointed only at affectation and
character, has no concern with them. There
:hing in which this nation has more right to
itſelf, than the genius of its women ; they
only to add a little more attention to their
ſtic virtues, and their fame will fly over the
face

face of the globe. If I had ever known a good match broken off on the part of the man, becauſe a young lady had too much modeſty and diſcretion, or was too ſtrictly educated in the duties of a good wife, I hope I underſtand myſelf too well to obtrude my old-faſhioned maxims upon them. They might be as witty as they pleaſed, if I thought it was for their good; but if a racer, that has too great a ſhare of heels, muſt lie by becauſe it cannot be matched, ſo muſt every young ſpinſter, if her wits are too nimble. If I could once diſcover that men chuſe their wives, as they do their friends, for their manly atchievements and convivial talents, for their being jolly fellows over a bottle, or topping a five barred gate in a fox-chace, I ſhould then be able to account for the many Amazonian figures I encounter in flouched hats, great-coats and half-boots, and I would not preſume to ſet my face againſt the faſhion; or if my experience of the fair-ſex could produce a ſingle inſtance in the ſect of Sentimentaliſts, which could make me doubt of the pernicious influence of *Muſidorus* and a *Lady Thimble*, I would not ſo earneſtly have preſſed the examples of a *Sappho*, a *Calliope* or a *Meliſſa*.

The firſt Numbers of the preſent collection, to the amount of forty, have already been publiſhed; but being worked off at a country preſs, I find myſelf under the painful neceſſity of diſcontinuing the edition. I have availed myſelf of this opportunity, not only by correcting the imperfections of the firſt publication, but by rendering this as unexceptionable (in the external at leaſt)

as

as I poſſibly could. I ſhould have been wanting to the public and myſelf, if the flattering encouragement I have already received had not prompted me to proceed with the work; and if my alacrity in the further proſecution of it ſhall meet any check, it muſt ariſe only from thoſe cauſes, which no human diligence can controul.

Vos tamen O noſtri ne feſtinâte libelli!
Si poſt fata venit gloria, non propero.

No XCIV.

N° XCIV.

A Good man will live with the world as wiſe man lives with his wife; he will not let him ſelf down to be a dupe to its humours, a devote to its pleaſures, or a flatterer of its faults; h will make himſelf as happy as he can in the con nection for his own ſake, reform where he is able and complain only when he cannot help it. I an ſick of that converſation which ſpends itſelf i railing at the times we live in; I am apt to thinl they are not made better by thoſe complaints and I have oftentimes occaſion to know they ar made worſe by thoſe very people who are loudes to complain of them. If this be really one of th habits of age, it is high time for every man, wh grows old, to guard againſt it; for there is no oc caſion to invite more peeviſh companions for th laſt hours of life, than time and decrepitude wi bring in their train: Let us look back upon thing paſt with what content we can, ſalute time pre ſent with the beſt grace we are able, and reſig ourſelves to futurity with calmneſs and a patier mind: If we do not wiſh to be baniſhed from ſo ciety before death withdraws us from it, don't l us truſt to the world's reſpect only, let us ſtriv alſo to conciliate its love.

But I do not wiſh to argue this point with th ſect of *the Murmurers* merely upon the ground o good policy; I ſhould be ſorry for the world, i I coul

I could give no better reaſon for keeping well with it than in ſelf-defence: I really think it a world very eaſy to live with upon paſſable good terms; I am free to confeſs it has mended me ſince I have lived with it, and I am fully of opinion it has mended itſelf: I don't deny but it has its failings; it ſtill cuts out work for the moraliſts, and I am in no fear of finding ſubject matter for three more volumes of eſſays, before I have exhauſted the duty of an *Obſerver*. However, though I have preſumed upon taking up this character late in life, yet I feel no provocation from what I *obſerve* in others, or in myſelf, to turn *Murmurer*; I can call the time paſt under my review, as far back as my experience will go, and comfort myſelf by the compariſon of it with the time preſent; I can turn to the authors, who have delineated the manners of ages antecedent to my own, without being aſhamed of my contemporaries, or entertaining a ſuperior reſpect for their's. I cannot look back to any period of our own annals, of which I can conſcientiouſly pronounce, according to ſuch judgment as I am poſſeſſed of, that the happineſs of ſociety was better ſecured, and more completely provided for than at the preſent moment.

This may appear ſo hardy an aſſertion, that if the *Murmurers* take the field againſt me, I ſuſpect that I ſhall find myſelf, as I frequently have done, in a very decided minority; for let the reader take notice, I know the world too well to think of getting popularity by defending it; if ever I make that my object, I muſt run counter to my own principles, and abuſe many, that all

may read me: In the mean time I ſhall ſhew of ſome of my defences, if it be only vince the *Murmurers*, that I ſhall not c upon the firſt ſummons; and I will ke ſtrong poſts maſked from their view, tha repeat their aſſault, I may ſtill have reſo my reach.

Society is cemented by laws, upheld gion, endeared by manners, and adorned

Let us now enquire what is the preſent theſe great fundamentals of ſocial happin whether any better period can be point compared to which their preſent ſtate juſtly pronounced a ſtate of declenſion.

The conſtitution of England has un many changes: The monarch, the nob the people, have each in their turn for deſtroyed that proper balance, in which cellence conſiſts. In feudal times the a tic power preponderated, and the kingd torn to pieces with civil diſtractions. F acceſſion of Henry the Seventh to the t out of the great rebellion the power of t reign was all but abſolute; the rapacity monarch, the brutality of his ſucceſſor, ſecuting ſpirit of Mary, and the imperiou gative of Elizabeth left ſcarce a ſhadow dom in the people; and, in ſpite of all th ed glories of Elizabeth's golden days, doubt if any nation can be happy, who and properties were no better ſecured tha of her ſubjects actually were: In all thi the moſt tranquil moments are to be foun peaceful reign of James the Firſt; yet ev

the king's *jus divinum* was at its height, and totally overturned the ſcale and equipoiſe of the conſtitution. What followed in Charles's day I need not dwell upon; a revolution enſued; monarchy was ſhaken to its foundations, and in the general fermentation and concuſſion of affairs the very dregs of the people were thrown up into power, and all was anarchy, ſlaughter and oppreſſion. From the Reſtoration to the Revolution we contemplate a period full of trouble, and, for the moſt part, ſtained with the deepeſt diſgrace; a penſioned monarch, an abandoned court, and a licentious people: The abdication, or, more properly, the expulſion of a royal bigot, ſet the conſtitution upon its bottom, but it left the minds of men in a ferment that could not ſpeedily ſubſide; antient loyalty and high monarchical principles were not to be ſilenced at once by the peremptory fiat of an act of parliament; men ſtill harboured them in their hearts, and popery, three times expelled, was ſtill upon the watch, and ſecretly whetting her weapons for a fourth attempt. Was this a period of ſocial happineſs?—The ſucceſſion of the houſe of Hanover ſtill left a pretender to the throne; and though the character of the new ſovereign had every requiſite of temper and judgment for conciliating his government, yet the old leaven was not exhauſted, freſh revolutions were attempted and the nation felt a painful repetition of its former ſorrows.

So far therefore as the happineſs of ſociety depends upon the ſecure eſtabliſhment of the conſtitution, the juſt adminiſtration of the laws, the ſtrict

ſtrict and correct aſcertainment of the ſubjects rights, and thoſe ſacred and inviolable privileges as to perſon and property, which every man amongſt us can now define, and no man living dares to diſpute, ſo far we muſt acknowledge that the times we live in are happier times, than ever fell to the lot of our anceſtors, and if we complain of them, it muſt be on account of ſomething, which has not yet come under our review; we will therefore proceed to the next point, and take the preſent ſtate of religion into our conſideration.

Religious feuds are ſo terrible in their conſequences, and the peace of this kingdom has been ſo often deſtroyed by the furiouſneſs of zealots and enthuſiaſts, ſtruggling for church-eſtabliſhment, and perſecuting in their turns the fallen party without mercy, that the tranquility we now enjoy, (greater as I believe than in any time paſt, but certainly as great) is of itſelf ſufficient to put the modern *murmurer* to ſilence. To ſubſtantiate my aſſertion, let me refer to the riſing ſpirit of toleration; wherever that bleſſed ſpirit prevails, it prevails for the honour of man's nature, for the enlargement of his heart, and for the augmentation of his ſocial happineſs. Whilſt we were contending for our own rights, ſelf-defence compelled us to keep off the encroachments of others, that were hoſtile to thoſe rights; but theſe being firmly eſtabliſhed, we are no longer warranted to hang the ſword of the law over the head of religion, and oppreſs our ſeceding fellow-ſubjects. Is there any juſt reaſon to complain of our eſtabliſhed clergy in their collective character?

If

If they do not ſtun us with controverſies, it is becauſe they underſtand the ſpirit of their religion better than to engage in them: The publications of the pulpit are ſtill numerous, and if they have dropt their high inflammatory tone, it is to the honour of Chriſtianity that they have ſo done, and taken up a milder, meeker language in its ſtead. As for the practice of religion, it is not in my preſent argument to ſpeak of that; my buſineſs is only to appeal to it as an eſtabliſhment, eſſential to the ſupport and happineſs of ſociety; and when we reflect how often in times paſt it has been made an engine for ſubverting that tranquility and good order in the ſtate, which it now peaceably upholds, I think it will be clear to every candid man that this cannot be one of the cauſes of complaint and murmur againſt the preſent times.

The *Manners* of the age we live in is the next point I am to review; and if I am to bring this into any decent compaſs, I muſt reject many things out of the account, that would make for my argument, and ſpeak very briefly upon all others.

To compare the manners of one age with thoſe of another we muſt begin by calling to remembrance the changes that may have been made in our own time, (if we have lived long enough to be witneſſes of any) or we muſt take them upon tradition, or gueſs at them by the writings of thoſe who deſcribe them: The comic poets are in general good deſcribers of the living manners, and of all dramatic painters in this claſs Ben Jonſon is decidedly the beſt. In the mirror of the ſtage we have the reflection of the times through all

all their changes from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Anne, with an exception to the days of Oliver, of which interval if there was no other delineation of the reigning manners, than what we find in the annals of Whitelocke and Clarendon, we ſhould be at no loſs to form our judgment of them. I ſtopt at the age of queen Anne, becauſe it was then that Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Addiſon began to ſpread their pallets, and when they had compleated *The Spectator*, nobody will diſpute their having given a very finiſhed pourtrait of the age they lived in. Where they ſtop tradition may begin; ſo that I think an obſerving man, with all theſe aids and no ſhort experience of his own to help them out, may form a pretty cloſe compariſon in his own thoughts upon the ſubject.

Here I muſt remind the reader that I am ſpeaking of manners as they reſpect ſociety. Now we can readily refer to certain times paſt, when the manners of men in this country were inſufferably boiſterous and unpoliſhed; we can point to the period, when they were as notoriouſly reſerved, gloomy, dark and fanatical; we know when profligacy threw off all appearances, and libertiniſm went naked as it were into all ſocieties; we can tell when pedantry was in general faſhion, when duelling was the rage, and the point of honour was to be defined by a chain of logic that would have puzzled Ariſtotle; we can turn to the time, when it was reputable to get drunk and when the fine gentleman of the comedy entertains his miſtreſs with his feats over the bottle and recommends himſelf to her good graces by ſwearing

ıg, bluſtering, and beating up the watch: ıow there are ſuch words in the language as d beau, and ſome can remember them in ſe; many are yet living, who have had ıll-bottomed wigs brought home in a chair, any an old lady now crowds herſelf into a , who once hooped herſelf in a circle hard- than Arthur's round table: Here I may l that dreſs is not manners; but I muſt d that the manners of a man in a full-bot- wig muſt partake ſomething of the ſtiff- the barber's buckle; nor do I ſee how he lk on foot at his eaſe, when his wig goes in

How many of us can call to mind the hen it was a mark of good-breeding to poor ſurfeited gueſt to the throat, and the ɔcial hours of life were thrown away in a ıal interchange of ſolicitations and apolo- What a ſtroke upon the nerves of a modeſt ıs it then to make his firſt approaches, and n his awkward reverences to a ſolemn cir- iſing on their legs at the awful moment of ry! and what was his condition at depart- ıen, after having performed the ſame tre- ıs ceremonies, he ſaw his retreat cut off ıuble row of guards in livery, to every one n he was to pay a toll for free paſſage! A ll now find his ſuperiors more acceſſible, als more at their eaſe, and his inferiors annerly than in any time paſt. The effects ic education, travel and a general inter- with mankind, the great influx of foreig- ıe variety of public amuſements, where all nd degrees meet promiſcuouſly, the con-

ſtant

ſtant reſort to bathing and water-drinking places in the ſummer, and above all the company of the fair ſex, who mix ſo much more in ſociety than heretofore, have with many other conſpiring cauſes altogether produced ſuch an eaſe and ſuavity of manners throughout the nation, as have totally changed the face of ſociety, and levelled all thoſe bars and barriers, which made the approaches to what was called good company ſo troubleſome, and obſtructed the intercourſe between man and man. Here then I ſhall conclude upon this topic, and paſs to the Arts, which I ſaid were the ornaments of ſociety.

As I am perſuaded my argument will not be conteſted in this quarter, I need ſpend few words upon ſo clear a point. If ever this country ſaw an age of artiſts, it is the preſent; Italy, Spain, Flanders and France have had their turn, but they are now in no capacity to diſpute the palm, and England ſtands without a rival; her painters, ſculptors and engravers are now the only ſchools, properly ſo called, in Europe; Rome will bear witneſs that the Engliſh artiſts are as ſuperior in talents as they are in numbers to thoſe of all nations beſides. I reſerve the mention of her architects as a ſeparate claſs, that I may for once break in upon my general rule by indulging myſelf in a prediction, (upon which I am willing to ſtake all my credit with the reader) that when the modeſt genius of a *Harriſon* ſhall be brought into fuller diſplay, England will have to boaſt of a native architect, which the brighteſt age of Greece would glory to acknowledge.

N° XCV.

Μακάριος ὅστις ὐσίαν καὶ νοῦν ἴχει·
Χρῆται γὰρ ὗτος ἐις ἃ δεῖ ταύτῃ καλῶς·
Οὕτω μαθεῖν δεῖ πάντα καὶ πλοῦτον φέρειν.
Ασχημοσύνης γὰρ γίνετ' ἐνίοις αἴτιος.

(MENANDER. *Circulatore.*)

" *Abundance is a bleſſing to the wife;*
" *The uſe of riches in diſcretion lies:*
" *Learn this, ye men of wealth—a heavy purſe*
" *In a fool's pocket is a heavy curſe.*"

THERE are ſo many ſtriking advantages in the poſſeſſion of wealth, that the inheritance of a great eſtate, devolving upon a man in the vigour of mind and body, appears to the eye of ſpeculation as a lot of ſingular felicity.

There are ſome countries, where no ſubject can properly be ſaid to be independant; but in a conſtitution ſo happily tempered as our's, that bleſſing ſeems peculiarly annexed to affluence. The Engliſh landed gentleman, who can ſet his foot upon his own ſoil, and ſay to all the world —*This is my freehold; the law defends my right: Touch it who dare!*—is ſurely as independant as any man within the rules of ſociety can be, ſo long as he encumbers himſelf by no exceedings of expence beyond the compaſs of his income: If a great eſtate therefore gives a man independance, it

it gives him that, which all, who do not poſſe it, ſeem to ſigh for.

When I conſider the numberleſs indulgenci which are the concomitants of a great fortun and the facility it affords to the gratification every generous paſſion, I am mortified to fi how few, who are poſſeſſed of theſe advantage avail themſelves of their ſituation to any worth purpoſes: That happy temper, which can pr ſerve a medium between diſſipation and avaric is not often to be found, and where I meet o man, who can laudably acquit himſelf under th teſt of proſperity, I could inſtance numbers, wh deport themſelves with honour under the viſit tions of adverſity. Man muſt be in a certain d gree the artificer of his own happineſs; the too and materials may be put into his hands by th bounty of Providence, but the workmanſhip mu be his own.

I lately took a journey into a diſtant count upon a viſit to a gentleman of fortune, whom ſhall call *Attalus*. I had never ſeen him ſin his acceſſion to a very conſiderable eſtate; an as I have met with few acquaintance in life more pleaſant qualities, or a more ſocial temp than Attalus, before this great property une pectedly devolved upon him, I flattered myſe that fortune had in this inſtance beſtowed her f vours upon one who deſerved them; and that ſhould find in Attalus's ſociety the pleaſing gr tification of ſeeing all thoſe maxims, which I h hitherto revolved in my mind as matter of ſpec lation only, now brought forth into actual pra tice; for amongſt all my obſervations upon h

m

man affairs, few have given me greater and more frequent diſappointment, than the almoſt general abuſe of riches. Thoſe rules of liberal œconomy, which would make wealth a bleſſing to its owner and to all he were connected with, ſeem ſo obvious to me, who have no other intereſt in the ſubject than what meditation affords, that I am apt to wonder how men can make ſuch falſe eſtimates of the true enjoyments of life, and wander out of the way of happineſs, to which the heart and underſtanding ſeem to point the road too plainly to admit of a miſtake.

With theſe ſanguine expectations I purſued my journey towards the magnificent ſeat of Attalus, and in my approach it was with pleaſure I remarked the beauty of the country about it; I recollected how much he uſed to be devoted to rural exerciſes, and I found him ſituated in the very ſpot moſt favorable to his beloved amuſements; the ſoil was clean, the hills were eaſy, and the downs chequered with thick copſes, that ſeemed the fineſt nurſeries in nature for a ſportſman's game: When I entered upon his ornamented demeſne, nothing could be more enchanting than the ſcenery; the ground was finely ſhaped into hill and vale; the horizon every where bold and romantic, and the hand of art had evidently improved the workmanſhip of nature with conſummate taſte; upon the broken declivity ſtately groves of beech were happily diſpoſed; the lawn was of the fineſt verdure gently ſloping from the houſe; a rapid river of the pureſt tranſparency ran through it and fell over a rocky channel into a noble lake within view of the manſion; behind

behind this upon the northern and eaſtern ſ
I could diſcern the tops of very ſtately trees,
ſheltered a ſpacious encloſure of pleaſure-gr
and gardens, with all the delicious accom
ments of hothouſes and conſervatories.

It was a ſcene to ſeize the imagination
rapture; a poet's language would have run
taneouſly into metre at the ſight of it; "
"a ſubject," ſaid I within myſelf, "is here
"ſent for thoſe ingenious bards, who hav
"happy talent of deſcribing nature in her f
"forms! Oh! that I could plant the delig
"author of *The Taſk* in this very ſpot! Per
"whilſt his eye—*in a fine phrenſy rolling*—g
"ed over this enchanting proſpect, he r
"burſt forth into the following, or ſome
"like the following, rhapſody—"

Bleſt above men, if he perceives and feels
The bleſſings he is heir to, He! to whom
His provident forefathers have bequeath'd
In this fair diſtrict of their native iſle
A free inheritance, compact and clear.
How ſweet the vivifying dawn to him,
Who with a fond paternal eye can trace
Beloved ſcenes, where rivers, groves and lawns
Riſe at the touch of his Orphéan hand,
And Nature, like a docile child, repays
Her kind diſpoſer's care! Maſter and friend
Of all that blooms or breathes within the verge
Of this wide-ſtretcht horizon, he ſurveys
His upland paſtures white with fleecy flocks,
Rich meadows dappled o'er with grazing herds,
And vallies waving thick with golden grain.
Where can the world diſplay a fairer ſcene?
And what has Nature for the ſons of men
Better provided than this happy iſle?
Mark! how ſhe's girded by her watery zone,

Whilſt all the neighb'ring continent is trench'd
And furrow'd with the ghaſtly ſeams of war:
Barriers and forts and arm'd battalions ſtand
On the fierce confines of each rival ſtate,
Jealous to guard, or eager to invade;
Between their hoſtile camps a field of blood,
Behind them deſolation void and drear,
Where at the ſummons of the ſurly drum
The riſing and the ſetting ſun reflects
Nought but the gleam of arms, now here, now there
Flaſhing amain, as the bright phalanx moves:
Waſteful and wide the blank in Nature's map,
And far far diſtant where the ſcene begins
Of human habitation, thinly group'd
Over the meagre earth; for there no youth,
No ſturdy peaſant, who with limbs and ſtrength
Might fill the gaps of battle, dares approach;
Old age inſtead, with weak and trembling hand
Feebly ſolicits the indignant ſoil
For a precarious meal, poor at the beſt.
Oh, Albion! oh, bleſt iſle, on whoſe white cliffs
Peace builds her halcyon neſt, thou, who embrac'd
By the uxorious ocean ſit'ſt ſecure,
Smiling and gay and crown'd with every wreath,
That Art can faſhion or rich Commerce waft
To deck thee like a bride, compare theſe ſcenes
With pity not with ſcorn, and let thy heart,
Not wanton with proſperity, but warm
With grateful adoration, ſend up praiſe
To the great Giver—thence thy bleſſings come.
The ſoft luxurious nations will complain
Of thy rude wintry clime, and chide the winds
That ruffle their fine forms; trembling they view
The boiſterous barrier that defends thy coaſt,
Nor dare to paſs it till their pilot bird,
The winter-ſleeping ſwallow, points the way;
But envy not their ſuns, and ſigh not thou
For the clear azure of their cloudleſs ſkies;
The ſame ſtrong blaſt, that beds the knotted oak
Firm in the clay-bound cradle, nerves the arm
Of the ſtout hind, who fells him to the ground.
Theſe are the manly offspring of our iſle;
Their's are the pure delights of rural life,
Freedom their birth-right and their dwelling peace;

The

The vine, that mantles o'er their cottage roof,
Gives them a ſhade no tyrant dares to ſpoil.
Mark! how the ſturdy peaſant breaſts the ſtorm,
The white ſnow fleeting o'er his brawny cheſt;
He heeds it not, but carols as he goes
Some jocund meaſure or love-ditty, ſoon
In ſprightlier key and happier accent ſung
To the kind wench at home, whoſe ruddy cheeks
Shall thaw the icy winter on his lips,
And melt his frozen features into joy.
But who, that ever heard the hunter's ſhout,
When the ſhrill fox-hound doubles on the ſcent,
Which of you, ſons and fathers of the chace,
Which of your hardy, bold, adventurous band
Will pine and murmur for Italian ſkies?
Hark! from the covert-ſide your game is view'd!
Muſic, which none but Britiſh dryads hear,
Shouts, which no foreign echoes can repeat,
Ring thro' the hollow wood and ſweep the vale.
Now, now, ye joyous ſportſmen, ye whoſe hearts,
Are uniſon'd to the ecſtatic cry
Of the full pack, now give your ſteeds the rein!
Your's is the day—mine was, and is no more;
Yet ever as I hear you in the wind,
Tho' chill'd and hovering o'er my winter hearth,
Forth, like ſome Greenwich veteran, if chance
The conqu'ring name of Rodney meets his ear,
Forth I muſt come to ſhare the glad'ning ſound,
To ſhew my ſcars and boaſt of former feats.
They ſay our clime's inconſtant, changeful—True!
It gives the lie to all aſtrology,
Makes the diviner mad and almoſt mocks
Philoſophy itſelf; Cameleon-like
Our ſky puts on all colours, bluſhing now,
Now louring like a froward pettiſh child;
This hour a zephyr, and the next a ſtorm,
Angry and pleas'd by fits—Yet take our clime,
Take it for all in all and day by day,
Thro' all the varying ſeaſons of the year,
For the mind's vigour and the body's ſtrength,
Where is its rival?—Beauty is its own:
Not the voluptuous region of the Nile,
Not aromatic India's ſpicy breath,
Nor evening breeze from Tagus, Rhone or Loire

Can

Can tinge the maiden cheek with bloom ſo freſh.
Here too, if exerciſe and temperance call,
Health ſhall obey their ſummons; every fount,
Each rilling ſtream conveys it to our lips;
In every zephyr we inhale her breath;
The ſhepherd tracks her in the morning dew,
As o'er the graſſy down or to the heath
Steaming with fragrance he conducts his flock.
But oh! defend me from the baneful eaſt,
Screen me, ye groves! ye interpoſing hills,
Riſe up and cover me! Agues and rheums,
All Holland's marſhes ſtrike me in the gale;
Like Egypt's blight his breath is all alive;
His very dew is poiſon, honey-ſweet,
Teeming with putrefaction; in his fog
The locuſt and the caterpillar ſwarm,
And vegetable nature falls before them:
Open, all quarters elſe, and blow upon me,
But bar that gate, O regent of the winds!
It gives the food that melancholy doats on,
The quick'ner that provokes the ſlanderer's ſpleen,
Makes green the eye of Jealouſy and feeds
The ſwelling gorge of Envy till it burſts:
'Tis now the poet's unpropitious hour;
The ſtudent trims his midnight lamp in vain,
And beauty fades upon the painter's eye;
Hang up thy pallet, Romney! and convene
The gay companions of thy ſocial board;
Apelles' ſelf would throw his pencil by,
And ſwear the ſkies conſpir'd againſt his art.
But what muſt Europe's ſofter climes endure,
Thy coaſt, Calabria! or the neighbouring iſle,
Of ancient Ceres once the fruitful ſeat?
Where is the bloom of Enna's flowery field,
Mellifluous Hybla, and the golden vale
Of rich Panormus, when the fell Siroc,
Hot from the furnace of the Libyan ſands,
Breathes all its plagues upon them? Hapleſs iſle!
Why muſt I call to mind thy paſt renown?
Is it this deſolating blaſt alone,
That ſtrips thy verdure? Is it in the gulph
Of yawning earthquakes that thy glory ſinks?
Or hath the flood that thund'ring Ætna pours
From her convuls'd and flaming entrails whelm'd

In

In one wide ruin every noble ſpark
Of priſtine virtue, genius, wiſdom, wit?
Ah no! the elements are not in fault;
Nature is ſtill the ſame: 'Tis not the blaſt
From Afric's burning ſands, it is the breath
Of Spain's deſpotic maſter lays thee low;
'Tis not alone the quaking earth that reels
Under thy tottering cities, 'tis the fall
Of freedom, 'tis the pit which ſlavery digs,
That buries every virtue; 'tis the flood
Of ſuperſtition, the inſatiate fires
Of perſecuting zealots that devour thee;
Theſe are the Titans who diſturb thy peace,
This is thy grave, O Sicily! the hell
Deeper than that, which heathen poets feign'd
Under thy burning mountain, that engulphs
Each grace and every muſe, arts, arms and all
That elegance inſpires or fame records.

Return, ye victims of caprice and ſpleen,
Ye ſummer friends, daughters more fitly call'd
Than ſons of Albion, to your native ſhores
Return, ſelf-exiles as you are, and face
This only tyrant which our iſle endures,
This hoary-headed terror of the year,
Stern winter—What, tho' in his icy chains
Impriſon'd for a time e'en father Thames
Checks his imperial current, and beholds
His wealthy navigation in arreſt,
Yet ſoon, like Perſeus on his winged ſteed,
Forth from the horns of the celeſtial Ram
Spring, his deliverer, comes—down, down at once
The frighted monſter dives into the earth,
Or burſts aſunder with a hideous craſh,
As thro' his ſtubborn ribs th' all-conquering ſun
Drives his refulgent ſpear: The ranſom'd floods,
As at a ſignal, riſe and clap their hands;
The mountains ſhout for joy; the laughing hours
Dance o'er the eaſtern hills and in the lap
Of marriageable earth their odours fling,
Wreaths of each vernal flowret, whilſt the choir
Of feather'd ſongſters make the groves reſound
With nature's hymenæals—all is joy.

Hail, bounteous Spring! primæval ſeaſon, hail!
Nature's glad herald! who to all the tribes

That link creation's ſcale from lordly man
To the ſmall inſect, that eludes his ſight,
Proclaims that univerſal law of life,
The firſt great bleſſing of the new-born world,
Increaſe and multiply!—No ſooner heard
By ſultry climes, than ſtrait the rebel ſun
Mounts his bright throne, and o'er the withering earth
Scatters his bold Titanian fires around,
And cancels Heaven's high edict; nature feels
Quick growth and quick decay: the verdant ſcene
Glitters awhile and vaniſhes at once.
Not ſuch the tints that Albion's landſcape wears,
Her mantle dipt in never-fading green,
Keeps freſh its vernal honours thro' the year;
Soft dew-drops nurſe her roſe's maiden bloom,
And genial ſhowers refreſh her vivid lawn.
Thro' other lands indignant of delay
Spring travels homeward with a ſtranger's haſte;
Here he repoſes, dwells upon the ſcene
Enamour'd, native here prolongs his ſtay,
And when his fiery ſucceſſor at length
Warns him from hence, with ling'ring ſtep and ſlow,
And many a ſtream of falling tears he parts,
Like one, whom ſurly creditors arreſt
In a fond conſort's arms and force him thence.
But now, my Muſe, to humbler themes deſcend!
'Tis not for me to paint the various gifts
Which freedom, ſcience, art, or fav'ring Heav'n
Shower on my native iſle; quench'd are the fires,
Which young ambition kindled in my breaſt;
Morning and noon of life's ſhort day are paſt,
And what remains for me ere night comes on,
But one ſtill hour perchance of glimmering eve
For ſober contemplation? Come, my Muſe,
Come then! and as from ſome high mountain's top
The careful ſhepherd counts his ſtraggling flock,
So will we take one patient laſt ſurvey
Of this unquiet, babbling, anxious world;
We'll ſcan it with a calm but curious eye;
Silence and ſolitude are all our own;
Their's is the tumult, their's the throng: my ſoul
Is fitted to the talk—for, oh fair truth!
Yet I am thine, on thy perennial baſe
I will inſcribe my monumental verſe,

And tho' my heart with kindred ardour beats
To every brave compatriot, yet no ties,
'Tho' dignified with friendſhip's ſpecious name,
Shall ſhackle my free mind, nor any ſpace
Leſs than the world's wide compaſs bound my love.
No more; for now the hoſpitable gates
Of wealthy Attalus invite their gueſt;
I paus'd and look'd, and yielding to the wiſh
That fortune had bequeath'd me ſuch a lot,
A momentary ſigh ſurpriz'd my heart:
Flocks, herds, and fields of golden grain, of theſe
I envied not the owner; but I ſaw
The curling ſmoke from cottages aſcend,
And heard the merry din of childiſh ſports;
I ſaw the peaſant ſtooping to his plough
And whiſtling time away; I met a form,
Fair as a fabled nymph; Nature had ſpread
Her toilette, health her handmaid dealt the bloom,
Simplicity attir'd her; by the copſe
Skirting the horn-beam row, where violets bud
And the firſt primroſe opens to the ſpring,
With her fond lover arm in arm ſhe walk'd,
Not with the ſtealthy ſtep and harlot leer
Of guilty aſſignation, nor unnerv'd
By midnight feaſt or revel, but in prime
Of youth and health and beauty's genuine glow:
I mark'd the conſcious look of honeſt truth,
That greets the paſſenger with eye direct,
Nor fears, nor meditates ſurprize; my heart
Yearn'd at the ſight, and as they paſs'd I cried—
"Why was it not my fortune to have ſaid
"Go, and be happy?"—On a riſing ſlope
Full to the ſouth the ſtately manſion ſtands,
Where dwells the maſter of this rich domain;
Plain and of chaſte proportion the device,
Not libell'd and bedaub'd with tawdry frize
Or lac'd pilaſter, patcht with refuſe ſcraps,
Like that fraternal pile on Thames's bank
Which draws it's title not it's taſte from Greece.
Happy! if there in rural peace he dwells,
Untortur'd by ambition, and enjoys
An eye for nature and a heart for man.

N° XCVI.

Οὐκ ἴσαμαι πλυτεῖν ἔτ' ἴυχομαι, ἀλλὰ μοι εἴη
Ζῆν ἀπὸ τῶν ὀλίγων μηδὲν ἔχοντι κακόν.
(Theognis.)

"I ask not wealth; let me enjoy
"An humble lot without annoy!"

UPON my arrival at the houſe I was ſhewn a ſmall room in the baſe-ſtory, which the er of this fine place uſually occupied and in h he now received me: here I had been but y few minutes before he propoſed to ſhew he houſe, and for that purpoſe conducted me tairs to the grand apartment, and from :e made the entire tour, without excepting of the bedchambers, offices or even cloſets in ouſe: I cannot ſay my friend Attalus conſul- *imes and ſeaſons* in chuſing ſo early a moment my arrival for parading me about in this ner; ſome of the apartments were certainly ſplendid; a great deal of rich furniture and fine pictures ſolicited my notice; but the ue of ſo ill-timed a perambulation diſabled from expreſſing that degree of admiration, h ſeemed to be expected on this occaſion, and h on any other I ſhould have been forward :ſtow: I was ſorry for this, becauſe I believe njoyed little other pleaſure in the poſſeſſion of

his houſe, beſides this of ſhewing it; but it h
pened to my hoſt, as it does too frequently to
owners of fine places, that he miſſed the trit
of flattery by too great eagerneſs in exacting

It appeared to me that Attalus was no lon
the gay lively man he was formerly; there w
gloom upon his countenance and an inquiet
in his manner, which ſeemed to lay him und
conſtraint that he could not naturally get rid
Time hung heavy on our hands till the hou
dinner, and it was not without regret I per
he had arranged his family meals upon the
ſhionable ſyſtem of London hours, and at
diſtance of two hundred miles from the cap
had by choice adopted thoſe very habits, wh
nothing but the general cuſtom of late aſſemb
and long ſittings in Parliament can excuſe u
the plea of neceſſity: It was now the midſ
ſummer, which made the abſurdity of ſuch a
poſition of our time more glaring, for whilſt
beſt hours of the afternoon were devoted to
table, all exerciſe and enjoyment out of do
were either to be given up, or taken only in t
meridian heat of the day. I diſcovered a furth
bad conſequence of theſe habits upon ſociety a
good-fellowſhip, for ſuch of the neighbouri
gentry, who had not copied his example, we
deterred from making him any viſits, not pr
ſuming to diſturb him at unſuitable hours, a
yet not able, without a total diſarrangement
their own comforts, to make their time confor
to his. Attalus himſelf, I muſt acknowledg
both ſaw and confeſſed the bad ſyſtem he w
upon, he found himſelf grown unpopular amon

his country neighbours on this very ſcore, and was piqued by their neglect of him: "it was a villainous cuſtom," he obſerved, "and deſtructive both of health and pleaſure; but all the people of faſhion dined at five, and what could he do? He muſt live as other great families lived; if indeed he was a mere private gentleman, he might do as he liked beſt." If it be ſo, thought I, this man's great fortune is an incumbrance to him; if it robs him of health and pleaſure, what does it give him, nay what can it give him, in compenſation for the loſs of ſuch bleſſings? If faſhion takes away from Attalus the liberty of doing what he beſt likes, and is beſt for him, I muſt have been miſtaken in ſuppoſing independence was the reſult of affluence; I ſuſpect there are not all the advantages in his condition which I ſuppoſed there were—I will examine this more narrowly.

The next morning, after a late breakfaſt, the conſequence I had foreſeen enſued, for we were advanced in the hotteſt hours of the day, when Attalus, being impatient to ſhew me the beauties of his park and grounds, had given orders for the equipages and horſes to be made ready, and we were to ſet out upon the ſurvey in a burning ſun. When the train was in waiting at the door, we ſallied forth, but here a diſcuſſion began, in which ſo many things required a new arrangement, that a long ſtop was put to our march, whilſt the ſcrutinizing eye of Attalus was employed in a minute examination of every thing appertaining to the cavalry and carriages; the horſes were wrong harneſſed, they were to be hanged from the off-ſide to

to the near-ſide, ſaddles were to be altered, an both groom and coachman were heartily recon mended to repeated damnation for their ſtupidi and inattention—"Never any man was ſo plagu "with raſcally ſervants as I am," cried Attalus "they are the curſe and vexation of my life; "wiſh I could live without them no man can b "happy, who has to do with them."—Is it ſo (ſaid I within myſelf) then I have the advanta over you in that reſpect, for I have but one ma and one horſe, and both are always ready at a m ment's warning.

I mounted a phaeton with Attalus and we ſ forward in a broiling day: My conductor imm diately began to vent his angry humour upon t wrong object, and plied his thong at ſuch a fu ous rate upon his unoffending horſes, that t high-mettled animals ſo reſented the unjuſt co rection, that after ſtruggling and kicking und the laſh for ſome time, one of them reared acro the pole of the chaiſe and ſnapped it: This pr duced a ſtorm of paſſion more violent than t firſt, and though it was evident the ſervant ha put the horſes on their proper ſides at firſt, th fault was charged upon him with vehement im precations, and this produced a ſecond halt long and more diſagreeable than our ſetting out ha been: Our purpoſe however was not to be d feated and we muſt poſitively proceed; Attal was not in a humour to ſubmit with patience t diſappointments, ſo that having ordered two o his ſervants to diſmount, we took their horſ and ſet off upon our tour; the beauties of natu were before us, but that ſerenity of mind whic

ſhoul

ſhould ever accompany the contemplation of thoſe beauties, was wanting; Attalus was one of fortune's ſpoilt children, and his temper, grown irritable by indulgence and humourſome by proſperity, had loſt its reliſh for ſimplicity, and was wholly given up to a ſilly paſſion for oſtentation and parade; he immediately began to harangue upon the many evil qualities of ſervants, a topic at the beſt unedifying and commonly moſt diſguſting to the hearers; he bewailed his own ill-fortune in that reſpect very bitterly, and ſo much of the way paſſed off before this philippic was concluded, that I began to think I had been carried out for no better purpoſe than to hear a declamation in the open air: I brought him at laſt to a ſtop by obſerving he had a paradiſe about him, and that it was a pity his vexations did not ſuffer him to enjoy it—Upon this hint he ſeemed to recollect himſelf and proceeded to expatiate upon his own improvements, pointing out to me what he had done, and what he had more in mind to do, if his overſeer had obeyed his inſtructions, and proper people had been found to execute his deſigns.

I took notice of a group of neat cottages, which had a very picturesque and pleaſing appearance, for they were deliciouſly ſituated, and had all the air, as I obſerved, of happy habitations—"No matter for that," replied Attalus, "down "they muſt all come, for they are cruelly in my "eye, and I purpoſe to throw all that hill into "wilderneſs with plantations of pine, where you "ſee the rock and broken ground, which will "be a bold and ſtriking contraſt to the orna-"mented grounds about it—I am ſurpriſed," added he, "you can ſee any beauty in thoſe pal-

"try

" try huts."—Before I could make reply, an old peaſant had approached us, and humbly enquired of Attalus, when he was to be diſlodged from his cottage—" I have ordered the workmen to take " it down next week," ſaid he, " the ſeaſon is fa- " vorable for your removal, and you muſt ſeek " out elſewhere." The decree was heard without an effort to reply; a ſigh was all the plea the poor man offered, and with that ſigh he ſent a look to heaven, that in its paſſage rent my heart: I determined to be gone next morning.

We proceeded in our circuit till we were croſſed by a high encloſure, which awkwardly enough ſeparated a paſture of about three acres, in which was a brick-kiln too conſpicuouſly placed not to annoy the ſight, and at that very moment too furiouſly employed in the act of duty, not to be exceſſively offenſive to the ſmell; we found ourſelves involved in columns of thick ſmoke, which were not of the moſt grateful odour in the world; I confeſs I was not a little ſurpriſed at the location of this flaming nuiſance, and as we were making our way through the ſmothering cloud, remarked to Attalus that ornament muſt give place to uſe— " I brought you hither, " ſays he," purpoſely to " ſhew you how I am treated by a ſurly obſtinate " fellow in my neighbourhood, who has not ano- " ther foot of land in the world, but this curſed " patch of ground, and which the raſcal keeps on " purpoſe to ſpite me, though I have bidden " three times the value of it: indeed it is indiſ- " penſably neceſſary to me, as you may well be- " lieve by the annoyance it produces in his hands; " I have tried all means to get it from him,

" rough

" rough and ſmooth, and if a proſecution would " have laid againſt it, I would have driven him " out of it by the expences of a ſuit; but all to " no purpoſe; I am ſo tormented by the fellow's " obſtinacy, and my comforts are ſo ſacrificed " by the nuiſance, that I have no longer any en- " joyment in my place: nay I have ſtopped moſt " of my works and diſcharged my labourers, for " what ſignifies carrying on improvements, when " I can no longer live in my houſe with that " curſed brick-kiln for ever in my eye, and with " little intermiſſion in my noſtrils alſo?"

A new theme of diſcontent was now ſtarted, which the unhappy Attalus purſued with heavy complaints as we travelled down a ſtream of ſmoke, which ſeemed as if maliciouſly to purſue us, determined not to quit its execrator, till he left off his execrations; at laſt they both ceaſed in the ſame moment and parted by conſent. As ſoon as Attalus deſiſted from his invectives I took up my reflections, and if a wiſh could have purchaſed his poſſeſſions, encumbered with the vexations of their owner, I would not have taken them at the price. Down ſunk the viſion of proſperity; ſwifter than the ſhifting of a play-houſe ſcene vaniſhed all the enchanting proſpect; a naked lodge in a warren with content had been more enviable in my eye than his palace haunted with diſguſt; I ſaw Attalus, the verieſt darling of fortune, ſickening and ſurfeited with proſperity; peeviſh with his ſervants, unſociable to his neighbours, a ſlave to faſhions, which he obeyed and diſapproved, unfeeling to the poor, tired with the ſplendour of a magnificent houſe, and poſ-

ſeſſing an extenſive territory, yet ſighing after a ſmall nook of land, the want of which poiſoned all his comforts.——And what then are riches? ſaid I within myſelf. The diſturbers of human happineſs; the corrupters of human nature. I remember this Attalus in his youth; I knew him intimately at ſchool and college; he was of a joyous, ſocial temper; placid, accommodating, full of reſource; always in good humour with himſelf and the world, and he had a heart as liberal and compaſſionate as it was ſincere and open; this great eſtate was then out of ſight; it muſt be this eſtate then, which has wrought the unhappy change in his manners and diſpoſition; and if riches operate thus upon a nature like his, where is the wonder if we meet ſo many wretches, who derive their wants from their abundance?

How beautiful is the maxim of *Menander!*—Ψυχὴν ἔχειν δεῖ πλουσίαν—*enrich your mind! Riches,* ſays the ſame elegant and moral dramatiſt, *are no better than an actor's wardrobe,* the paltry tinſel, that enables him to glitter for a few minutes in a counterfeited character—

> To fret and ſtrut his hour upon the ſtage,
> And then be heard no more.

In another place he ſays,—*they transform a man into a different kind of being from what he was originally*—

Εἰς ἕτερον ἦθος, οὐκ ἐν ᾧ τὸ πρόσθεν ἦν.

and

and then concludes with that Attic ſimplicity, ſo neatly turned and elegantly expreſſed as to diſtance all tranſlation.

Κρεῖττον γάρ ἐστιν, ἂν σκοπῇ τις κατὰ λόγον,
Μὴ πολλ' ἀηδῶς, ὀλίγα δ' ἡδέως ἔχειν.

" Better to chooſe, if you would chooſe the beſt,
" A chearful poverty, than wealth unbleſt."

N° XCVII.

——Ω τρισάλθιοι
Αἰταντις ὁι φυσῶντις ἐφ ἑαυτοῖς μέγα,
Αὐτοὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἴσασιν ἀνθρώπῳ φύσιν.

(MENANDER. *Gubernatoribus.*)

" *Oh wretched mortals! by falſe pride betray'd,*
" *Ye know not of what nature man is made.*"

THOUGH I think our nation can never be accuſed of want of charity, yet I have obſerved with much concern a poor unhappy ſet of men amongſt us, whoſe caſe is not commiſerated as it ought to be;—and as I would gladly contribute any

any thing in my power towards their relief, the beſt proof I can give them of my good will is by endeavouring to convince them of a certain truth, which all the world except themſelves has diſcovered long ago, *viz.*—*That a proud man is the moſt contemptible being in nature.*——Now if theſe proud men, to whom I addreſs myſelf, and for whoſe miſerable ſituation I have ſuch compaſſion, ſhall once find a friend to convince them, that they are truly *the moſt contemptible beings in nature*, it can never be ſuppoſed they will perſiſt to entertain a companion in their boſoms, who affords them ſo little pleaſure, and yet involves them in ſo much diſgrace. I muſt conſider them therefore as miſtaken rather than obſtinate, and treat them accordingly; for how can I ſuppoſe there would be ſuch an abſurdity in the world as a proud man, if the poor creature was not behind hand with the reſt of mankind in a diſcovery that concerns himſelf ſo materially? I admit indeed that pride is a very fooliſh thing, but I contend that wiſe men are ſometimes ſurprized into very fooliſh things, and if a little friendly hint can reſcue them, it would be an ill-natured action to withhold the information: "If you are proud, you are a fool"—ſays an old Greek author called *Sotades*—— Ἀν' ἀλαζονῆς, τοῦτ' ἀνοίας ἐστὶ φρύαγμα——but I hope a little plain Engliſh, without the help of *Sotades*, will ſerve to open the eyes of a plain Engliſhman, and prevent him from ſtrutting about the world merely to make ſport for his neighbours; for I declare in truth, that ſo far from being annoyed and made ſplenetic as ſome folks are, when I fall into company with a proud

proud fellow creature, I feel no other impulſe than of pity, with now and then a ſmall propenſity to titter, for it would be downright rudeneſs to laugh in a man's face on ſuch an occaſion, and it hurts me to ſee an honeſt gentleman, who may have many more natural good qualities, than he himſelf is aware of, run about from houſe to houſe only to make ſport for the ſcoffers, and take a world of pains and put on an air of gravity and importance for no better purpoſe than to provoke ridicule and contempt——*Why is earth and aſhes proud?* ſays the Son of Sirach; *Pride was not made for men.*

As I am determined to put theſe poor men upon their guard in all points, I ſhall remind them of another error they are in, which ſadly aggravates their misfortunes, and which ariſes from a circumſtance of a mere local nature, viz. *That England is the worſt country a proud man can exhibit himſelf in.*—I do really wiſh they would well conſider the land they live in; if they do not know, they ought to be told, that we are a free people; that freedom tends to make us independant of one another, fearleſs in our perſons, warm in our reſentments, bold of tongue and vindictive againſt inſult; England is the place upon earth, where a proud ſtomach finds the leaſt to feed upon; indeed it is the only ſtomach, that can here complain of its entertainment: if the proud man thinks it will be ſufficient to pay his fine of affability to his neighbours once in ſeven years upon a parliamentary canvaſs, he is cruelly miſtaken; the common people in this country have ſuch a ſhare of intuition, underſtand their own ſtrength

ſo

ſo well, and ſcrutinize into the weakneſſes of their ſuperiors ſo acutely, that they are neither to be deceived nor intimidated; and on that account, (as the proud man's character is compounded of the impoſtor and the bully) they are the very worſt people he can deal with. A man may ſtrut in Spain, vapour in France, or kick and cuff the vulgar as he likes in Ruſſia; he may ſit erect in his palanquin in India without dropping his eyes upon the earth he moves over; but if he carries his head in the air here, and expects the crowd to make way for him, he will ſoon run foul of ſomebody that will make him repent of his ſtatelineſs. Pride then, it ſeems, not only expoſes a man to contempt, but puts him in danger; it is alſo a very expenſive frolick, if he keeps it up as it ſhould be kept, for what ſignifies his being proud, if there is not ſomebody always preſent to exerciſe his pride upon? He muſt therefore of neceſſity have a ſet of humble couſins and toad-eaters about him, and as ſuch cattle cannot be had for nothing in this country, he muſt pay them according to the value of their ſervices; common traſh may be had at a common price, but clever fellows know their own conſequence, and will ſtand out upon terms: If Nebuchadnezzar had not had *all people, nations and languages* at his command, he might have called till he was hoarſe before any one would have come to worſhip his *image in the plain of Dura*; let the proud man take notice withal that Nebuchadnezzar's *image* was made of *gold*, and if he expects to be worſhipped by all people after this faſhion, and caſts himſelf in the ſame mould, he muſt alſo caſt himſelf

himſelf in the ſame metal. Now if I am right in my aſſertion, that ſycophants bear a higher price in England than elſewhere (and, if ſcarcity makes things dear, as I truſt they do) let the proud man conſider if it be worth his while to pay dear for bad company, when he may have good-fellowſhip at an eaſy rate: Here then is another inſtance of his bad policy, and ſure it is a ſorrowful thing to be poor and proud.

That I may thoroughly do my duty to an order of men, to whoſe ſervice I dedicate this ſhort eſſay, I muſt not omit to mention, that it behoves a proud man in all places and on all occaſions to preſerve an air of gloomineſs and melancholy, and never to ſuffer ſo vulgar an expreſſion as mirth or laughter to diſarrange the decorum of his features: other men will be apt to make merry with his humour, but he muſt never be made merry by their's: In this reſpect he is truly to be pitied, for if once he grows ſociable he is undone. On the contrary, he muſt for ever remain in the very predicament of the proud man deſcribed in the fragment of Euripides's Ixion—Φίλοις ἄμικτός, καὶ πολίταις—*Urbi atque amicis pariter inſociabilis*: He muſt have no friend, for that would be to admit an equal; he muſt take no advice, for that would be to acknowledge a ſuperior: Such ſociety as he can find in his own thoughts, and ſuch wiſdom as he was ſent into the world with, ſuch he muſt go on with: as wit is not abſolutely annexed to pedigree in this country, and arts and ſciences ſometimes condeſcend to throw their beams upon the low-born and the humble, it is not poſſible for the proud man to deſcend amongſt them

them for information and ſociety; if truth does not hang within his reach, he will never dive into a well to fetch it up: His errors, like ſome arguments, move *in a circle*; for his pride begets ignorance, and his ignorance begets pride; and thus in the end he has more reaſons for being *melancholy* than *Maſter Stephen* had, not only becauſe it is *gentleman-like*, but becauſe he can't help it, and don't know how to be merry.

I might enumerate many more properties of this contemptible character, but theſe are enough, and a proud man is ſo dull a fellow at beſt that I ſhall gladly take my leave of him; I confeſs alſo that I am not able to treat the ſubject in any other than a vague and deſultory manner, for I know not how to define it myſelf, and at the ſame time am not reconciled to any other definition of pride, which I have met in Mr. Locke's eſſay or elſewhere. It is called a paſſion, and yet it has not the eſſentials of a paſſion; for I can bring to mind nothing under that deſcription, which has not reference either to God, to our fellow-creatures, or to ourſelves.—The ſenſual paſſions for inſtance of whatever ſort have their end in ſelfiſh gratification; the generous attributes, ſuch as valour, friendſhip, public ſpirit, munificence and contempt of danger have reſpect to our fellow-creatures; they look for their account in an honorable fame, in the enjoyment of preſent praiſe, and in the anticipation of that, which poſterity ſhall beſtow; whilſt the leſs oſtentatious and purer virtues of ſelf-denial, reſignation, humility, piety, forbearance and many others are addreſſed to God alone, they offer no gratificati-

on

ſelf, they ſeek for no applauſe from man. in which of theſe three general claſſes ſhall ſcover the paſſion of pride? I have indeed imes ſeen it under the cloak of religion, but ng can be more oppoſite to the practice : It is in vain to enquire for it amongſt the ous and ſocial attributes, for its place is no e to be found in ſociety; and I am equally at to think how that can be called a ſelfiſh gra- ion, which brings nothing home to a man's but mortification, contempt, abhorrence, diſcontent and public ridicule. It is com- of contraries, and founded in abſurdity; t the ſame time that it cannot ſubſiſt with- ie world's reſpect, it is ſo conſtituted as never ain it. Anger is proverbially termed a ſhort ieſs, but pride methinks is a perpetual one; ad been inclined to uſe a ſofter word, I would called it folly; I do confeſs I have often t in that more venial character, and there- not to decide upon the point too haſtily, I leave the proud man to make his choice be- folly and madneſs, and take out his com- on from which party he ſees fit.

od heaven! how pleaſant, how complacent lf and others is an humble diſpoſition! To a ſo tempered how delightfully life paſſes in erly love and ſimplicity of manners! Every eſtows the chearing look of approbation upon umble man; every brow frowns contempt the proud. Let me therefore adviſe every man, when he finds himſelf inclined to take e character of pride, to conſider well whether n be quite proud enough for all purpoſes of life; her his pride reaches to that pitch as to meet univerſal

univerſal contempt with indifference; whether it will bear him out againſt mortification, when he finds himſelf excluded from ſociety, and underſtands that he is ridiculed by every body in it; whether it is convenient to him always to walk with a ſtiff back and a ſtern countenance; and laſtly, whether he is perfectly ſure, that he has that ſtrength and ſelf-ſupport in his own human nature, as may defy the power and ſet at nought the favour of God, *who reſiſteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble*.

There is yet another little eaſy proceſs, which I would recommend to him as a kind of probationary rehearſal before he performs in public: I am perſuaded it will not be amiſs if he firſt runs over a few of his airs and graces by himſelf in his own cloſet: Let him examine himſelf from head to foot in his glaſs, and if he finds himſelf no handſomer, no ſtronger, no taller than all the reſt of his fellow-creatures, he may venture without riſque to conclude that he like them is a man, and nothing more: Having ſettled this point, and taken place in the human creation, he may next proceed to conſider what that place ought to be; for this purpoſe he may conſult his pedigree and his rent-roll, and if upon a careful peruſal of theſe documents he ſhall find, (as moſt likely he will) that he is not decidedly the nobleſt and the richeſt man in the world, perhaps he will ſee no good cauſe, why he ſhould ſtrut over the face of it, as if it was his own: I would then have him go back to his glaſs, and ſet his features in order for the very proudeſt and moſt arrogant look he can put on; let him knit his brow, ſtretch his noſtrils

noſtrils and bite his lips with all the dignity he can ſummon, and after this, when he has reverſed the experiment by ſoftening them into a mild complacent look, with as much benignity as he can find in his heart to beſtow upon them, let him aſk himſelf honeſtly and fairly, which characters beſt becomes him, and whether he does not look more like a man with ſome humanity than without it: I would in the next place have him call his underſtanding to a ſhort audit, and upon caſting up the ſum total of his wit, learning, talents and accompliſhments, compute the balance between others and himſelf, and if it ſhall turn out that his ſtock of all theſe is not the prodigious thing it ought to be, and even greater than all other men's, he will do well to huſband it with a little frugal humility: The laſt thing he muſt do, (and if he does nothing elſe I ſhould hope it would be ſufficient) is to take down his bible from the ſhelf, and look out for the parable of the Phariſee and Publican; it is a ſhort ſtory and ſoon read, but the moral is ſo much to his purpoſe, that he may depend upon it, if that does not correct his pride, his pride is incorrigible, and all the *Obſervers* in the world will be but waſte paper in his ſervice.

N° XCVIII.

N° XCVIII.

Non erat hic locus.

THERE is a certain delicacy in ſome men's nature, which though not abſolutely to be termed a moral attribute, is nevertheleſs ſo grateful to ſociety at large and ſo recommendatory of thoſe who poſſeſs it, that even the beſt and worthieſt characters cannot be truly pleaſing without it: I know not how to deſcribe it better than by ſaying it conſiſts in a happy diſcernment of *times and ſeaſons*.

Though this engaging talent cannot poſitively be called a virtue, yet it ſeems to be the reſult of many virtuous and refined endowments of the mind, which produces it; for when we ſee any man ſo tenderly conſiderate of our feelings, as to put aſide his own for our accommodation and repoſe, and to conſult opportunities with a reſpectful attention to our eaſe and leiſure, it is natural to us to think favourably of ſuch a diſpoſition, and although much of his diſcernment may be the effect of a good judgment and proper knowledge of the world, yet there muſt be a great proportion of ſenſibility, candor, diffidence and natural modeſty in the compoſition of a faculty ſo conciliating and ſo graceful. A man may have many

many good qualities, and yet if he is unacquainted with the world, he will rarely be found to underſtand thoſe apt and happy moments, of which I am now ſpeaking; for it is a knowledge not to be gained without a nice and accurate obſervation of mankind, and even when that obſervation has given it, men, who are wanting in the natural good qualities above deſcribed, may indeed avail themſelves of ſuch occaſions to ſerve a purpoſe of their own, but without a good heart no man will apply his experience to general practice.

But as it is not upon theories that I wiſh to employ theſe papers, I ſhall now devote the remainder of my attention to ſuch rules and obſervations as occur to me upon the ſubject of *the times and ſeaſons*.

Men, who in the faſhionable phraſe *live out of the world*, have a certain awkwardneſs about them, which is for ever putting them out of their place in ſociety, whenever they are occaſionally drawn into it. If it is their ſtudies which have ſequeſtered them from the world, they contract an air of pedantry, which can hardly be endured in any mixed company without expoſing the object of it to ridicule; for the very eſſence of this contracted habit conſiſts in an utter ignorance *of times and ſeaſons*. Moſt of that claſs of men who are occupied in the education of youth, and not a few of the young men themſelves, who are educated by them, are of this deſcription: We meet with many of *Jack Lizard's* caſt in the Spectator, who will learnedly maintain *there is no heat in fire*. There is a diſputatious preciſion

preciſion in theſe people, which lets nothing paſs in free converſation, that is not mathematically true; they will confute a jeſt by ſyllogiſm, canvaſs a merry tale by croſs-examination and dates, work every common calculation by X *the unknown quantity*, and in the feſtive ſallies of imagination convict the witty ſpeaker of falſe grammar, and nonſuit all the merriment of the table.

The man of form and ceremony, who has ſhaped his manners to the model of what is commonly called *The Old Court*, is another grand defaulter againſt *times and ſeaſons*: His entrances and exits are to be performed with a ſtated regularity; he meaſures his devoirs with an exactitude that beſpeaks him a correct interpreter of *The Red Book*; pays his compliments with a minuteneſs, that leaves no one of your family unnamed, enquires after the health of your child who is dead, and deſires to be kindly remembered to your wife, from whom you are divorced: Nature formed him in ſtrait lines, habit has ſtiffened him into an unrelenting rigidity, and no familiarity can bend him out of the upright. The uneducated ſquire of ruſtic manners forms a contraſt to this character, but he is altogether as great an intruder upon *times and ſeaſons*, and his total want of form operates to the annoyance of ſociety as effectually as the other's exceſs. There cannot be in human nature a more terrible thing than vulgar familiarity; a low-bred fellow, who affects to put himſelf at his eaſe amongſt his ſuperiors and be pleaſant company to them, is a nuiſance to ſociety; there is nothing ſo ill underſtood by the world in general as familiarity; if it was not for the

ıe terror, which men have of the very trouble-
me conſequences of condeſcenſion to their infe-
ors, there would not be a hundredth part of that
ide and holding-back amongſt the higher ranks,
which the low are ſo apt to complain. How
w men do we meet with, who when the heart is
ɔen and the channel free, know how to keep
ıeir courſe within the buoys and marks, that true
ɔod-manners have ſet up for all men to ſteer by!
ɔkes out of ſeaſon, unpleaſant truths touched
ɔon incautiouſly, *plump queſtions* (as they are
ılled) put without any preface or refinement,
ıanual careſſes compounded of hugs and ſlaps
ıd ſqueezes, more reſembling the gambols of a
ear than the actions of a gentleman, are ſure to
ɔllow upon the overflowing ebullitions of a vul-
ar familiarity broke looſe from all reſtraints. It
a painful neceſſity men of ſenſibility are under,
'hen they find themſelves compelled to draw
ack from the eager advances of an honeſt heart,
nly becauſe the ſhock of its good-humour is too
ɔlent to be endured; it is very wounding to a
ɔcial nature to check feſtivity in any degree, but
ıere is nothing ſinks the ſpirits ſo effectually as
ɔiſterous mirth, nobody ſo apt to overact his
haracter as a jolly fellow, and ſtunned with the
ociferation of his own tongue to forget that eve-
y other man is ſilent and ſuffering: In ſhort it is
very difficult thing to be properly happy and
'ell pleaſed with the company we are in, and
one but men of good education, great diſcern-
ıent and nice feelings know how to be familiar.
'heſe rural gentry are great dealers in long ſtories
f their own unintereſting atchievements, they
require

require of you to attend to the narrative of their paltry ſquabbles and bickerings with their neighbours; they are extremely eloquent upon the laws againſt poachers, upon turnpike roads and new encloſures, and all theſe topicks they will thruſt in by the neck and ſhoulders to the excluſion of all others.

Plain-ſpeaking, if we conſider it ſimply as a mark of truth and honeſty, is doubtleſs a very meritorious quality, but experience teaches that it is too frequently under bad management, and obtruded on ſociety out of *time and ſeaſon* in ſuch a manner as to be highly inconvenient and offenſive. People are not always in a fit humour to be told of their faults, and theſe plain-ſpeaking friends ſometimes perform their office ſo clumſily, that we are inclined to ſuſpect they are more intereſted to bring us to preſent ſhame than future reformation: It is a common obſervation with them, when things turn out amiſs, to put us in mind how they diſſuaded us from ſuch and ſuch an undertaking, that they foreſaw what would happen, and that the event is neither more nor leſs than they expected and predicted. Theſe retorts, caſt in our teeth in the very moment of vexation, are what few tempers, when galled with diſappointment, can patiently put up with; they may poſſibly be the pure reſult of zeal and ſincerity, but they are ſo void of contrivance and there is ſo little delicacy in the timing of them, that it is a very rare caſe indeed, when they happen to be well underſtood and kindly taken. The ſame want of ſenſibility towards human infirmities, that will not ſpare us in the moments of vexation,

ation, will make no allowances for the mind's debility in the hours of grief and ſorrow: If a friend of this ſort ſurpriſes us in the weakneſs of the ſoul, when death perhaps has robbed us of ſome beloved object, it is not to contribute a tear, but to read us a lecture, that he comes; when the heart is agoniſed, the temper is irritable, and as a moraliſer of this ſort is almoſt ſure to find his admonitions take the contrary effect from what he intended, he is apt to miſtake an occaſional impatience in us for a natural one, and leaves us with the impreſſion that we are men, who are ill prepared againſt the common viciſſitudes of life, and endowed with a very ſmall ſhare of fortitude and reſignation; this early miſconception of our character in the courſe of time leads him to another, for he no ſooner finds us recovered to a proper temper of mind, that he calls to mind our former impatience, and comparing it with our preſent tranquillity concludes upon appearances, that we are men of light and trivial natures, ſubject indeed to fits and ſtarts of paſſion, but incapable of retention, and as he has then a fine ſubject for diſplaying his powers of plain-ſpeaking, he reminds us of our former inattention to his good advice and takes credit for having told us over and over again that we ought not to give way to violent ſorrow, and that we could not change the courſe of things by our complaining of them. Thus for want of calculating *times and ſeaſons* he begins to think deſpiſingly of us, and we in ſpite of all his ſincerity grow tired of him and dread his company.

Before I quit this ſubject I muſt alſo have a word with the valetudinarians, and I wiſh from

my heart I could cure them of their *complaints*—that ſpecies I mean which comes under my notice as an *Obſerver*, without intruding upon the more important province of the phyſician. Now as this iſland of our's is moſt happily ſupplied with a large and learned body of profeſſors under every medical deſcription and character, whether operative or deliberative, and all theſe ſtand ready at the call and devoted to the ſervice of the ſick or maimed, whether it be on foot, on horſeback or on wheels to reſort to them in their diſtreſſes, it cannot be for want of help that the valetudinarian proſecutes to all companies ſo promiſcuouſly. Let the whole family of death be arrayed on one ſide, and the whole army of phyſic, regulars and irregulars, be drawn out on the other, and I will venture to ſay that for every poſſible diſeaſe in the ranks of the beſieger, there ſhall be a champion in the garriſon ready to turn out and give him battle: Let all who are upon the ſick liſt in the community be laid out between the camps, and let the reſpective combatants fight it out over the bodies, but let the forces of life and health have no ſhare in the fray: Why ſhould their peace be diſturbed, or their ſociety contaminated by the infectious communication? It is as much out of *time and place* for a man to be giving the diary of his diſeaſe in company, who are met for ſocial purpoſes, as it is for a doctor to be talking politics or ſcandal in a ſick man's chamber; yet ſo it is that each party are for ever out of character; the chatterer diſguſts his patient by an inattention to his complaints, and the valetudinarian diſguſts his company by the enumeration

ration of them, and both are equally out
ſon.
ry man's obſervation may furniſh him with
es not here enumerated, but if what I have
all ſeem to merit more conſideration than I
een able to give it in the compaſs of this
my readers may improve upon the hint,
ſociety cannot fail to profit by their re-
ns.

N° XCIX.

Si adſint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ!

CURIOUS Greek fragment has been lately
ered by an ingenious traveller at Conſtanti-
, which is ſuppoſed to have been ſaved out of
amous Alexandrian library, when ſet on
y command of the Caliph. There is no-
but conjecture to guide us to the author:
learned men, who have examined it, give
Pauſanias, others to *Ælian*; ſome contend
uidas, others for *Libanius*; but moſt agree in
ing it to ſome one of the Greek ſophiſts,
at it is not to be diſguiſed that juſt doubts
o be entertained of its veracity in point of
There may be much ingenuity in theſe diſ-
ns, but we are not to expect conviction;
fore I ſhall paſs to the ſubject-matter, and not

concern myſelf with any previous argumentatic on a queſtion, that is never likely to be ſettled.

" This fragment ſays that ſome time after th death of the great dramatic poet *Æſchylus*, ther was a certain citizen of Athens named *Philoter chus*, who by his induſtry and fair character i trade had acquired a plentiful fortune, and cam in time to be actually choſen one of the Areopa gites: This man in an advanced period of his lif engaged in a very ſplendid undertaking for collect ing a ſeries of pictures to be compoſed from ſcene in the tragedies of the great poet above-mention ed, and to be executed by the Athenian artiſts who were then both numerous and eminent.

" The old Areopagite with a ſpirit, that woul have done honour to *Polycratus* or *Pericles*, con ſtructed a ſpacious lyceum for the reception o theſe pictures, which he laid open to the reſor both of citizens and ſtrangers, and the ſucceſs o the work reflected equal credit upon the under taker and the artiſts, whom he employed."

The chain of the narration is here broken by a loſs of part of the fragment, which however i fortunately reſumed in that place, where th writer gives ſome account of the maſters, wh painted for this collection, and of the ſcenes the made choice of for their ſeveral pictures.

" He tells us that *Apelles* was then living an in the vigour of his genius, though advanced i years; he deſcribes the ſcene choſen for his com poſition minutely, and it appears to have bee taken from that ſuite of dramas, which we know *Æſchylus* compoſed from the ſtory of the *Atrida* and of which we have ſtill ſuch valuable remains

II

He repreſents *Ægiſthus*, after the murder of *Agamemnon* by the inſtigation of *Clytemneſtra*, in the act of conſulting certain Sybils, who by their magical ſpells and incantations have raiſed the ghoſt of *Agamemnon*, which is attended by a train of phantoms, emblematic of eight ſucceſſive kings of Argos, his immediate deſcendants: The ſpectre is made *pointing* to his poſterity, and at the ſame time looking on his murderer with a ſmile, in which *Apelles* contrived to give the ſeveral expreſſions of contempt, exultation and revenge with ſuch a character of ghaſtly pain and horror, as to make the beholders ſhrink. Amongſt theſe Sybils he introduces the perſon of *Caſſandra* the propheteſs, whom *Agamemnon* brought captive from the deſtruction of Troy. The light, he ſays, proceeds only from a flaming cauldron, in which the Sybils have been making their libations to the infernal deities or furies, and he ſpeaks of the reflected, ruddy tints, which by this management of the artiſt were caſt upon the figures, as producing a wonderful effect, and giving an amazing horror and magnificence to the group. Upon the whole he ſtates it as the moſt capital performance of the maſter, and that he got ſuch univerſal honour thereby, that he was afterwards employed to paint for the Perſian monarch, and had a commiſſion even from the queen of Scythia, a country then emerging from barbarity.

" *Parrhaſius*, though born in the colony of Miletus on the coaſt of Aſia, was an adopted citizen of Athens and in great credit there for his celebrated picture on the death of *Epaminondas*: He contributed to this collection by a very capital

compoſition taken from a tragedy, which was the third in a ſeries of dramas, founded by *Æſchylus* on the well-known ſtory of *Oedipus*, all which are loſt. The miſerable monarch, whoſe misfortunes had overturned his reaſon, is here depicted taking ſhelter under a wretched hovel in the midſt of a tremendous ſtorm, where the elements ſeem conſpiring againſt a helpleſs being in the laſt ſtage of human miſery. The painter has thrown a very touching character of inſanity into his features, which plainly indicates that his loſs of reaſon has ariſen from the tender rather than the inflammatory paſſions; for there is a majeſtic ſenſibility mixed with the wildneſs of his diſtraction, which ſtill preſerves the traces of the once benevolent monarch. In this deſolate ſcene he has a few forlorn companions in his diſtreſs, which form a very peculiar group of perſonages; for they conſiſt of a venerable old man in a very piteous condition, whoſe eyes have been torn from their ſockets, together with a naked maniac, who is ſtarting from the hovel, where he had houſed himſelf during the tempeſt: The effect of this figure is deſcribed with rapture, for he is drawn in the prime of youth, beautiful and of a moſt noble air; his naked limbs diſplay the fineſt proportions of the human figure, and the muſcular exertion of the ſudden action he is thrown into furniſh ample ſcope to the anatomical ſcience of the artiſt. The fable feigns him to be the ſon of the blind old man above deſcribed, and the fragment relates that his phrenſy being not real but aſſumed, *Parrhaſius* availed himſelf of that circumſtance, and touched the character of his madneſs

neſs with ſo nice and delicate a diſcrimination from that of *Oedipus*, that an attentive obſerver might have diſcovered it to be counterfeited even without the clue of the ſtory. There are two other attendant characters in the group: One of theſe is a rough, hardy veteran, who ſeems to brave the ſtorm with a certain air of contemptuous petulance in his countenance, that beſpeaks a mind ſuperior to fortune, and indignant under the viſitation even of the gods themſelves. The other is a character, that ſeems to have been a kind of imaginary creature of the poet, and is a buffoon or jeſter upon the model of Homer's Therſites, and was employed by *Æſchylus* in his drama upon the old burleſque ſyſtem of the Satyrs, as an occaſional chorus or parody upon the ſeverer and more tragic characters of the piece.

"The next picture in our author's catalogue was by the hand of *Timanthes*: This modeſt painter, though reſiding in the capital of *Attica*, lived in ſuch retirement from ſociety, and was ſo abſolutely devoted to his art, that even his perſon was ſcarce known to his competitors. Envy never drew a word from his lips to the diſparagement of a contemporary, and emulation could hardly provoke his diffidence into a conteſt for fame, which ſo many bolder rivals were prepared to diſpute.

"*Æſchylus*, it is well known, wrote plays on the fable of *Prometheus*; the ſecond in this ſeries is the *Prometheus chained*, which happily ſurvives; the laſt was *Prometheus delivered*, and from the opening ſcene of this drama *Timanthes* formed his picture. *Prometheus* is here diſcovered on

the ſea-ſhore upon an iſland inhabited only l
himſelf and his daughter, a young virgin of e
quiſite beauty, who is ſuppoſed to have ſeen no
other of the human ſpecies but her father, beſid
certain imaginary beings, whom *Prometheus* h
either created by his ſtolen fire, or whom he e
ployed in the capacity of familiars for the pu
poſes of his enchantments, for the poet ve
juſtifiably ſuppoſes him endowed with ſupern
tural powers, and by that vehicle brings to p
all the beautiful and ſurpriſing incidents of l
drama. One of theſe aërial ſpirits had by l
command conjured up a moſt dreadful tempeſt,
which a noble ſhip is repreſented as ſinking
the midſt of the breakers on this enchanted ſho
The daughter of *Prometheus* is ſeen in a ſupp
cating attitude imploring her father to *allay* t
ſtorm, and ſave the ſinking mariners from d
ſtruction. In the back ground of the picture
a cavern, and at the entrance of it a miſhap
ſavage being, whoſe evil nature is depicted in t
deformity of his perſon and features, and wh
was employed by *Prometheus* in all ſervile office
neceſſary for his accommodation in this ſolitud
The aërial ſpirit is in the clouds, which he
driving before him at the *beheſt* of his great maſt
In this compoſition therefore, although not r
plete with characters, there is yet ſuch diverſi
of ſtile and ſubject, that we have all, which t
majeſty and beauty of real nature can furniſh, wi
beings out of the regions of nature, as ſtrong
contraſted in form and character, as fancy can d
viſe: The ſcenery alſo is of the ſublimeſt ca
and whilſt all Greece reſounded with applau

up

upon the exhibition of this picture, *Timanthes* alone was ſilent, and ſtartled at the very echo of his own fame, ſhrunk back again to his retirement."

As this fragment is now in the hands of an ingenious tranſlator, I forbear for the preſent to intrude upon his work by any further anticipation of it, conſcious withal as I am that the public curioſity will ſhortly be gratified with a much more full and ſatisfactory delineation of this intereſting narrative, than I am able to give.

N° C.

I SHALL now reſume the plan I have purſued in the foregoing volumes and proceed with my review of the writers of the Greek ſtage.

In N° LXXVIII. I took leave of what is properly called *The Old Comedy*; I am next to ſpeak of that claſs of authors, who are generally ſtiled writers of *The Middle Comedy*.

The ſpirit of a free people will diſcover itſelf in the productions of their ſtage; the comic drama, being a profeſſed repreſentation of living manners, will paint theſe likeneſſes in ſtronger or in fainter colours according to the degree of licence or reſtraint, which may prevail in different places, or in the ſame place at different periods. We are now upon that particular æra in the Athe-

nian conſtitution, when it began to feel ſuch a degree of controul under the riſing power of the Macedonian princes, as put a ſtop to the perſonal licentiouſneſs of the comic poets: If we are to conſider Athens only as the capital ſeat of genius, we muſt bewail this declenſion from her former ſtate of freedom, which had produced ſo brilliant a period in the annals of her literature; but ſpeak of her in a political ſenſe, and it muſt be acknowledged that whatever reſtraints were put upon her liberty, and however humbling the diſgraces were which ſhe incurred, they could not well be more than ſhe merited by her notorious abuſe of public proſperity and moſt ingrateful treatment of her beſt and moſt deſerving citizens. When the thunder of oratory was ſilenced, the flaſhes of wit were no longer diſplayed; death ſtopped the impetuous tongue of Demoſthenes, and the hand of power controuled the acrimonious muſe of Ariſtophanes; obedient to the rein, the poet checked his career of perſonality, and compoſed his *Æoloſicon* upon the plan of what we now denominate the *Middle Comedy*. Cratinus alſo, though the bittereſt of all the old writers, began to ſweeten his gall, and, conforming to the neceſſity of the times, condeſcended to take up with the reſource of parody, and wrote his *Ulyſſes* upon the ſame ſyſtem of reform; no longer permitted to vent his ſatire upon living characters, he took poſt on the boldeſt ground, that was left for him to ſtand on, and opened his attack upon the dead by ridiculing the immortal Odyſſey of Homer. The chorus was now withdrawn, and the poet no longer ſpoke his own ſentiments or harangued

his audience by proxy; parody is ſatire of ſo inferior a ſpecies, that if comedy did not very ſenſibly decline in its middle æra (which there is no reaſon to think was the caſe), it muſt have been upheld by a very ſtrong exertion of talents, or by collateral reſources of a better ſtamp than this, which we are ſpeaking of. Some, who are ranked in the old claſs of comic writers, continued to compoſe for the ſtage, as we have already inſtanced; it may well be preſumed that they at leaſt drooped the wing, and flagged under the preſſure of unexperienced reſtraints; but if I may form a conjecture of the comparative ſpirit and excellence of the *Middle Comedy* from the ſamples and fragments of thoſe dramatiſts, who properly and excluſively belong to it, I find nothing which diſpoſes me to ſuſpect that it had in the leaſt declined from the merit of the firſt writers, but on the contrary ſhould conceive, that it advanced in perfection no leſs than it did in time by the revolution which took place.

I ſhall now produce ſome ſpecimens of the comedies, which fall under this claſs, and ſuch accounts as I have been able to collect of their authors, whom I have ranged alphabetically; the firſt therefore, which I ſhall ſpeak of, will be the poet Alexis.

ALEXIS.

This poet was a native of Thurium in Magna Græcia, a town celebrated for being the birth-place of Herodotus; he was great uncle by the father's ſide to Menander, and was the firſt to diſcover

diſcover and encourage the early genius of that admired writer. Alexis lived to a great age, and we have the authority of Plutarch for ſaying that the vigour of his faculties was preſerved to the laſt; "The comic poets Alexis and Philemon," ſays that author, "continued to write "for the ſtage to the lateſt period of their lives, "and when death at length ſurpriſed them, he "found them crowned with the trophies of ſucceſs and triumphing in the plaudits of the "theatre." The numerous productions of our poet confirm this aſſertion of Plutarch, for Suidas ſays he was author of no leſs than two hundred and forty-five dramas, and I find the titles of one hundred and thirteen of this collection even now upon record; this proves that he poſſeſſed a very copious vein of invention, and the fragments, which remain out of the general wreck of his works, indicate the richneſs as well as copiouſneſs of that vein. The works of ſuch a maſter were of themſelves a ſtudy, and as Menander formed himſelf upon his inſtructions, we cannot fail to conceive very highly of the preceptor from the acknowledged excellence of the pupil. I diſcover a comedy of Alexis intitled *Adelphi*; it is generally ſuppoſed that Terence copied his comedy of that name from Menander, but unleſs his commentators have given ſome better reaſon, than I have yet met with, for the fact, it will bear a doubt at leaſt whether that elegant copy may not have been as much indebted to the uncle as to the nephew for the charms of its dialogue and the delicacy of its character.

Agellius

Agellius informs us that Alexis formed the plot of one of his comedies upon the life and actions of Pythagoras; poſterity will give him credit for his choice, as we cannot conceive a happier fable for an ingenious author to work upon, nor any that would afford a more fruitful field for facetious raillery than the extravagant and juggling tricks and contrivances, which that impoſtor's ſtory teems with. Amongſt his fragments I diſcover one little ſcrap, which, though a very ſmall one, ſeems to have been a ſplinter of the wreck, wherein he ridicules a certain gluttonous Pythagorean, named Epicharides, for evading the abſtemious rule of his ſect for eating nothing that has life, by ſwearing that his meat is killed before it is cooked; there can be no doubt but the tenour of the piece was altogether ſatirical, for it cannot be ſuppoſed that the ſame man, who lampooned Plato, would ſpare Pythagoras; and that he did treat Plato in this contemptuous ſtrain we have the word of Laertius, who refers to no leſs than four of his comedies, in which he ridicules him very ſeverely; there is one ſhort paſſage ſtill remaining, which conveys a ſneer at this philoſopher, and ſo far as it goes confirms the anecdote, which Laertius gives us; but the biographer does more than the admirers of the divine Plato will thank him for, when he informs us of the grace and comelineſs of Alexis's perſon, and of Plato's partiality to him on that account; and amongſt many other gallantries of the like nature we find ſome verſes addreſſed to Alexis in praiſe of his beauty by the enamoured philoſopher, whoſe muſe ſeems to have viſited him pretty frequently

quently on theſe occaſions: There is no great point in his love-epigram to Alexis, but in that to a certain young man named Stella, who was his fellow ſtudent in aſtrology, he ſeems to have been as extravagant in imagination, as Juliet's *concetto* of cutting Romeo *into little ſtars*, for I queſtion if the whole ſchool of Epicurus can furniſh a more ridiculous ſtart of rhapſodical bombaſt than the following—

> " Oh! that I were that heaven on which you gaze,
> " To dart upon thee with a thouſand rays!"

What a plunge is this for Pegaſus to make with a grave philoſopher on his back! Whether it was ſucceſsful or not with the young ſtargazer I am not curious to enquire; if he was in the humour to be tickled with nonſenſe I ſhould think ſuch an addreſs muſt have been irreſiſtibly charming; but we may be very ſure that Alexis was not ſo complying, and that, inſtead of being pleaſed with the flattery, he turned the flatterer into ridicule upon all occaſions, firſt in his *Meropis*, again in his *Ancylion*, his *Olympiodorus*, and moſt of all in his celebrated comedy entitled *The Paraſite*. Ariſtotle records an anſwer made by Alexis to an inquiſitive fellow, who obſerved him in his latter years ſlowly crawling along the ſtreets of Athens, and demanded *what he was doing—Nothing*; replied the feeble veteran, *and of that very diſeaſe I am dying*.—Stobæus has the ſame anecdote, and I think it unlikely for a man, who preſerved ſo vigorous a mind, as Plutarch ſays he did, to extreme old age, to be what Athenæus calls him Ὀψοφάγος, a glutton; I conclude therefore that the

the Deipnoſophiſt was in the miſtake of Congreve's Jeremy, who ſuſpected Epictetus was a real cook, whereas he only wrote receipts. I have one of theſe now before me from the pen of Alexis, which does not ſeem to ſpeak of the Epicurean *ſummum bonum* with all that reſpect and approbation, which a glutton would naturally profeſs for it—This it is—

" I ſigh'd for eaſe, and, weary of my lot,
" Wiſh'd to exchange it: In this mood I ſtroll'd
" Up to the citadel three ſeveral days;
" And there I found a bevy of preceptors
" For my new ſyſtem, thirty in a group;
" All with one voice prepar'd to tutor me—
" Eat, drink and revel in the joys of love!
" For pleaſure is the wiſe man's ſovereign good."

think it will alſo bear a doubt whether a voluptuary could find in his heart to vent ſuch irony as the following againſt the great ſupporters of his ſyſtem, harlots and procureſſes; I confeſs it ſhews Alexis to have been deep in the ſecrets of their vocation, but a libertine in practice would be branded for a traitor, if he was to tell ſuch tales of the academy he belonged to—He is ſpeaking of the commodious ſiſterhood of procureſſes—

" They fly at all, and, as their funds encreaſe,
" With freſh recruits they ſtill augment their ſtock,
" Moulding the young novitiate to her trade;
" Form, feature, manners, every thing ſo chang'd,
" That not a trace of former ſelf is left.
" Is the wench ſhort? a triple ſole of cork
" Exalts the pigmy to a proper ſize.
" Is ſhe too tall of ſtature? a low chair
" Softens the fault, and a fine eaſy ſtoop
" Lowers her to ſtandard-pitch—If narrow-hipt,
" A handſome

" A handſome wadding readily ſupplies
" What Nature ſtints, and all beholders cry,
" See what plump haunches!—Hath the nymph per-
" chance
" A high round paunch, ſtuft like our comic drolls,
" And ſtrutting out foreright? a good ſtout buſk
" Puſhing athwart ſhall force th' intruder back.
" Hath ſhe red brows? a little ſoot will cure 'em.
" Is ſhe too black? the cerufe makes her fair:
" Too pale of hue? the opal comes in aid.
" Hath ſhe a beauty out of ſight? Diſcloſe it!
" Strip nature bare without a bluſh—Fine teeth?
" Let her affect one everlaſting grin,
" Laugh without ſtint—But ah! if laugh ſhe cannot,
" And her lips won't obey, take a fine twig
" Of myrtle, ſhape it like a butcher's ſkewer,
" And prop them open, ſet her on the bitt
" Day after day when out of ſight, till uſe
" Grows ſecond nature, and the pearly row,
" Will ſhe or will ſhe not, perforce appears."

This paſſage I have literally rendered, and I ſuſpect it deſcribes the artifices of an impure toilet with preciſion enough to ſhew that theſe Grecian models are not abſolutely antiquated by the intervention of ſo many centuries. Our modern puffers in perfumery may have carried artificial complexions and Circaſſian bloom to a higher ſtate of perfection; I dare ſay they have more elaborate means of ſtaining carotty eye-brows than with ſimple ſoot, and cannot think of comparing a little harmleſs opal with their poiſonous farrago of paſtes, pomatums and pearl powder; but I would have my fair and virtuous countrywomen take notice that the ſubſtitution of ſtuft hips originated with the Athenian proſtitutes, with this advantage on the ſide of good ſenſe, that the inventors of the faſhion never applied falſe bottoms to thoſe, whom Nature had provided with true ones; they

they ſeem to have had a better eye for due proportion than to add to a redundancy, becauſe in ſome caſes it was convenient to fill up a vacuum.

As I addreſs this friendly hint to the plumper part of the fair ſex, I ſhall rely upon the old proverb for their good-humour, and hope they will kindly interpret it as a proof that my eye is ſometimes directed to objects, which their's cannot ſuperintend, and as they generally agree to keep certain particulars out of ſight, a real friend to decency will wiſh they would conſent to keep them a little more out of mind alſo.

N° CI.

WE are indebted to Vitruvius for a quotation in the beginning of his Sixth Book, taken from one of the dramas of Alexis, to the following effect—"Whereas all the other ſtates of Greece "compel the children of deſtitute parents with-"out exception to provide for the ſupport of them "who begot them, we of Athens," ſays the poet, "make the law binding upon ſuch chil-"dren only, who are beholden to their parents "for the bleſſing of a liberal education."—The proviſo was certainly a wiſe one, and it is with juſtice

juſtice that the poet gives his countrymen credit for being the authors of it.

Alexis in one of his comedies very appoſitely remarks—" that the nature of man in ſome re-" ſpects reſembles that of wine, for as fermen-" tation is neceſſary to new wine, ſo is it alſo to " a youthful ſpirit; when that proceſs is over " and it comes to ſettle and ſubſide, we may then " and not till then expect to find a permanent " tranquillity." This alluſion he again takes up, probably in the ſame ſcene, though under a different character, and cries out—" I am now far " advanced in the evening of life's day, and " what is there in the nature of man, that I " ſhould liken it to that of wine, ſeeing that old " age, which recommends the latter, mars the " former? Old wine indeed exhilarates, but old " men are miſerable to themſelves and others." Antiphanes the comic poet has ſtruck upon the ſame compariſon but with a different turn—" Old " age and old wine," ſays he, " may well be " compared; let either of them exceed their date " ever ſo little, and the whole turns ſour."

Julius Pollux ſays that Alexis named one of his comedies Γυναικοστρατία, and there are ſome paſſages, which we may preſume are reliques of this piece, of a very bitter caſt, for he makes one of his female characters roundly aſſert—

" No animal in nature can compare
" In impudence with woman; I myſelf
" Am one, and from my own experience ſpeak."

I flatter

flatter myſelf an Engliſh audience would not ear ſuch calumny; the modern ſtage encourages nore reſpectful ſentiments—

Oh! woman, lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without thee.

Our poet muſt have been in an ill-humour with he ſex, when he wrote this comedy, or elſe the Athenian wives muſt have been mere Xantippes o deſerve what follows—

" Nor houſe, nor coffers, nor whatever elſe
" Is dear and precious, ſhould be watch'd ſo cloſely,
" As ſhe whom you call wife. Sad lot is our's,
" Who barter life and all its free delights,
" To be the ſlaves of woman, and are paid
" Her bridal portion in the luckleſs coin
" Of ſorrow and vexation. A man's wrath
" Is milk and honey to a woman's rage;
" He can be much offended and forgive,
" She never pardons thoſe ſhe moſt offends:
" What ſhe ſhould do ſhe ſlights, what ſhe ſhould not
" Hotly purſues; falſe to each virtuous point,
" And only in her wickedneſs ſincere."

" Who but a lunatic would wed and be
" Wilfully wretched? better to endure
" The ſhame of poverty and all its taunts
" Rather than this. The reprobate, on whom
" The Cenſor ſet his brand, is juſtly doom'd
" Unfit to govern others, but the wretch,
" Who weds, no longer can command himſelf,
" Nor hath his woe a period but in death."

o much for matrimony according to our au- or's picture of it! he has left us a deſcription love, which he has ſketched in more pleaſing lours—

" The

" The man, who holds true pleaſure to conſiſt
" In pampering his vile body, and defies
" Love's great divinity, raſhly maintains
" Weak impious war with an immortal God.
" The graveſt maſter that the ſchools can boaſt
" Ne'er train'd his pupils to ſuch diſcipline,
" As love his votaries, unrivall'd power,
" The firſt great deity—and where is he,
" So ſtubborn and determinedly ſtiff,
" But ſhall at ſome time bend the knee to love,
" And make obeiſance to his mighty ſhrine?"

" One day as ſlowly ſauntering from the port,
" A thouſand cares conflicting in my breaſt,
" Thus I began to commune with myſelf—
" Methinks theſe painters miſapply their art,
" And never knew the being which they draw;
" For mark! their many falſe conceits of love.
" Love is nor male nor female, man nor god,
" Nor with intelligence nor yet without it,
" But a ſtrange compound of all theſe, uniting
" In one mixt eſſence many oppoſites;
" A manly courage with a woman's fear,
" The madman's phrenſy in a reaſoning mind,
" The ſtrength of ſteel, the fury of a beaſt,
" The ambition of a hero—ſomething 'tis,
" But by Minerva and the gods I ſwear!
" I know not what this nameleſs ſomething is."

This riddling deſcription of love I conſider as a very curious fragment of the Greek comedy, as it has more play of words and leſs ſimplicity of thought and ſtile, than I can recollect in any writer of this age and country. In general I think I can diſcover more antitheſis in the authors of the Middle Comedy than in any others, and I take it to have been one of the conſequences of parody Phædria's picture of love in the opening ſcene of Terence's Eunuch is ſomething in the ſtile of this fragment of Alexis, and the particular

ar expreſſion of—*ut cum ratione inſanias*—ſeems of a piece with—Ἡ ἄνοια μανιας, ὁ δὲ λογος φρονῦντος. Which I have rendered—

" A madman's phrenſy in a reaſoning mind."

Our Shakeſpear is ſtill cloſer to it, when Romeo deſcribing love calls it

A madneſs moſt diſcreet.

And again—

Why then, O brawling Love! O loving Hate!
Oh! any thing of nothing firſt create;
Oh, heavy Lightneſs! ſerious Vanity!
Miſshapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is.

Before I take leave of Alexis I ſhall ſubjoin one more paſſage from his remains, which conveys the ſtrongeſt marks of deteſtation, that language can ſupply, of that very vice, which Athenæus would perſuade us he was addicted to; but I will never be perſuaded that a glutton wrote the following lines in the face of his own example, nor would it be an eaſy matter to convince me, that if any glutton had the will, he would poſſeſs the wit, to write them.

" You, Sir, a Cyrenean as I take you,
" Look at your ſect of deſperate voluptuaries;
" There's Diodorus—beggary is too good for him—
" A vaſt inheritance in two ſhort years,
" Where is it? Squander'd, vaniſh'd, gone for ever:
" So rapid was his diſſipation.——Stop!

" Stop,

" Stop, my good friend, you cry; not quite ſo faſt!
" This man went fair and ſoftly to his ruin;
" What talk you of two years? As many days,
" Two little days were long enough to finiſh
" Young Epicharides; he had ſome ſoul,
" And drove a merry pace to his undoing—
" Marry! if a kind ſurfeit wou'd ſurpriſe us,
" Ere we ſit down to earn it, ſuch prevention
" Wou'd come moſt opportune to ſave the trouble
" Of a ſick ſtomach and an aching head:
" But whilſt the puniſhment is out of ſight,
" And the full chalice at our lips, we drink,
" Drink all to-day, to-morrow faſt and mourn,
" Sick, and all o'er oppreſt with nauſeous fumes;
" Such is the drunkard's curſe, and Hell itſelf
" Cannot deviſe a greater—Oh that nature
" Might quit us of this overbearing burthen,
" This tyrant-god, the belly! take that from us,
" With all its beſtial appetites, and man,
" Exonerated man, ſhall be all ſoul."

ANTIPHANES.

Antiphanes of Smyrna, or, as ſome will have it, of Rhodes, was born in or about Olymp. XCIII.: His father's name was Demophanes, and his mother's Œnoe, people of ſervile degree; yet our poet, thus ignoble in his birth, lived to ſignalize himſelf by his genius, and was held in ſuch reſpect by his Athenian patrons, that a public decree was made for the removal of his remains from the iſle of Chios, where he died at the age of ſeventy-four, and for depoſiting them in the city of Athens, where his funeral honours were ſumptuouſly performed at the charge of the ſtate.

Various accounts are given of the number of his comedies, but of all the Greek dramatiſts he appears to have been the moſt prolifick, for the

reſt liſt of his plays amounts to two hundred
l ninety, and ſome contend that he actually
npoſed three hundred and ſixty-five, a number
ioſt incredible if we had not the inſtances of
lderon and De Vega too well authenticated to
nit of a doubt in modern times to refer to. An-
hanes bore off the prize with thirty comedies;
l if theſe ſucceſſes appear diſproportioned to his
empts, yet they were brilliant, inaſmuch as he
l to contend with ſuch reſpectable rivals. We
re now no other rule, whereby to meaſure his
rit, but in the ſeveral fragments ſelected from
comedies by various authors of the lower ages,
l theſe, though tolerably numerous, will ſcarce
ice to give ſuch an inſight into the original,
nay enable us to pronounce upon its compara-
e excellence with any critical preciſion: True
, even theſe ſmall reliques have agitated the
ioſity of the learned moderns, to whom ſo ma-
valuable authors are loſt, but we cannot con-
ıplate them without a ſenſible regret to find
v few amongſt them compriſe any ſuch portion
the dialogue, as to open the character, ſtile
l manner of the writer, and not often enough
urniſh a conjecture at the fable they appertain
they are like ſmall crevices, letting in one
ole ray of light into a capacious building; they
t occaſionally upon ſome rich and noble part,
they cannot convey to us a full and perfect
ı of the ſymmetry and conſtruction of the ma-
ic whole.

have the titles of one hundred and four co-
lies under the name of this author.

No CII.

N° CII.

WHEN I find the Middle Comedy abour ing with invectives againſt women, I am tempt to think it was the æra of bad wives. Antipl nes wrote two plays of a ſatirical caſt, one ir tled *Matrimony*, and the other *The Nuptials*; may venture to gueſs that the following paſſa have belonged to one or both of theſe plays—

" Ye fooliſh huſbands, trick not out your wives;
" Dreſs not their perſons fine, but cloath their minds.
" Tell 'em your ſecrets?——Tell 'em to the crier,
" And make the market-place your confidante!"—
" Nay, but there's proper penalties for blabbing".—
" What penalties! they'll drive you out of them;
" Summon your children into court, convene
" Relations, friends, and neighbours to confront
" And nonſuit your complaint, till in the end
" Juſtice is hooted down, and guilt prevails."

The ſecond is in a more animated ſtrain comedy.

" For this, and only this, I'll truſt a woman,
" That if you take life from her ſhe will die,
" And being dead ſhe'll come to life no more;
" In all things elſe I am an infidel.
" Oh! might I never more behold a woman!
" Rather than I ſhould meet that object, Gods!
" Strike out my eyes—I'll thank you for your mercy."

We are indebted to Athenæus for part of a dia logue, in which Antiphanes has introduced traveller to relate a whimſical contrivance, whic the king of Cyprus had made uſe of for coolin th

he air of his banquetting-chamber, whilſt he ate at ſupper.

" *A.* You ſay you've paſs'd much of your time in
" Cyprus.
" *B.* All; for the war prevented my departure.
" *A.* In what place chiefly, may I aſk?
" *B.* In Paphos;
" Where I ſaw elegance in ſuch perfection,
" As almoſt mocks belief.
" *A.* Of what kind, pray you?
" *B.* Take this for one—The monarch, when he ſups,
" Is fann'd by living doves.
" *A.* You make me curious
" How this is to be done; all other queſtions
" I will put by to be reſolv'd in this.
" *B.* There is a juice drawn from the Carpia tree,
" To which your dove inſtinctively is wedded
" With a moſt loving appetite; with this
" The king anoints his temples, and the odour
" No ſooner captivates the ſilly birds,
" Than ſtrait they flutter round him, nay, would fly
" A bolder pitch, ſo ſtrong a love-charm draws them,
" And perch, O horror! on his ſacred crown,
" If that ſuch prophanation were permitted
" Of the bye-ſtanders, who with reverend care
" Fright them away, till thus, retreating now
" And now advancing, they keep ſuch a coil
" With their broad vans, and beat the lazy air
" Into ſo quick a ſtir, that in the conflict
" His royal lungs are comfortably cool'd,
" And thus he ſups as Paphian monarchs ſhould."

An old man in the comedy, as it ſhould ſeem, of he Γηραιάδης, reaſons thus—

" I grant you that an old fellow like myſelf, if ıe be a wiſe fellow withal, one that has ſeen much ınd learnt a great deal, may be good for ſomething ınd keep a ſhop open for all cuſtomers, who want ıdvice in points of difficulty. Age is as it were ın altar of refuge for human diſtreſſes to fly to.

Oh! longevity, coveted by all who are advanci
towards thee, curs'd by all who have attained the
railed at by the wiſe, betray'd by them who co
ſult thee, and well ſpoken of by no one.—And
what is it we old fellows can be charged wit
We are no ſpendthrifts, do not conſume our mea
in gluttony, run mad for a wench, or break loc
to get at her; and why then may not old a
ſeeing ſuch diſcretion belongs to it, be allowed
pretenſions to happineſs?"

A ſervant thus rallies his maſter upon a ſpec
of hypocriſy natural to old age.

" Ah! good my maſter, you may ſigh for death,
" And call amain upon him to releaſe you,
" But will you bid him welcome when he comes?
" Not you. Old Charon has a ſtubborn taſk
" To tug you to his wherry and diſlodge you
" From your rich tables, when your hour is come:
" I muſe the Gods ſend not a plague amongſt you,
" A good briſk, ſweeping, epidemic plague:
" There's nothing elſe can make you all immortal."

Surely there is good comedy in this raillery of t
ſervant—The following ſhort paſſages have a ve
neat turn of expreſſion in the original.

" An honeſt man to law makes no reſort;
" His conſcience is the better rule of court."

" The man, who firſt laid down the pedant rule,
" That love is folly, was himſelf the fool;
" For if to life that tranſport you deny,
" What privilege is left us—but to die?"

" Ceaſe, mourners, ceaſe complaint, and weep no mo
" Your loſt friends are not dead, but gone before,
" Advanc'd a ſtage or two upon that road,
" Which you muſt travel in the ſteps they trode;

"

ıe ſame inn we all ſhall meet at laſt,
re take new life and laugh at ſorrows paſt."

I meet theſe and many other familiar ſen-
, which theſe deſigners after nature abound
k myſelf where originality is to be ſought
ɔt with theſe poets it is clear, for their
ıre for ever in each other's corn; nor even
.e founders of the Greek drama, for they
ıt upon Homer, as he perhaps on others
lent to his æra. As for the earlieſt writers
own ſtage, the little I have read of their
ginnings ſeems to be a dull maſs of ſecond-
edantry coarſely daubed with ribaldry: In
pear you meet originality of the pureſt
new creation, bright and beaming with
led luſtre; his contemporary Jonſon did
m to aim at it.
ugh I have already given a Paraſite from
;, and compared him with Jonſon's admir-
oſca, yet I cannot refuſe admiſſion to a
eaſant, impudent fellow, who gives name
medy of Antiphanes, and in the following
l apology for his life and actions takes upon
ıe office of being his own hiſtorian.

What art, vocation, trade or myſtery
ı match with your fine Paraſite?—The Painter?
! a mere dauber: A vile drudge the Farmer:
eir buſineſs is to labour, our's to laugh,
jeer, to quibble, faith Sirs! and to drink,
e, and drink luſtily. Is not this rare?
s life, my life at leaſt: The firſt of pleaſures
:re to be rich myſelf, but next to this
ıold it beſt to be a Paraſite,
ıd feed upon the rich. Now mark me right!
: down my virtues one by one: Imprimis,

" Good-will to all men—Would they were all rich
" So might I gull them all: Malice to none;
" I envy no man's fortune, all I wiſh
" Is but to ſhare it: Would you have a friend,
" A gallant, ſteady friend? I am your man:
" No ſtriker I, no ſwaggerer, no defamer,
" But one to bear all theſe and ſtill forbear:
" If you inſult, I laugh, unruffled, merry,
" Invincibly good-humour'd ſtill I laugh:
" A ſtout good ſoldier I, valorous to a fault,
" When once my ſtomach's up and ſupper ſerv'd;
" You know my humour, not one ſpark of pride,
" Such and the ſame for ever to my friends:
" If cudgell'd, molten iron to the hammer
" Is not ſo malleable; but if I cudgel,
" Bold as the thunder: Is one to be blinded?
" I am the lightning's flaſh: to be puff'd up,
" I am the wind to blow him to the burſting:
" Choak'd, ſtrangled?—I can do't and ſave a halter:
" Would you break down his doors? Behold an earthquake:
" Open and enter them?—A battering-ram:
" Will you ſit down to ſupper? I'm your gueſt,
" Your very *Fly* to enter without bidding:
" Would you move off? You'll move a well as ſoon:
" I'm for all work, and tho' the job were ſtabbing,
" Betraying, falſe-accuſing, only ſay
" Do this, and it is done! I ſtick at nothing;
" They call me Thunder-bolt for my diſpatch;
" Friend of my friends am I: Let actions ſpeak me;
" I'm much too modeſt to commend myſelf."

I muſt conſider this fragment as a very ſtrikin ſpecimen of the author, and the only licence have uſed is to tack together two ſeparate extrac from the ſame original, which meet in the brea of the tenth line, and ſo appoſitely that it is high probable they both belong to the ſame ſpeech more than probable to the ſame comedy and ch racter. Lucian's Paraſite ſeems much beholde to this of Antiphanes.

Antiphan

Antiphanes was on a certain occaſion commanded to read one of his comedies in the preſence of Alexander the Great; he had the mortification to find that the play did not pleaſe the royal critic; the moment was painful, but the poet, addreſſing the monarch as follows, ingeniouſly contrived to vindicate his own production at the ſame time he was paſſing a courtly compliment to the prince, at whoſe command he read it—"I cannot wonder, O king! that you diſapprove of my comedy; for he, who could be entertained by it, muſt have been preſent at the ſcenes it repreſents; he muſt be acquainted with the vulgar humours of our public ordinaries, have been familiar with the impure manners of our courteſans, a party in the beating-up of many a brothel, and a ſufferer as well as an actor in thoſe unſeemly frays and riots: Of all theſe things, you Great Sir! are not informed, and the fault lies more in my preſumption for intruding them upon your hearing, than in any want of fidelity, with which I have deſcribed them."

N° CIII.

ANAXANDRIDES.

ANAXANDRIDES of Rhodes, ſon of Anaxander, was author of ſixty-five comedies, with ten of which he bore away the prizes from his competitors. Nature beſtowed upon this poet not only a fine genius, but a moſt beautiful perſon; his ſtature was of the talleſt, his air elegant and engaging, and, whilſt he affected an effeminate delicacy in his habit and appearance, he was a victim to the moſt violent and uncontroulable paſſions, which, whenever he was diſappointed of the prize he contended for, were vented upon every perſon and thing that fell in his way, not excepting even his own unfortunate dramas, which he would tear in pieces and ſcatter amongſt the mob, or at other times devote them to the moſt ignominious uſes he could deviſe: Of theſe he would preſerve no copy, and thus it came to paſs that many admirable comedies were actually deſtroyed and loſt to poſterity. His dreſs was ſplendid and extravagant in the extreme, being of the fineſt purple richly fringed with gold, and his hair was not coiled up in the Athenian faſhion, but ſuffered to fall over his ſhoulders at its full length: His muſe was no leſs wanton and voluptuous than his manners, for it is recorded of him, that he was the firſt comic poet, who ventured to introduce upon the ſcene incidents of the groſſeſt intrigue: He was not only ſevere upon Plato and the

the Academy, but attacked the magiſtracy of Athens, charging them with the depravity of their lives in ſo daring and contemptuous a ſtile, that they brought him to trial, and by one of the moſt cruel ſentences upon record condemned the unhappy poet to be ſtarved to death.

Zarottus and ſome other commentators upon Ovid interpret that diſtich in his *Ibis* to allude to Anaxandrides, where he ſays, ver. 525-6.

Utve parum ſtabili qui carmine læſit Athenas,
Invifus pereas deficiente cibo.

" Or meet the libeller's unpitied fate,
" Starv'd for traducing the Athenian ſtate."

I know this interpretation of Zarottus is controverted upon the authority of Pauſanias, and Ovid is ſuppoſed by ſome to point at Mævius, by others at Hipponax; but as the name of the ſufferer is not given, thoſe, who incline to the conſtruction of Euſtathius as well as Zarottus, will apply it to our author.

Of the titles of his comedies eight and twenty remain, but for his fragments, which are few in number, I diſcover none, which ſeem to merit a tranſlation; had he ſpared thoſe which his paſſion deſtroyed, happy chance might perhaps have reſcued ſomething worth our notice.

ARISTOPHON.

This poet has left us more and better remembrancers of his muſe, though fewer of his hiſtory: That he was a writer of the Middle Comedy is all I can collect, which perſonally concerns him:

The titles of four of his comedies are in my hands, but though Plutarch, Athenæus, Laertius in his Pythagoras, Stobæus and Gyraldus all make mention of his name, none of them have given us any anecdotes of his hiſtory.

Love and matrimony, which are ſubjects little touched upon by the writers of the Old Comedy, became important perſonages in the Middle Drama; the former ſeems to have opened a very flowery field to fancy, the laſt appears generally to have been ſet up as the butt of ridicule and invective.—Our author for inſtance tells us—

" A man may marry once without a crime,
" But curſt is he, who weds a ſecond time."

On the topic of love he is more playful and ingenious—

" Love, the diſturber of the peace of heaven,
" And grand fomenter of Olympian feuds,
" Was baniſh'd from the ſynod of the Gods:
" They drove him down to earth at the expence
" Of us poor mortals, and curtail'd his wings
" To ſpoil his ſoaring and ſecure themſelves
" From his annoyance—Selfiſh, hard decree!
" For ever ſince he roams th' unquiet world,
" The tyrant and deſpoiler of mankind."

There is a fragment of his comedy of the *Pythagoriſta*, in which he ridicules that philoſopher's pretended viſit to the regions of the dead—

" I've heard this arrogant impoſtor tell,
" Amongſt the wonders which he ſaw in hell,
" That Pluto with his ſcholars ſate and fed,
" Singling them out from the inferior dead:
" Good faith! the monarch was not over-nice,
" Thus to take up with beggary and lice."

In

In another paſſage of the ſame ſatirical comedy he thus humorouſly deſcribes the diſciples of Pythagoras—

" So gaunt they ſeem, that famine never made
" Of lank Philippides ſo mere a ſhade;
" Of ſalted tunny-fiſh their ſcanty dole,
" Their beverage, like the frog's, a ſtanding pool,
" With now and then a cabbage, at the beſt
" The leavings of the caterpillar's feaſt:
" No comb approaches their diſhevell'd hair
" To rout the long-eſtabliſh'd myriads there;
" On the bare ground their bed, nor do they know
" A warmer coverlid than ſerves the crow;
" Flames the meridian ſun without a cloud?
" They baſk like graſshoppers and chirp as loud:
" With oil they never even feaſt their eyes;
" The luxury of ſtockings they deſpiſe,
" But bare-foot as the crane ſtill march along
" All night in chorus with the ſcreech-owl's ſong.

Of AXIONICUS the comic poet I have nothing to relate but that he was a writer of reputation in the period we are deſcribing, and that we have the titles of ſix of his comedies with a ſmall parcel of unintereſting fragments, chiefly to be found in Athenæus.

BATHON I muſt alſo paſs over like the former, no records of his hiſtory and only a few fragments of his comedies with three of their titles remaining.

Though I claſs CHÆREMON amongſt the writers of the Middle Comedy, I have ſome doubt if he ſhould not have been in the liſt of Old Dramatiſts, being ſaid to have been the ſcholar of Socrates: He is celebrated by Ariſtotle, Athenæus, Suidas, Stobæus, Theophraſtus and others, and the titles of nine of his comedies are preſerved in

thoſe authors with ſome ſcraps of his dialogue. Ariſtotle relates that in his comedy of *The Hippocentaur* he introduced a rhapſody, in which he contrived to mix every ſpecies of metre, inventing as it ſhould ſeem a characteriſtic meaſure for a compound monſter out of nature.

Of CLEARCHUS we have a few fragments and the titles of three comedies preſerved by Athenæus; the ſame author gives us the title of one comedy by CRITON, of four by CROBYLUS and of two by DEMOXENUS, one of which is *The Self-Tormentor*, or *Heautontimorumenos*; this poet was an Athenian born, and ſeems to have been a voluminous writer. Of DEMETRIUS there remains only one fragment, yet we have teſtimony of his having been a comic poet of this period in great reputation.

DIODORUS was a native of Sinope, a city of Pontus, and the birth-place of many eminent poets and philoſophers; we have the titles of three of his comedies, and from the few fragments of his works now exiſting I have ſelected theſe which follow—

" This is my rule, and to this rule I'll hold,
" To chuſe my wife by merit not by gold;
" For on that one election muſt depend
" Whether I wed a fury or a friend."

" When your foe dies let all reſentment ceaſe,
" Make peace with death, and death ſhall give you peace."

I meet with another fragment of this author, which is ſo far curious, as it contains a bold blaſphemy againſt the ſupreme of the heathen deities, and marks the very looſe hold, which the

he eſtabliſhed religion had upon the minds of he common people of Athens at this period, vho muſt have been wonderfully changed by the iew philoſophy from the times of Æſchylus and Ariſtophanes, who both incurred their reſentment n a very high degree for daring to affront the Gods, though it is probable neither went the ength of Diodorus's Paraſite, who aſſerts the uperior dignity, authority and even divinity of iis vocation with the following hardy alluſion to ſupiter himſelf—"All other arts," ſays he, have been of man's invention without the help of the Gods, but Jupiter himſelf, who is our partner in rade, firſt taught us how to play the paraſite, and ie without diſpute is of all Gods the greateſt. Tis his cuſtom to make himſelf welcome in every iouſe he enters, rich or poor, no matter which; vherever he finds the dinner-table neatly ſpread, he couches ready ſet, and all things in decent order, down ſits he without ceremony; eats, drinks and makes merry, and all at free coſt, cajoling his poor hoſt; and in the end, when he has filled his belly and bilked his club, coolly walks home at his leiſure."

DIONYSIUS the comic poet was alſo a native of Sinope, the countryman as well as contemporary of Diodorus. I have nothing but a ſhort ſentence from this author, which conveys an excellent maxim ſo neatly turned, that I ſhall ſet it down in the original—

Ἢ λέγε τι σιγῆς κρεῖττον, ἢ σιγὴν ἔχε.

"Either ſay ſomething better than nothing, or ſay nothing!"

The

The noted tyrant of Sicily of the above name was alſo a writer both of tragedy and comedy.

EPHIPPUS, a writer of comedy in this period, was a native of Athens, and one of the moſt celebrated poets of his age; we have the titles of twelve of his comedies, of all which that intitled *Philyra* was the moſt admired; this *Philyra* was the mother of Chiron the Centaur.

N° CIV.

EPICRATES.

EPICRATES was a native of the city of Ambrafia, the capital of Epirus; his reputation is high amongſt the writers of the claſs under our preſent review; he was ſomewhat junior in point of time to Antiphanes before mentioned, and, if we are to give credit to Athenæus, was an imitator of that poet's manner; it is ſaid that he went ſo far as to copy certain paſſages out of his comedies and introduce them into his own. Five of his comedies are named, and the following remnant of a dialogue ridicules the frivolous diſquiſitions of the Academy in ſo pleaſant a ſtile of comic irony, that I think myſelf happy in the diſcovery of it. The learned reader will acknowledge a ſtriking ſimilitude in the manner to Ariſtophanes's

phanes's remarks upon the occupations of Socrates's ſcholars in the comedy of *The Clouds*.

" *A.* I pray you, Sir (for I perceive you learn'd
" In theſe grave matters) let my ignorance ſuck
" Some profit from your courteſy, and tell me
" What are your wiſe philoſophers engag'd in,
" Your Plato; Menedemus and Speaſippus?
" What mighty myſteries have they in projection?
" What new diſcoveries may the world expect
" From their profound reſearches? I conjure you,
" By Earth, our common mother, to impart them!
" *B.* Sir, you ſhall know at our great feſtival
" I was myſelf their hearer, and ſo much
" As I there heard will preſently diſcloſe,
" So you will give it ears, for I muſt ſpeak
" Of things perchance ſurpaſſing your belief,
" So ſtrange they will appear; but ſo it happen'd,
" That theſe moſt ſage Academicians ſate
" In ſolemn conſultation—on a cabbage.
" *A.* A cabbage! what did they diſcover there?
" *B.* Oh ſir! your cabbage hath its ſex and gender,
" Its provinces, prerogatives and ranks,
" And nicely handled breeds as many queſtions
" As it does maggots. All the younger fry
" Stood dumb with expectation and reſpect,
" Wond'ring what this ſame cabbage ſhould bring forth:
" The Lecturer ey'd them round, whereat a youth
" Took heart, and breaking firſt the awful ſilence,
" Humbly crav'd leave to think—that it was round:
" The cauſe was now at iſſue, and a ſecond
" Opin'd it was an herb—A third conceiv'd
" With due ſubmiſſion it might be a plant—
" The difference methought was ſuch, that each
" Might keep his own opinion and be right;
" But ſoon a bolder voice broke up the council,
" And, ſtepping forward, a Sicilian quack
" Told them their queſtion was abuſe of time,
" It was a cabbage, neither more nor leſs,
" And they were fools to prate ſo much about it—
" Inſolent wretch! amazement ſeiz'd the troop,
" Clamor and wrath and tumult rag'd amain,
" Till Plato, trembling for his own philoſophy,
" And calmly praying patience of the court,
" Took up the cabbage and adjourn'd the cauſe."

ERIPHUS

ERIPHUS was alſo a writer of the Middle Comedy, and like the poet laſt reviewed is charged by Athenæus with being a copyiſt of Antiphanes. Three ſmall fragments, and the titles of three plays, are every thing which now remains of that author.

EUBULUS.

Eubulus, the ſon of Euphranor, and a native of Atarna in Leſbos, ranks with the moſt celebrated poets of this æra, and though Suidas enumerates only four and twenty of his comedies, Athenæus contends that he was the author of fifty, and the names of all theſe are ſtill upon the liſt. He flouriſhed in Olymp. CI, which is ſo high in the period now under review, as to make it matter of doubt whether the old Comedy has not a joint claim to his productions with the Middle: Ammonius however expreſsly claſſes Eubulus amongſt the latter, and quotes his comedy of *The Cup Bearers*; it is from this very comedy as it ſhould ſeem, that the famous paſſage was taken, in which he introduces Bacchus in perſon laying down to mankind theſe temperate and moral rules againſt the abuſe of his bleſſings——

" Three cups of wine a prudent man may take;
" The firſt of theſe for conſtitution's ſake;
" The ſecond to the girl he loves the beſt;
" The third and laſt to lull him to his reſt,
" Then home to bed!—but if a fourth he pours,
" That is the cup of folly and not ours:
" Loud noiſy talking on the fifth attends;
" The ſixth breeds feuds and falling out of friends;

" Seven

" Seven beget blows and faces ſtain'd with gore;
" Eight, and the watch-patrole breaks ope the door;
" Mad with the ninth, another cup goes round,
" And the ſwill'd ſot drops ſenſeleſs to the ground."

When ſuch maxims of moderation proceed from the mouth of Bacchus, it argues great impiety in his votaries not to obey them.

The moſt elegant epigrammiſt might be proud to father the following ingenious turn upon the emblem of Love addreſſed to a painter—

" Why, fooliſh painter, give thoſe wings to Love?
" Love is not light, as my ſad heart can prove:
" Love hath no wings, or none that I can ſee;
" If he can fly—oh! bid him fly from me!"

EUPHRON.

Euphron is another poet of our middle liſt, and one whoſe fame has outlived the works on which it was founded. Six of his comedies only have bequeathed their names to us, and a very ſcanty portion of their contents. One of theſe was intitled *Adelphi*, another claimant perhaps upon Terence. Athenæus and Stobæus, (thanks to their paſſion for quotations and fragments;) have favoured us with a few ſmall reliques.—There is ſomething in the following diſtich of a melancholy and touching ſimplicity—

" Tell me, all-judging Jove, if this be fair
" To make ſo ſhort a life ſo full of care?"

What

What next enſues I recommend to the gentlemen, who amuſe themſelves with cutting out work for Doctors-Commons:

" Hence, vile adulterer, I ſcorn to gain
" Pleaſures extorted from another's pain!"

The antients had a notion, that a man, who took no care of his own affairs, was not the fitteſt perſon in the world to be entruſted with thoſe of others; writers for the ſtage muſt make the moſt of vulgar errors, whilſt they are in faſhion, and this may have betrayed our poet into a ſentiment, which modern wits will not give him much credit for—

" Let not his fingers touch the public cheſt,
" Who by his own profuſion is diſtreſt;
" For long long years of care it needs muſt take
" To heal thoſe wounds, which one ſhort hour will
" make."

I think the reader will acknowledge a very ſpirited and ſtriking turn of thought in this ſhort apoſtrophe.

" Wretch! find new Gods to witneſs to new lies,
" Thy perjuries have made the old too wiſe!"

HENIOCHUS.

Heniochus, the author of a numerous collection of comedies, was born at Athens, a writer of a grave ſententious caſt, and one, who ſcrupled not to give a perſonal name to one of his comedies, written profeſſedly againſt the character-

character of *Thorucion*, a certain military prefect in thoſe times, and a notorious traitor to his country. The titles of fifteen comedies are upon the liſt of this poet's works: from one of theſe a curious fragment has been ſaved, and though it ſeems rather of a political than a dramatic complexion, I think its good ſenſe is ſufficient to recommend it to a place in this collection.

"I will enumerate to you ſeveral cities, which "in the courſe of time have fallen into egregious "folly and declenſion: You may demand why "I inſtance them at this time and in this place "—I anſwer that we are now preſent in the "city of Olympia, and you may figure to your-"ſelf a kind of Pythian ſolemnity in the ſcene "before us——Granted! you'll ſay, and what "then?—Why then I may conceive theſe ſe-"veral cities here aſſembled by their repreſen-"tatives for the purpoſe of celebrating their re-"demption from ſlavery by ſolemn ſacrifices to "the Genius of Liberty: This performed, "they deliver themſelves over to be governed "at the diſcretion of two certain female per-"ſonages, whom I ſhall name to you——the "one Democracy, Ariſtocracy the other—From "this fatal moment univerſal anarchy and miſ-"rule inevitably fall upon thoſe cities, and they "are loſt."

MNESIMACHUS.

This poet is recorded by Ælian and Athenæus, and by the ſamples we have of his comedy,

dy, few as they are, we may ſee that he was a minute deſcriber of the familiar manners and characters of the age he lived in: I take him to have been a writer of a peculiar caſt, a dealer in low and loquacious dialogue, a ſtrong coarſe colouriſt, and one, who, if time had ſpared his works, would probably have imparted to us more of the *Coſtuma*, as it is called, than any of his contemporaries: I perſuade myſelf that the ſamples I am about to produce will juſtify theſe ſurmiſes with reſpect to Mneſimachus.

Jonſon could not deſcribe, nor Mortimer delineate, a company of banditti or bravos at their meal in bolder caricature, than what the following ſketch diſplays.

" Doſt know whom thou'rt to ſup with, friend—I'll tell thee;
" With gladiators, not with peaceful gueſts;
" Inſtead of knives we're arm'd with naked ſwords,
" And ſwallow firebrands in the place of food:
" Daggers of Crete are ſerv'd us for confections,
" And for a plate of peaſe a fricaſſee
" Of ſhatter'd ſpears: the cuſhions we repoſe on
" Are ſhields and breaſt-plates, at our feet a pile
" Of ſlings and arrows, and our foreheads wreath'd
" With military enſigns, not with myrtle."

There remains a very curious fragment of a dialogue between a maſter and his ſlave, which lays open to the reader the whole catalogue of an Athenian fiſh-market, and after all the pains it has occaſioned me in the decyphering, leaves me under the neceſſity of ſetting down a few of the articles in their original names, not being able to find any lexicon or grammarian in the humour to help me out of my difficulty.

" *Maſter.*

" *Maſter.* Harkye, fellow! make the beſt " of your way to Phidon's riding-ſchool (your " road lies through the cypreſs-grove burying- " place to the forum by the public baths, where " our tribunes hold their meetings) and tell " thoſe pretty gentlemen, who are there at their " exerciſes of vaulting on their horſes and off " their horſes (you know well enough whom I " mean) tell 'em I ſay that their ſupper is grown " cold, their liquor hot, their paſtry dry, their " bread ſtale, their roaſt done to powder, their " ſalt-meat ſtript from the very bones, their " tripes, chitterlings, ſauſages and ſtuft-puddings, " mangled and devoured by gueſts, who are be- " fore-hand with 'em: The glaſs has gone round, " and the wine is nearly out; the company are " at their frolicks, and the houſe thrown out " of windows——Now mark and remember eve- " ry ſyllable I have ſaid to you—Doſt yawn, raſ- " cal?——Let me hear if you can repeat the " meſſage I have given you.

" *Servant.* From the firſt word to the laſt " as you ſhall witneſs.——I am to bid thoſe " ſparks come and not loiter till the cook " makes plunder of the broken victuals; I am " to ſay the boil'd and the roaſt are ready; I " am to reckon up their bill of fare, their oni- " ons, olives, garlick, coleworts, gourds, beans, " lettuce, knot-graſs; their ſalted tunny-fiſh, " their ſhad, ſturgeon, ſoals, conger, purple-fiſh " and black-fiſh (both whole ones) their ancho- " vy, mackarel, freſh tunny, gudgeons, rock- " fiſh, dog-fiſh tails, cramp-fiſh, frog-fiſh, perch, " baccalao, ſardin, ſea-weed-fiſh, ſea-urchin, ſur-

" mullet,

" mullet, cuckow-fiſh, paſtinaca, lamprey, l
" bel, grey-mullet, *Lebias*, *Sparus*, char, *Al*
" fiſh, Thracian-fiſh, ſwallow-fiſh, prawns,
" lamary, flounder, ſhrimps, polypody, cu
" fiſh, *Ophius*, lobſter, crab, bleak, needle-f
" ſprats, ſea-ſcorpion and grigg—I am to
" them in mind of their roaſts without n
" ber, or their gooſe, pork, beef, lamb, r
" ton, goat, kid, pullet, duck, ſwan, partri
" bergander, and a thouſand more——I am
" warn them that their meſſmates are alre
" faſt by the teeth, chewing, gnawing, cutt
" carving, boiling, roaſting, laughing, play
" dancing, junketting, drinking, mobbing, ſ
" fling, boxing, battling,—that the pipers
" at their ſport; every body ſinging, choruſſ
" clamouring, whilſt the houſe ſmoaks with
" odours of cinnamon, frankincenſe, my
" ſweet-cane, ſtorax, aloes, ambergriſe, m
" camphire, caſſia and a flood of all other
" quiſite perfumes—"

N° CV.

MOSCHION.

MOSCHION ſtands upon the authority of Clemens Alexandinus and Stobæus as a writer of the Middle Comedy, and a dramatiſt of a very moral and pathetic turn; his fragments fully verify that character. A perſon in one of his dramas relates the following melancholy circumſtance.

"I met a lamentable example of fortune's inſtability——A prince of Argos begging his bread—The man, a while ago ſo celebrated for his great talents, high birth, and exalted rank, was now reduced to the loweſt ſtate of human wretchedneſs, an object of commiſeration to every body who beheld him: Such of us as reached out the hand to him, or conſoled him with the words of pity for his miſerable condition, could not leave him without abundance of tears; ſurely ſuch a diſmal revolution of worldly fortune can never be contemplated but with ſympathy and condolence."

The tender and religious ſentiments conveyed in the next fragment, which we owe to Clemens, certainly demand a place of honour, (was ſuch honour in my power to beſtow) in this collection.

"Let

" Let the earth cover and protect its dead!
" And let man's breath thither return in peace
" From whence it came; his ſpirit to the ſkies,
" His body to the clay of which 'twas form'd,
" Imparted to him as a loan for life,
" Which he and all muſt render back again
" To earth, the common mother of mankind."

Again, in a ſtrain yet more elevated——

" Wound not the ſoul of a departed man!
" 'Tis impious cruelty; let juſtice ſtrike
" The living, but in mercy ſpare the dead.
" And why purſue a ſhadow that is paſt?
" Why ſlander the deaf earth, that cannot hear,
" The dumb that cannot utter? When the ſoul
" No longer takes account of human wrongs,
" Nor joys nor ſorrows touch the mouldering heart,
" As well you may give feeling to the tomb,
" As what it covers—both alike defy you."

NICOSTRATUS comes next under our review, a poet in his claſs of great reputation, as Athenæus, Suidas, Laertius and others teſtify. His comedies were found after his death in a cheſt, where they had been long miſſing and much regretted; we have to the amount of fourteen of their titles, and are further informed that he was ſo excellent an actor, that it became a proverb of honour to pronounce upon any capital performer, that *He played in the ſtile of Nicoſtratus.* It is with regret I diſcover nothing in the few ſmall fragments of this eminent author and actor worth tranſlating; however, that I may not paſs over his remains without the grateful ceremony of beſtowing one ſmall tribute to his memory, I have rendered this ſhort epigrammatic diſtich into our language—

" If

" If this inceſſant chattering be your plan,
" I would ye were a ſwallow, not a man."

ıe talents of the greateſt actor at beſt can ſur-
e him by tradition only, but when Nature to
›ſe rare attributes adds the gift of a poetic ge-
ıs, it gives a double poignancy to our regret,
ıt time ſhould not have left a relique even of
:ſe more conſiderable than the above.

Of PHILIPPUS the comic poet I have no
:cdotes to record, and nothing but the names of
'ee comedies to refer to.

PHŒNICIDES.

We are beholden to this poet for a very pleaſant
:rative made by a lady of eaſy virtue, in which
: deſcribes certain of her keepers with a great
ıl of comic humour, and it is humour of a
t, that has not evaporated by the intervention
twenty centuries; ſhe was tired of her trade,
d therefore, though the theme be a looſe one,
e moral of it is good: The lady is in converſa-
ın with a man named Pythias, but whether the
end of Damon the Pythagorean, or ſome other,
›es not appear: The noble profeſſions of arms,
ıyſic, and philoſophy had taken their turns in
er good graces, but for the credit they gained by
he account, I think it is pretty equally divided
mongſt them—

" So help me, Venus! as I'm fairly ſick,
" Sick to the ſoul, my Pythias, of this trade:——
" No more on't! I'll be no man's miſtreſs, I:
" Don't talk to me of Deſtiny; I've done with't;

" I'll

" I'll hear no prophecies—for mark me well——
" No ſooner did I buckle to this buſineſs,
" Than ſtrait behold a Man of War aſſail'd me——
" He told me of his battles o'er and o'er,
" Shew'd me good ſtock of ſcars, but none of caſh,
" No, not a doit—but ſtill he vapour'd much
" Of what a certain prince would do, and talk'd
" Of this and that commiſſion——in the clouds,
" By which he gull'd me of a twelvemonth's hope,
" Liv'd at free coſt, and fed me upon love.
" At length I ſent my man of valour packing,
" And a grave ſon of Phyſic fill'd his place:
" My houſe now ſeem'd an hoſpital of Lazars,
" And the vile beggar mangled without mercy,
" A very hangman bath'd in human gore.
" My Soldier was a prince compar'd to this,
" For his were merry fibs; this ſon of Death
" Turn'd every thing he touch'd into a corpſe.
" When Fortune who had yet good ſtore of ſpies,
" Now coupled me to a moſt learn'd Philoſopher;
" Plenty of beard he had, a cloak withal,
" Enough to ſpare of each, and moral maxims
" More than I could digeſt, but money——none;
" His ſect abhorr'd it; 'twas a thing proſcrib'd
" By his philoſophy, an evil root,
" An when I aſk'd him for a taſte, 'twas poiſon;
" Still I demanded it, and for the reaſon
" That he ſo ſlightly priz'd it——all in vain——
" I could not wring a drachma from his clutches——
" Defend me, Heaven! from all philoſophers!"

SOTADES.

Sotades was a native Athenian, an elegant ter and in great favour with the theatre. I preſent the reader with one of his fragm which will be a ſtrong contraſt to the fore one, and which ſeems to prove, amongſt i other inſtances, how much the grave and l mental comedy now began to be in faſhion the Athenians.

" Is there a man, juſt, honeſt, nobly born?——
" Malice ſhall hunt him down. Does wealth attend
" him?
" Trouble is hard behind——Conſcience direct?——
" Beggary is at his heels: Is he an Artiſt?——
" Farewell, repoſe! An equal upright Judge?——
" Report ſhall blaſt his virtues: Is he ſtrong?——
" Sickneſs ſhall ſap his ſtrength; account that day,
" Which brings no new miſchance, a day of reſt;
" For what is man? what matter is he made of?
" How born? what is he, and what ſhall he be?
" What an unnatural parent is this world,
" To foſter none but villains, and deſtroy
" All, who are benefactors to mankind!
" What was the fate of Socrates?——A priſon,
" A doſe of poiſon; tried, condemn'd and kill'd:
" How died Diogenes?——As a dog dies,
" With a raw morſel in his hungry throat:
" Alas for Æſchylus! muſing he walk'd,
" The ſoaring eagle dropt a tortoiſe down,
" And cruſh'd that brain, where Tragedy had birth:
" A paltry grape-ſtone choak'd the *Athenian Bee*:
" Maſtiffs of Thrace devour'd Euripides,
" And god-like Homer, woe the while! was ſtarv'd——
" Thus life, blind life terms with perpetual woes."

There is a melancholy grandeur in theſe ſentiments with a ſimplicity of expreſſion, which prove to us that theſe authors occaſionally digreſſed from the gay ſpirit of comedy into paſſages not only of the moſt ſerious, but ſublimeſt caſt; and I am perſuaded this ſpecimen of the poet Sotades, notwithſtanding the diſadvantages of tranſlation, will ſtrike the reader as an inſtance in point. Where but one fragment is to be found of a writer's works, and that one of ſo elevated a character, muſt it not impreſs the mind with deep regret to think how many noble ſtrains of poetry, how many elegant and brilliant turns of wit theſe

compoſitions would have furniſhed, had they c
down to us entire? and may I not flatter my
that as many as feel this regret, will look
candour upon theſe attempts?

STRATON.

This poet ſupplies us with the names of
comedies and the ſmall bequeſt of one fragme
it is however an acceptable one, being intereſt
as recounting part of a dialogue, which to a
tain degree gives ſome diſplay of character,
alſo as being of a facetious, comic caſt in the
racter of familiar life. The ſpeaker is ſome
ter of a family, who is complaining to his co
panion in the ſcene of the whimſical, conce
humour of his cook—

" I've harbour'd a He-Sphinx and not a Cook,
" For by the Gods he talk'd to me in riddles
" And coin'd new words that poſe me to interpret.
" No ſooner had he enter'd on his office,
" Than, eyeing me from head to foot, he cries——
" *How many mortals haſt thou bid to ſupper?*
" Mortals! quoth I, what tell you me of mortals?
" Let Jove decide on their mortality;
" You're crazy ſure; none by that name are bidden.
" *No Table-Uſher? no one to officiate*
" *At Maſter of the Courſes!*——No ſuch perſon;
" Moſchion and Niceratus and Philinus,
" Theſe are my gueſts and friends, and amongſt theſe
" You'll find no table-decker as I take it.
" *Gods! is it poſſible?* cried he: Moſt certain
" I patiently replied; He ſwell'd and huff'd,
" As if forſooth I had done him heinous wrong,
" And robb'd him of his proper dignity;
" Ridiculous conceit!——*What offering mak'ſt thou*
" *To Averſichthon?* he demanded: None——
" *Shall not the wide-born'd ox be ſell'd!* cries he;

" I ſacri

"I ſacrifice no ox—*Nor yet a wether?*
"Not I, by Jove; a ſimple ſheep perhaps:
"*And what's a wether but a ſheep! cries h.*
"I'm a plain man, my friend, and therefore ſpeak
"Plain language:—*What! I ſpeak as Homer does;*
"*And ſure a cook may uſe like privilege*
"*And more than a blind poet*—Not with me;
"I'll have no kitchen-Homers in my houſe;
"So pray diſcharge yourſelf!—This ſaid, we parted."

N° CVI.

THEOPHILUS.

THE fragments of this poet ſupply me with a paſſage upon the fertile ſubject of love, which is of a very lively caſt, and in a miſcellaneous collection like this certainly deſerves to be received as one of the beauties of the Greek ſtage—

"If love be folly as the ſchools wou'd prove,
"The man muſt loſe his wits who falls in love;
"Deny him love, you doom the wretch to death,
"And then it follows he muſt loſe his breath,
"Good ſooth! there is a young and dainty maid
"I dearly love, a minſtrel ſhe by trade;
"What then? muſt I defere to pedant rule,
"And own that love transforms me to a fool?
"Not I, ſo help me! By the Gods I ſwear,
"The nymph I love is faireſt of the fair;
"Wiſe, witty, dearer to her poet's ſight,
"Than piles of money on an author's night;
"Muſt I not love her then? Let the dull ſot,
"Who made the law, obey it! I will not."

We have the names of ſeven comedies aſcribed to this author.

TIMOCLES.

Of this name we have two comic poets upon record, one of whom was an Athenian born, and to him Suidas aſcribes ſix comedies; of the other's birth-place we have no account, but of his plays we have eleven titles, and the fragments of both are quoted indiſcriminately: Amongſt theſe I have ſelected one, which is ſo far matter of curioſity as it gives ſome deſcription of the illuſtrious orator Demoſthenes—

" Bid me ſay any thing rather than this;
" But on this theme Demoſthenes himſelf
" Shall ſooner check the torrent of his ſpeech
" Than I—Demoſthenes! that angry orator,
" That bold Briareus, whoſe tremendous throat,
" Charg'd to the teeth with battering-rams and ſpears,
" Beats down oppoſers; brief in ſpeech was he,
" But, croſt in argument, his threat'ning eyes
" Flaſh'd fire, whilſt thunder vollied from his lips."

To one of the poets of the name of Timocles, but to which I know not, we are alſo indebted for a complimentary alluſion to the powers of Tragedy; it is the only inſtance of the ſort, which the Greek Comedy now furniſhes, and I am gratified by the diſcovery, not only for the intrinſic merit of the paſſage, but for the handſome tribute which it pays to the moral uſes of the tragic drama.

" Nay,

" Nay, my good friend, but hear me! I confeſs
" Man is the child of ſorrow, and this world,
" In which we breathe, hath cares enough to plague us,
" But it hath means withal to ſooth theſe cares,
" And he, who meditates on other's woes,
" Shall in that meditation loſe his own:
" Call then the tragic poet to your aid,
" Hear him, and take inſtruction from the ſtage:
" Let Telephus appear, behold a prince,
" A ſpectacle of poverty and pain,
" Wretched in both.—And what if you are poor?
" Are you a demi-god! are you the ſon
" Of Hercules? begone! complain no more.
" Doth your mind ſtruggle with diſtracting thoughts?
" Do your wits wander? are you mad? Alas!
" So was Alcmæon, whilſt the world ador'd
" His father as their God. Your eyes are dim;
" What then? the eyes of Oedipus were dark,
" Totally dark. You mourn a ſon; he's dead;
" Turn to the tale of Niobe for comfort,
" And match your loſs with her's. You're lame of foot;
" Compare it with the foot of Philoctetes,
" And make no more complaint. But you are old,
" Old and unfortunate; conſult Oëneus;
" Hear what a king endur'd, and learn content.
" Sum up your miſeries, number up your ſighs,
" The tragic ſtage ſhall give you tear for tear,
" And waſh out all afflictions but its own."

With the poet XENARCHUS, author of eight dramas, I conclude my catalogue of the writers of the Middle Comedy; one ſhort but ſpirited apoſtrophe I collect from this poet, and I offer it in its naturalized ſtate as a ſmall remembrance of my zeal to catch at every relique of his ſhip-wrecked muſe.

" Ah faithleſs women! when you ſwear
" I regiſter your oaths in air."

I have now produced a liſt of comic poets, thirty-two in number, who were celebrated writers for the Athenian ſtage within the period we have been reviewing, and in theſe tranſlations the reader has before him every thing that time has ſpared of their productions except a few ſhort and inſignificant ſentences, which had nothing to recommend them: The imperfect anecdotes here given of the ſeveral authors may be thought to contain very little intereſting matter, but it has been no ſlight taſk to collect even theſe, and I am perſuaded that my ſearch has left nothing behind, which can give any further elucidation to the ſubject; if I were as ſecure of not having treſpaſſed upon the public patience through too much diligence and minuteneſs, I ſhould diſmiſs my anxiety.

The period of the Middle Comedy was of ſhort duration, and thirty-two comic authors are no inconſiderable number to have flouriſhed within that æra; yet we may well ſuppoſe others, and probably many others, did exiſt within the time, of whom no memorial whatever now ſurvives: Moſt of theſe names, which I have now for the firſt time brought together, will I dare ſay be new even to my learned readers, for not many men of a ſtudious turn, and fewer ſtill of claſſical taſte, will dedicate their time to thoſe dry and deterring books, in which theſe ſcattered reliques were depoſited, and on which they have hitherto depended for their almoſt deſperate chance of being reſcued from extinction. I mention this not oſtentatiouſly as taking credit on the ſcore of induſtry and diſcovery, but hoping that the labour

of

of the taſk will be ſome apology on my behalf to ſuch of my readers (if any ſuch to my ſorrow ſhall be found) who, having purchaſed theſe volumes with an eye to amuſement only, may have been tired by the peruſal of theſe papers, or, not caring to peruſe them, have been caſhiered of the juſt proportions of a volume.

To the candour of all thoſe monthly publications, which are concerned in the review of new books, I profeſs myſelf to be very highly indebted; that they have admitted and commended the ſincere and moral motives of my undertaking, is above meaſure gratifying to me; in this particular I know I have a juſt claim to their good report, becauſe they cannot credit me for more real love to mankind and more cordial zeal for their ſocial intereſts, than I truly have at heart, but for my ſucceſs as an author, (which has ſo much exceeded my expectations) I cannot deceive myſelf ſo far as to aſcribe it wholly to my own merits, when I muſt know how great a ſhare of it was the natural reſult of their recommending me to the world.

As I have not found any hints in theſe Reviews, nor in the reports which have come home to me, that have tended to diſcourage me in the proſecution of theſe reſearches into the characters and remains of the Greek dramatiſts, I have gone on with ardour, and ſhall go on, if life is granted me, to the end; the writers therefore of *The New Comedy* will come next under my review, and as we deſcend in time, we ſhall encreaſe in matter; the celebrated names of Menander, Philemon, Diphilus, Apollodorus and

ſome few beſides, are not wholly left without record, every fragment that bears their ſtamp has been accounted ſo venerable, that ſome of the greateſt ſcholars of modern times have thought it an office of honour to be employed in the collection of them; none of theſe however have found their way into our language, and as I flatter myſelf theſe of the *Middle Comedy* have riſen upon their predeceſſors, I hope what is next to follow will not baulk the climax; my beſt care and fidelity ſhall be applied to the tranſlations of ſuch as I ſhall ſelect for the purpoſe, and as I have generally found the ſimplicity of their ſtile and ſentiment accord beſt to the eaſy metre of our old Engliſh dramatiſts, I ſhall moſtly endeavour to cloathe them in the dreſs of thoſe days, when Jonſon, Fletcher and Maſſinger ſupported the ſtage. To theſe I ſhall probably add ſome ſelections from Ariſtophanes, which I would not inſert in their place, being aware that extracts upon a large ſcale would comparatively have extinguiſhed their contemporaries, when ſet beſide them upon a very contracted one.

Upon the whole it will be my ambition to give to the world what has never yet been attempted, a compleat collection of the beauties of the Greek ſtage in our own language from the remains of more than fifty comic poets.

N° CVII.

Omnes eodem cogimur; omnium
Verſatur urna ſerius ocius
Sors exitura.——— HORAT. CARM.

All to the ſame laſt home are bound;
Time's never-weary wheel runs round;
And life at longeſt or at ſhorteſt date
Snaps like a thread betwixt the ſhears of Fate.

I REMEMBER to have been told of a certain humoriſt, who ſet up a very ſingular doctrine upon the ſubject of death, aſſerting that he had diſcovered it to be not a neceſſary and inevitable event, but an act of choice and volition; he maintained that he had certain powers and reſources within himſelf ſufficient to ſupport him in his reſolution of holding out againſt the ſummons of death, till he became weary of life; and he pledged himſelf to his friends, that he would in his own perſon give experimental proof of his hypotheſis.

What particular addreſs death made uſe of, when this ingenious gentleman was prevailed upon to ſtep out of the world, I cannot take upon myſelf to ſay; but certain it is, that in ſome weak moment he was over-perſuaded to lay his head calmly on the pillow and ſurrender up his breath.

Though an event, ſo contrary to the promiſe he had given, muſt have been a ſtaggering circumſtance to many, who were intereſted in the

ſucceſs of his experiment, yet I ſee good reaſon to ſuſpect that his hypotheſis is not totally diſcredited; and that he has yet ſome ſurviving diſciples, who are acting ſuch a part in this world *as* nobody would act but upon a ſtrong preſumption, that they ſhall not be compelled to go out of *it* and enter upon another.

Mortality, it muſt be owned, hath means of providing for the event of death, though none have yet been diſcovered of preventing it: Religion and virtue are the great phyſicians of the ſoul; patience and reſignation are the nurſing-mothers of the human heart in ſickneſs and in ſorrow; conſcience can ſmooth the pillow under an aching head, and Chriſtian hope adminiſters a cordial even in our laſt moments, that lulls the agonies of death: But where is the need of theſe had this diſcovery been eſtabliſhed? why call in phyſicians and reſort to cordials, if we can hold danger at a diſtance without their help? I am to preſume therefore, that every human being, who makes his own will his maſter, and goes all lengths in gratifying his guilty paſſions without reſtraint, muſt rely upon his own will for keeping him out of all danger of future trouble, or he would never commit himſelf ſo confidentially and entirely to a maſter, which can give him no ſecurity in return for his blind obedience and devotion: All perſons of this deſcription I accordingly ſet down in the lump as converts to the doctrine of the learned gentleman, who advanced the intereſting diſcovery above-mentioned, but who unluckily miſſed ſome ſtep in the proof, that was to have eſtabliſhed it.

To

To what lengths of credulity they may really go is hard to ſay, but ſome ſuch hopes as theſe muſt buoy them up, becauſe I cannot think that any man would be wilfully wicked, fraudulent, perfidious, avaricious, cruel, or whatever elſe is deteſtable in the eye of God, if he ſaw death, his meſſenger, at the door; and I am even unwilling to believe, that he would be wantonly guilty, was he only convinced, that when death ſhall come to the door, he muſt be obliged to admit him; for if this be ſo, and if admiſſion may not be denied, then hath death a kind of viſitatorial power over us, which makes him not a gueſt to be invited at our pleaſure, but a lord and maſter of the houſe, to enter in at his own, and (which is worſt of all) without giving notice to us to provide for his entertainment. What man is ſuch a fool in common life, as to take up his abode in a tenement, of which he is ſure to be diſpoſſeſſed, and yet neglect to prepare himſelf againſt a ſurpriſe, which he is ſubject to every moment of the day and night? We are not apt to overlook our own intereſts and ſafety in worldly concerns, and therefore when the ſoul is given up to ſin, I muſt ſuſpect ſome error in the brain.

What ſhall I ſay to perſuade the inconſiderate that they exiſt upon the precarious ſufferance of every moment, that paſſes over them in ſucceſſion? how ſhall I warn a giddy fool not to play his antick tricks and caper on the very utmoſt edge of a precipice? Who will guide the reeling drunkard in his path, and teach him to avoid the graveſtones of his fellow-ſots, ſet up by death as marks and ſignals to appriſe him of his danger? If the

voice

voice of nature, depoſing to the evidence of life's deceitful tenure from the beginning of things to the moment preſent, will neither gain audience nor belief, what can the moraliſt expect?

Which of all thoſe headlong voluptuaries, who ſeem in ſuch haſte to get to the end of life, is poſſeſſed of the art of prolonging it at pleaſure? to whom has the ſecret been imparted? Either they are deceived by a vain hope of evading death, or there is ſomething in a life of diſſipation not worth preſerving. I am aſtoniſhed at the ſtupidity of any man, who can deny himſelf the gratification of conſcious integrity: The proud man muſt be a conſummate blockhead to take ſuch weariſome pains for a little extorted flattery of the moſt ſervile ſort, and overlook the ready means of gaining general reſpect upon the nobleſt terms: Is it not an abuſe of language and an inſult to common ſenſe for a ſilly fellow to announce himſelf to the world as a man of pleaſure, when there is not an action in his life, but leaves a ſting behind it to belye the character he profeſſes? Can one fellow-creature find amuſement in tormenting another? Is it poſſible there can be a recreation in malice, when it ſlanders the innocent; in fraud, when it cheats the unſuſpecting; in perfidy, when it betrays a benefactor? If any being, who does me wrong, will juſtify himſelf againſt the wrong by confeſſing, that he takes delight in injury, I will own to one inſtance of human depravity, which till that ſhall happen I will perſiſt to hope is not in exiſtence: The fact is that all men have that reſpect for juſtice, that they attempt to ſhelter their very worſt actions under its defence; and

nd even thoſe contemptible pilferers of reputati-
n, who would be as much unknown by their
ames as they are by the concealment of them,
ualify (I am perſuaded) the dirty deed they are
bout by ſome convenient phantom of offence in
he character they aſſault; even their hands can-
not be raiſed to ſtrike without prefacing the blow
by ſaying to themſelves—*This man deſerves to die.*
—Fooliſh wretches, what computation muſt they
make of life, who devote ſo great a portion of
it to miſeries and reproaches of their own creating!

Let a rational creature for once talk common
ſenſe to himſelf, and if no better words than the
following occur to his thoughts, let him make uſe
of them; he is heartily welcome to the loan.

"I know there is a period in approach, when
I muſt encounter an enemy to my life, whoſe
power is irreſiſtible: This is a very ſerious thing
for me to reflect upon, and knowing it to be a
truth infallible, I am out of hope, that I can ſo
far forget the terms of my exiſtence, as totally to
expel it from my thoughts: If I could foreſee the
preciſe hour, when this enemy will come, I would
provide againſt it as well as I am able, and fortify
my mind to receive him with ſuch complacency as
I could muſter: But of this hour I have alas! no
foreſight; it may be this moment, or the next,
or years may intervene before it comes to paſs: It
behoves me then to be upon my guard: He may
approach in terrors, that agoniſe me to think of;
he may ſeize my ſoul in the commiſſion of ſome
dreadful act and tranſport it to a place, whoſe
horrors have no termination: I will not then
commit that dreadful act, becauſe I will not ex-
poſe

poſe myſelf to that dreadful puniſhment: It is in my own choice to refrain from it, and I am not ſuch a deſperate fool to make choice of miſery: If I act with this precaution, will he ſtill appear in this ſhape of terror? Certainly he will not, nor can he in juſtice tranſport me to a place of puniſhment, when I have committed nothing to deſerve it: Whither then will he convey me? To the manſions of everlaſting happineſs: Where are my fears? What is now become of his terrors? He is my paſſport, my conductor, my friend: I will welcome him with embraces; I will ſmile upon him with gratitude, and accompany him with exultation."

N° CVIII.

HOWEVER diſpoſed we may be to execrate the bloody act of the regicides, yet we muſt admit the errors and miſconduct of Charles's unhappy reign to be ſuch as cannot be palliated; in our pity for his fate we muſt not forget the hiſtory of his failings, nor, whilſt we are ſympathiſing in the pathos of the tragedy, overlook its moral.

Four ſucceſſive parliaments, improvidently diſſolved, were ſufficient warnings for the fifth to fall upon expedients for ſecuring to themſelves a more permanent duration by laying ſome reſtraints upon a prerogative ſo wantonly exerted.

Let

Let us call to mind the inauſpicious commencement of this monarch's reign; before the ceremony of his coronation had taken place, he eſpouſed a ſiſter of France and ſet a catholic princeſs on the throne of a proteſtant kingdom, ſcarce cool from the ferment of religious jealouſies, recently emancipated from the yoke of Rome and of courſe intolerant through terror, if not by principle: The moſt obnoxious man in the kingdom was Montagu, author of the proſcribed tract, intitled *Apello Cæſarem*, and him Charles enrolled in his liſt of royal chaplains: By throwing himſelf incontinently into the hands of Buckingham he ſhewed his people they were to expect a reign of favoritiſm, and the choice of the miniſter marked the character of the monarch: He levied muſters for the Palatinate of twelve thouſand men, exacted contributions for coat and conduct-money, declared martial law in the kingdom, and furniſhed his brother of France with a ſquadron of ſhips for the unpopular reduction of Rochelle, and the mariners refuſed the ſervice: Theſe meaſures ſtirred the parliament then ſitting to move for a redreſs of grievances, before they provided for his debts, and their remonſtrances provoked him upon the inſtant to diſſolve them.

Every one of theſe proceedings took place before his coronation, and form the melancholy prelude to his miſguided government.

A ſecond parliament was called together, and to intimidate them from reſuming their redreſs of grievances and divert their attempts from the perſon of his favorite, he haughtily informs them, *that he cannot ſuffer an enquiry even on the meaneſt*

of

of his ſervants. What was to be expected from ſuch a menacing declaration? They, diſdaining *illam oſculari, quâ ſunt oppreſſi, manum*, proceed to impeach Buckingham; the king commits the managers of that proceſs to the tower, and reſorting to his prerogative, diſſolves his ſecond parliament as ſuddenly, and more angrily, than his firſt.

A third parliament meets, and in the interim new grievances of a more awakening ſort had ſupplied them with an ample field for complaint and remonſtrance; in the intermiſſion of their ſittings, he had exacted a loan, which they interpreted a tax without parliament, and of courſe a flagrant violation of the conſtitution; this he enforced with ſo high a hand, that ſeveral gentlemen of name in their counties had been committed to cloſe impriſonment for refuſing payment; ſhip-money alſo at this time began to be queſtioned as an intolerable grievance, and being one of the reſources for enabling the crown to govern without a parliament, it was conſidered by many as a violation of their rights, an inequitable and oppreſſive tax, which ought to be reſiſted, and accordingly it was reſiſted: This parliament therefore after a ſhort and inefficient ſitting ſhared the ſudden fate of its predeceſſors.

The ſame precipitancy, greater blindneſs, a more confirmed habit of obſtinacy and a heightened degree of aggravation marked this period of intermiſſion from parliaments, for now the leading members of the late houſe were ſent to cloſe impriſonment in the Tower, and informa-

tion-

tions were lodged againſt them in the Star-Chamber.

The troubles in Scotland made it neceſſary for the king once more to have reſort to a parliament; they met for the fourth time on the thirteenth of April 1640, and the fifth day of the following month ſent them back to their conſtituents to tell thoſe grievances in the ears of the people, which their ſovereign diſdained to liſten to. Ill-counſelled ſovereign! but will that word apologize for conduct ſo intemperate? It cannot: A mind, ſo flexible towards evil counſel, can poſſeſs no requiſites for government: What hope now remained for moderate meaſures, when the people's repreſentatives ſhould again aſſemble? In this fatal moment the fuel was prepared and the match lighted, to give life to the flames of civil war; already Scotland had ſet thoſe ſparks into a blaze; the king unable to extinguiſh the conflagration by his own power and reſources, for the fifth and laſt time convenes his parliament; but it was now too late for any confidence or mutual harmony to ſubſiſt between the crown and commons; on the third of November following their laſt diſſolution the new-elected members take poſſeſſion of their ſeats, and the houſe ſoon reſounds with reſolutions for the impeachment of the miniſter Strafford and the primate Laud: The humbled monarch confirms the fatal bill of attainder and ſends Strafford to the ſcaffold; he ratifies the act for ſecuring parliament againſt future diſſolution, and ſubſcribes to his own death-warrant with the ſame pen.

The

The proceedings of this famous parliament are of a mixed nature; in many we diſcern the true ſpirit of patriotiſm, and not a few ſeem dictated by revenge and violence: The Courts of High Commiſſion and Star-Chamber are aboliſhed, and poſterity applauds their deliverers; the city-croſſes are pulled down, the biſhops ſent to the Tower, and their whole order menaced with expulſion from parliament, and here we diſcover the firſt dawnings of fanatic phrenſy: An incurable breach is made in the conſtitution; its branches are diſſevered, and the axe of rebellion is laid to the root of the tree: The royal ſtandard is ſet up; the father of his people becomes the general of a party, and the land is floated with the blood of its late peaceable inhabitants: Great characters ſtart forth in the concuſſion, great virtues and great vices: Equal courage and ſuperior conduct at length prevail for the leaders of the people; a fanatic champion carries all before him; the ſovereign ſurrenders himſelf weakly, capitulates feebly, negotiates deceitfully and dies heroically.

And this is the reign, this the exit of a king! Let kings ponder it, for it is a leſſon, humbling perhaps to their pride of ſtation, but pointedly addreſſed to their inſtruction.

If there is a truſt in life, which calls upon the conſcience of a man who undertakes it more ſtrongly than any other, it is that of the education of an heir-apparent to a crown: The training ſuch a pupil is a taſk indeed; how to open his mind to a proper knowledge of mankind without letting in that knowledge, which inclines to evil; how to hold off flattery and yet admit familiarity;

how

w to give the lights of information and ſhut t the falſe colours of ſeduction, demands a lgment for diſtinguiſhing and an authority for ntrouling, which few governors in that delicate uation ever poſſeſs, or can long retain: To edu:e a prince, born to reign over an enlightened ople, upon the narrow ſcale of ſecret and ſeeſtered tuition, would be an abuſe of common ıſe; to let him looſe upon the world is no leſs zardous in the other extreme, and each would obably devote him to an inglorious deſtiny: ıat he ſhould know the leading characters in the untry he is to govern, be familiar with its hiſy, its conſtitution, manners, laws and liber-s, and correctly comprehend the duties and diıctions of his own hereditary office, are points ıt no one will diſpute: That he ſhould travel rough his kingdom I can hardly doubt, but whe:r thoſe excurſions ſhould reach into other tes, politically connected with, or oppoſed to, ; own, is more than I will preſume to lay down a general rule, being aware that it muſt depend on perſonal circumſtances: Splendor he may be lulged in, but exceſs in that, as in every thing :, muſt be avoided, for the miſchiefs cannot be mbered, which it will entail upon him; exceſs :xpence will ſubject him to obligations of a deıding ſort; exceſs in courteſy will lay him open the forward and aſſuming, raiſe mountains o ɔectation about him, and all of them under-f ıed by diſappointment, ready charged for exſion, when the hand of preſumption ſhall ſet to the train: Exceſs in pleaſure will lower him :haracter, deſtroy health, reſpect, and that becoming

coming dignity of mind, that conſcious rectitude, which is to direct and ſupport him; when he becomes the diſpenſer of juſtice to his ſubjects, the protector and defender of their religion, the model for their imitation, and the ſovereign arbiter of life and death in the execution of every legal condemnation: To court popularity is both derogatory and dangerous, nor ſhould he, who is deſtined to rule over the whole, condeſcend to put himſelf in the league of a party: To be a protector of learning and a patron of the arts, is worthy of a prince, but let him beware how he ſinks himſelf into a pedant or a virtuoſo: It is a mean talent which excels in trifles; the fine arts are more likely to flouriſh under a prince, whoſe ignorance of them is qualified by general and impartial good will towards their profeſſors, than by one, who is himſelf a dabbler; for ſuch will always have their favorites, and favoritiſm never fails to irritate the minds of men of genius concerned in the ſame ſtudies, and turns the ſpirit of emulation into the gall of acrimony

Above all things let it be his inviolable maxim to diſtinguiſh ſtrongly and pointedly in his attentions between men of virtuous morals and men of vicious: There is nothing ſo glorious and at the ſame time nothing ſo eaſy; if his countenance turned to men of principle and character, if he beſtows his ſmile upon the worthy only, he need be at little pains to frown upon the profligate, for ſuch vermin will crawl out of his path and ſhrink away from his preſence: Glittering talents will have no paſſport for diſſolute morals, and ambition will then be retained in no other cauſe, but the

of virtue; men will not chuſe crooked paſſages and bye-alleys to preferment, when the broad highway of honeſty is laid open and ſtrait before them. A prince, though he gives a good example in his own perſon, what does he profit the world, if he draws it back again by the bad examples of thoſe, whom he employs and favors? Better might it be for a nation, to ſee a libertine on its throne ſurrounded by virtuous counſellors, than to contemplate a virtuous ſovereign, delegating his authority to unprincipled and licentious ſervants.

The king, who declares his reſolution of countenancing the virtuous only amongſt his ſubjects, ſpeaks the language of an honeſt man; if he makes good his declaration, he performs the functions of one, and earns the bleſſings of a righteous king; a life of glory in this world, and an immortality of happineſs in the world to come.

No. CIX.

N° CIX.

I WAS ſurpriſed the other day to find c learned poet Ben Jonſon had been poaching an obſcure collection of love-letters, written the ſophiſt Philoſtratus in a very rhapſodical ſt merely for the purpoſe of ſtringing together a par of unnatural, far-fetched conceits, more calc lated to diſguſt a man of Jonſon's claſſic taſ than to put him upon the humble taſk of copyi them, and then fathering the tranſlation. T little poem he has taken from this deſpicable phiſt is now become a very popular ſong, and the ninth in his collection intitled *The Foreſt*.

I will take the liberty of inſerting Jonſo tranſlation, and compare it with the origin ſtanza by ſtanza—

I.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiſs but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

« PHILOSTRATUS, Letter XXIV.

« Ἐμοὶ δὲ μόνοις πρόπινε τοῖς ὄμμασιν—*Drink to*
« *with thine eyes only.* Ἐι δὲ βούλει, τοῖς χείλεσι πρ
« φέρουσα, πλήρου φιλημά των τὸ ἔκπωμα, καὶ οὐ τως δι

«

" *Or if thou wilt, putting the cup to thy lips, fill it* " *with kiſſes and ſo beſtow it upon me.*"

II.

The thirſt, that from the ſoul doth riſe,
Demands a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar ſip,
I wou'd not change for thine.

" PHIL. Letter XXV.

" Ἐγω, ἐπειδὰν ἴδω σε, διψῶ, καὶ τὸ ἔκπωμα κατέχων, " καὶ τὸ μὲν σὺ προσάγω τοῖς χείλεσι σῦ δὲ οἶδα πίνων. " *I, as ſoon as I behold thee, thirſt, and taking hold* " *of the cup, do not indeed apply that to my lips for* " *drink, but thee.*"

III.

I ſent thee late a roſy wreath,
Not ſo much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It might not withered be.

" PHIL. Letter XXX.

" Πεπεμφὰ σοι στέφανον ῥοδων, ὃ σέ τιμῶν, (καὶ τῦτο " μὲν γάρ) ἀλλ' αὐτοῖς τι χαριζόμενος τοῖς ῥόδοις, ἵνα μὴ " μαρανθῇ. *I ſend thee a roſy wreath, not ſo*

" *much*

" *much honoring thee (though this alſo is in my* " *thoughts) as beſtowing favor upon the roſes, that* " *ſo they might not be withered.*"

IV.

But thou thereon didſt only breathe,
And ſent'ſt it back to me,
Since when it grows and ſmells I ſwear
Not of itſelf, but thee.

" PHIL. Letter XXXI.

" Εἰ δὲ βούλει τί φίλῳ χαρίζεσθαι, τὰ λείψανα ἀντῶν,
" ἀντίπεμψον, μηκέτι πνέοντα ῥόδον μόνον ἀλλὰ καὶ σῦ.
" *If thou would'ſt do a kindneſs to thy lover,*
" *ſend back the reliques of the roſes* [*I gave thee,*]
" *for they will ſmell no longer of themſelves only, but*
" *of thee.*"

When the learned poet publiſhed his love-ſong without any acknowledgment to Philoſtratus, I hope the reaſon of his omitting it was becauſe he did not chuſe to call the public curioſity to a peruſal of ſuch unſeemly and unnatural rhapſodies, as he had condeſcended to copy from.

Now I am upon the ſubject of Ben Jonſon I ſhall take notice of two paſſages in *The Induction on the Stage*, prefixed to his play of *Bartholomew Fair*, in which he gives a ſly glance at Shakeſpear —*And then a ſubſtantial watch to have ſtolen in upon them, and taken them away with miſtaking words, as the faſhion is in the ſtage practice.*—It is plain he has

has *Dogberry* and *Verges* in his eye, and no leſs ſo in the following, that he points his ridicule againſt *Caliban* and the romance of *The Tempeſt*—*If there be never a* ſervant-monſter *in the fair who can help it*, he ſays, *nor a neſt of anticks? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like thoſe that beget tales*, Tempeſts *and ſuch like drolleries, to mix his head with other mens heels.*—If any of our commentators upon Shakeſpear have anticipated my remark upon theſe inſtances of Jonſon's propenſities to carp at their favorite poet, I have overlooked the annotation, but when I find him recommending to his audience ſuch a *farrago* of vulgar ribaldry as *Bartholomew Fair*, by pretending to exalt it above ſuch exquiſite productions as *The Tempeſt* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, it is an act of warrantable retaliation to expoſe his vanity.

It is not always however that he betakes himſelf to theſe maſked attacks upon that ſublime genius, which he profeſſed to admire almoſt to idolatry, it muſt be owned he ſometimes meets him upon equal ground, and nobly contends with laudable emulation for the chaplet of victory: What I now particularly have in my eye is his *Maſque of the Queens*.

Many ingenious obſervations have been given to the public upon Shakeſpear's *Imaginary Beings*; his Caliban, Ariel and all his family of witches, ghoſts and fairies have been referred to as examples of his creative fancy, and with reaſon has his ſuperioirty been aſſerted in the fabrication of theſe præternatural machines, and as to the art, with which he has woven them into the

fables of his dramas, and the incidents he has produced by their agency, he is in theſe particulars ſtill more indiſputably unrivalled; the language he has given to Caliban, and no leſs characteriſtically to his Ariel, is ſo original, ſo inimitable, that it is more like magic than invention, and his fairy poetry is as happy as it can be: It were a jeſt to compare Æſchylus's ghoſt of Darius, or any ghoſt that ever walked with the *perturbed ſpirit* of Hamlet: Great and merited encomiums have alſo been paſſed upon the *weird ſiſters* in that wonderful drama, and a decided preference given them over the famous *Erichtho* of Lucan: Preferable they doubtleſs are, if we contemplate them in their dramatic characters, and take into our account the grand and awful commiſſion, which they bear in that ſcene of tragic terror; but of their poetical ſuperiority, ſimply conſidered, I have ſome doubts; let me add to this, that when the learned commentator was inſtancing Lucan's Erichtho, it is matter of ſome wonder with me, how he came to overlook Jonſon's witches in the *Maſque of the Queens*.

As he has not however prevented me of the honour of bringing theſe two poetic champions together into the liſts, I will avail myſelf of the occaſion, and leave it with the ſpectators to decide upon the conteſt. I will only, as their herald, give notice that the combatants are enchanters, and he that has no taſte for necromancy, nor any ſcience in the terms of the art, has no right to give his voice upon the trial of ſkill.

SHAKE-

SHAKESPEAR.

" 1ſt *Witch.* Where haſt thou been, ſiſter?
" 2d —— Killing ſwine.
" 3d —— A ſailor's wife had cheſnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht—Give me,
" quoth I!
Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her huſband's to Aleppo gone, maſter o'th' Tyger;
But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
And like a cat without a tail,
I'll do—I'll do—I'll do.
" 2d *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
" 3d —— Thou art kind.
" 1ſt —— And I another.
" 3d *Witch.* I myſelf have all the other,
" And the very points they blow,
" All the quarters that they know,
" I' th' ſhipman's card.
" I will drain him dry as hay,
" Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
" Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;
" He ſhall live a man forbid;
" Weary ſev'n-nights nine times nine
" Shall he dwindle, peak and pine;
" Tho' his bark cannot be loſt,
" Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.
" Look, what I have.
" 2d *Witch.* Shew me, ſhow me.
" 3d —— Here I have a pilot's thumb,
" Wreckt as homeward he did come.
" 1ſt *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
" Macbeth doth come.
" *All.* The weird ſiſters hand in hand,
" Poſters of the ſea and land,
" Thus do go about, about,
" Thrice to thine and thrice to mine,
" And thrice again to make up nine.
" Peace! the charm's wound up."

JONSON.

" *Dame.* Well done, my hags!——
" But firſt relate me what you have fought,
" Where you have been and what you have brought.
" *1ſt Hag.* I have been all day looking after
" A raven feeding upon a quarter;
" And ſoon as ſhe turn'd her beak to the ſouth,
" I ſnatcht this morſel out of her mouth.
" *2d Hag.* I laſt night lay all alone
" O'th' ground to hear the mandrake grone,
" And pluckt him up, tho' he grew full low,
" And as I had done the cock did crow.
" *6th Hag.* I had a dagger; what did I with that?
" Kill'd an infant, to have his fat;
" A piper it got at a church-ale,
" I bade him again blow wind in its tail.
" *7th Hag.* A murderer yonder was hung in chain
" The ſun and the wind had ſhrunk his veins;
" I bit off a ſinew, I clipt his hair,
" I brought off his rags that danc'd in the air.
8th Hag. The ſcrich-owl's eggs and the feathers bla
" The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,
" I have been getting, and made of his ſkin
" A purſet to keep *Sir Cranion* in.
" *9th Hag.* And I ha' been plucking (plants amon
" Hemlock, henbane, adder's tongue,
" Night-ſhade, moon-wort, libbard's-bane,
" And twice by the dogs was like to be ta'en.
" *11th Hag.* I went to the toad, breeds under the wa
" I charm'd him out, and he came at my call,
" I ſcratcht out the eyes of the owl before,
" I tore the bat's wing—What would you have more
Dame. Yes, I have brought (to help our views)
Horned poppy, cypreſs boughs,
The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The baſiliſk's blood, and the viper's ſkin—
And now our orgies let's begin!

SHAKE

SHAKESPEAR's *Charm.*

" *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
" *2d* —— Twice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
" *3d* —— Harper cries, 'tis time, 'tis time!
" *1ſt* —— Round about the cauldron go,
" In the poiſon'd entrails throw.
" ——Toad, that under the cold ſtone
" Days and nights has thirty-one
" Swelter'd venom ſleeping got,
" Boil thou firſt i' th' charmed pot.
" *All.* Double, double, toil and trouble,
" Fire burn and cauldron bubble!
2d Witch. Fillet of a fenny ſnake
" In the cauldron boil and bake;
" Eye of newt and toe of frog,
" Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
" Adder's fork and blind-worm's ſting,
" Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble!
" *All.* Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble!
" *3d Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravening ſalt-ſea ſhark,
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark;
" Liver of blaſpheming Jew,
" Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew
" Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe,
" Noſe of Turk and Tartar's lips,
" Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
" Ditch-deliver'd of a drab,
" Make the gruel thick and ſlab;
" Add thereto a tyger's chawdron
" For th' ingredients of our cauldron.
" *All.* Double, double, toil and trouble,
" Fire burn and cauldron bubble!
" *1ſt Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood——
" Then the charm is firm and good."

JONSON's.

JONSON's *Charm.*

" The owl is a broad, the bat and the toad,
" And ſo is the cat-a-mountain,
" The ant and the mole ſit both in a hole,
" And frog peeps out of the fountain.
" The gods they do bay and the timbrels play,
" The ſpindle is now a-turning,
The moon it is red and the ſtars are fled,
" And all the ſky is a burning.

2d Charm.

" Deep, oh deep, we lay thee to ſleep,
" We leave thee drink by, if thou chance to be dry,
" Both milk and blood, the dew and the flood.
" We breathe in thy bed, at the foot and the head;
" We cover thee warm, and thou take no harm,
" And when thou doſt wake, dame earth ſhall quake, &c.

3d Charm.

" A cloud of pitch, a ſpur and a ſwitch,
" To haſte him away, and a whirlwind play
" Before and after, with thunder for laughter,
" And ſtorms of joy, of the roaring boy,
" His head of a drake, his tail of a ſnake.

4th Charm.

" About, about and about!
" Till the miſts ariſe and the lights fly out;
" The images neither be ſeen nor felt,
" The woollen burn and the waxen melt;
" Sprinkle your liquors upon the ground,
" And into the air: Around, around!
" Around, around!
" Around, around!
" Till a muſic ſound,
" And the pace be found
" To which we may dance
" And our charms advance."

I ſhou

ıould obſerve that theſe quotations from Jon-
re ſelected partially and not given in conti-
on, as they are to be found in the Maſque,
ı is much too long to be given entire: They
:companied with a commentary by the au-
full of dæmonological learning, which was
y courtly ſtudy in the time of James the firſt,
was an author in that branch of ſuperſtitious
ıtry.

m aware there is little to gratify the reader's
ſity in theſe extracts, and ſtill leſs to diſtract
udgment in deciding between them: They
o far curious however as they ſhew how
gly the characters of the poets are diſtinguiſh-
:ven in theſe fantaſtic ſpecimens; Jonſon
ls upon authorities without fancy, Shake-
employs fancy and creates authorities.

N° CX.

Uſus vetuſto genere, ſed rebus novis.
PROLOG. PHÆD. FAB. lib.

BEN JONSON in his prologue to t comedy of *The Fox* ſays that he wrote it in t ſhort ſpace of five weeks, his words are——

To theſe there needs no lie but this his creature,
Which was two months ſince no feature;
And tho' he dares give them five lives to mend it,
'Tis known five weeks fully penn'd it.

This he delivers in his uſual vaunting ſtile, ſpur ing at the critics and detractors of his day, wh thought to convict him of dulneſs by teſtifying fact to his diligence. The magic movements Shakeſpear's muſe had been ſo noted and applau ed for their ſurpriſing rapidity, that the pub had contracted a very ridiculous reſpect for haſ productions in general, and thought there cou be no better teſt of a poet's genius than the d patch and facility with which he wrote; Jonſ therefore affects to mark his contempt of the pu lic judgment for applauding haſty writers in t couplet preceding thoſe above quoted—

And when his plays come out, think they can ſtout 'en
With ſaying, He was a year about them.

But at the ſame time that he ſhews this contempt very juſtly, he certainly betrays a degree of weakneſs in boaſting of his poetical diſpatch, and ſeems to forget that he had noted Shakeſpear with ſomething leſs than friendly cenſure for the very quality, he is vaunting himſelf upon.

Several comic poets ſince his age have ſeemed to pride themſelves on the little time they expended on their productions; ſome have had the artifice to hook it in as an excuſe for their errors, but it is no leſs evident what ſhare vanity has in all ſuch apologies: Wycherley is an inſtance amongſt theſe, and Congreve tells of his expedition in writing the *Old Bachelor*, yet the ſame man afterwards in his letter to Mr. Dryden pompouſly pronounces that to write one perfect comedy ſhould be the labour of one entire life produced from a concentration of talents, which hardly ever met in any human perſon.

After all it will be confeſſed that the production of ſuch a drama as *The Fox* in the ſpace of five weeks is a very wonderful performance; for it muſt on all hands be conſidered as the maſterpiece of a very capital artiſt, a work, that bears the ſtamp of elaborate deſign, a ſtrong and frequently a ſublime vein of poetry, much ſterling wit, comic humour, happy character, moral ſatire and unrivalled erudition; a work—

Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens
poſſit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum ſeries et fuga temporum.

In this drama the learned reader will find himſelf for ever treading upon claſſic ground; the foot of the poet is ſo fitted and familiarized to the Grecian ſock, that he wears it not with the awkwardneſs of an imitator, but with all the eaſy confidence and authoritative air of a privileged Athenian: Excluſive of Ariſtophanes, in whoſe volume he is perfect, it is plain that even the gleanings and broken fragments of the Greek ſtage had not eſcaped him; in the very firſt ſpeech of Volpone's, which opens the comedy, and in which he rapturouſly addreſſes himſelf to his treaſure, he is to be traced moſt decidedly in the fragments of Menander, Sophocles and Euripides, in Theognis and in Heſiod, not to mention Horace. To follow him through every one would be tedious, and therefore I will give a ſample of one paſſage only; Volpone is ſpeaking to his gold—

Thou being the beſt of things and far tranſcending
All ſtile of joy in children, parents, friends—
Thy looks when they to Venus did aſcribe,
They ſhould have given her twenty thouſand Cupids,
Such are thy beauties and our loves—

Let the curious reader compare this with the following fragment of Euripides's Bellerophon, and he will find it almoſt a tranſlation.

Ὦ χρυσὲ δεξίωμα κάλλιστον βροτοῖς,
Ὡς ὡδὲ μήτης ἡδονὰς τοίας ἔχει,
Οὐ παῖδες ἀνθρώποισιν, οὐ φίλος πατήρ.
Εἰ δ' ἦ Κύπρις τοιοῦτον ὀφθαλμοῦ ἱερᾶ,
Οὐ θᾶνμ' ἔρωτας μυρίους αὐτὴν τρέφειν.

Cicero

Cicero made a ſelection of paſſages from the Greek dramatic authors, which he turned into Latin verſe for the purpoſe of applying them, as occaſion ſhould offer, either in his writings or pleadings, and our learned countryman ſeems on his part to have made the whole circle of Greek and Roman poets his own and naturalized them to our ſtage. If any learned man would employ his leiſure in following his alluſions through this comedy only, I ſhould think it would be no unentertaining taſk.

The Fox is indubitably the beſt production of its author, and in ſome points of ſubſtantial merit yields to nothing, which the Engliſh ſtage can oppoſe to it; there is a bold and happy ſpirit in the fable, it is of moral tendency, female chaſtity and honour are beautifully diſplayed and puniſhment is inflicted on the delinquents of the drama with ſtrict and exemplary juſtice: The characters of the *Hæredipetæ*, depicted under the titles of birds of prey, *Voltore*, *Corbaccio* and *Corvino*, are warmly coloured, happily contraſted and faithfully ſupported from the outſet to the end: *Volpone*, who gives his name to the piece, with a fox-like craftineſs deludes and gulls their hopes by the agency of his inimitable Paraſite, or (as the Greek and Roman authors expreſſed it) by his *Fly*, his *Moſca*; and in this finiſhed portrait Jonſon may throw the gauntlet to the greateſt maſters of antiquity; the character is of claſſic origin; it is found with the contemporaries of Ariſtophanes, though not in any comedy of his now exiſting; the Middle Dramatiſts ſeem to have handled it very frequently, and in the New Comedy it rare-

ly failed to find a place; Plautus has it again and again, but the aggregate merit of all his Paraſites will not weigh in the ſcale againſt this ſingle *Fly* of our poet: The incident of his concealing *Bonario* in the gallery, from whence he breaks in upon the ſcene to the reſcue of Celia and the detection of *Volpone*, is one of the happieſt contrivances, which could poſſibly be deviſed, becauſe at the ſame time that it produces the cataſtrophe, it does not ſacrifice *Moſca's* character in the manner moſt villains are ſacrificed in comedy by making them commit blunders, which do not correſpond with the addreſs their firſt repreſentation exhibits, and which the audience has a right to expect from them throughout, of which the *Double Dealer* is amongſt others a notable inſtance. But this incident of *Bonario's* interference does not only not impeach the adroitneſs of the Paraſite, but it furniſhes a very brilliant occaſion for ſetting off his ready invention and preſence of mind in a new and ſuperior light, and ſerves to introduce the whole machinery of the trial and condemnation of the innocent perſons before the court of *Advocates*: In this part of the fable the contrivance is inimitable, and here the poet's art is a ſtudy, which every votariſt of the dramatic muſes ought to pay attention and reſpect to; had the ſame addreſs been exerted throughout, the conſtruction would have been a matchleſs piece of art, but here we are to lament the haſte of which he boaſts in his prologue, and that rapidity of compoſition, which he appeals to as a mark of genius, is to be lamented as the probable cauſe of incorrectneſs, or at leaſt the beſt and moſt candid plea in excuſe of

of it: For who can deny that nature is violated by the abſurdity of *Volpone's* unſeaſonable inſults to the very perſons, who had witneſſed falſely in his defence, and even to the very *Advocate*, who had ſo ſucceſsfully defended him? Is it in character for a man of his deep cunning and long reach of thought to provoke thoſe, on whom his all depended, to retaliate upon him, and this for the poor triumph of a ſilly jeſt? Certainly this is a glaring defect, which every body muſt lament, and which can eſcape nobody. The poet himſelf knew the weak part of his plot and vainly ſtrives to bolſter it up by making *Volpone* exclaim againſt his own folly—

I am caught in my own nooſe—

And again—

To make a ſnare for mine own neck, and run
My head into it wilfully with laughter!
When I had newly 'ſcap'd, was free and clear,
Out of mere wantonneſs! Oh, the dull devil
Was in this brain of mine, when I devis'd it,
And Moſca gave it ſecond—
—Theſe are my fine conceits!
I muſt be merry, with a miſchief to me!
What a vile wretch was I, that cou'd not bear
My fortune ſoberly! I muſt have my crotchets,
And my conundrums!—

It is with regret I feel myſelf compelled to proteſt againſt ſo pleaſant an epiſode, as that which is carried on by *Sir Politic Wou'd-be* and *Peregrine*, which in fact produces a kind of double plot and cataſtrophe;

cataſtrophe; this is an imperfection in the fable, which criticiſm cannot overlook, but *Sir Politic* is altogether ſo delightful a fellow, that it is impoſſible to give a vote for his excluſion; the moſt that can be done againſt him is to lament that he has not more relation to the main buſineſs of the fable.

The judgment pronounced upon the criminals in the concluſion of the play is ſo juſt and ſolemn, that I muſt think the poet has made a wanton breach of character and gained but a ſorry jeſt by the bargain, when he violates the dignity of his court of judges by making one of them ſo abject in his flattery to the Paraſite upon the idea of matching him with his daughter, when he hears that Volpone has made him his heir; but this is an objection, that lies within the compaſs of two ſhort lines, ſpoken aſide from the bench, and may eaſily be remedied by their omiſſion in repreſentation; it is one only, and that a very ſlight one, amongſt thoſe venial blemiſhes—

—quas incuria fudit.

It does not occur to me that any other remark is left for me to make upon this celebrated drama, that could convey the ſlighteſt cenſure; but very many might be made in the higheſt ſtrain of commendation, if there was need of any more than general teſtimony to ſuch acknowledged merit. *The Fox* is a drama of ſo peculiar a ſpecies, that it cannot be dragged into a compariſon with the production of any other modern poet whatſoever; its conſtruction is ſo diſſimilar from any thing of Shakeſpear's

Shakeſpear's writing, that it would be going greatly out of our way, and a very groſs abuſe of criticiſm to attempt to ſettle the relative degrees of merit, where the characters of the writers are ſo widely oppoſite: In one we may reſpect the profundity of learning, in the other we muſt admire the ſublimity of genius; to one we pay the tribute of underſtanding, to the other we ſurrender up the poſſeſſion of our hearts; Shakeſpear with ten thouſand ſpots about him dazzles us with ſo bright a luſtre, that we either cannot or will not ſee his faults; he gleams and flaſhes like a meteor, which ſhoots out of our ſight before the eye can meaſure its proportions, or analyſe its properties—but Jonſon ſtands ſtill to be ſurveyed, and preſents ſo bold a front, and levels it ſo fully to our view, as ſeems to challenge the compaſs and the rule of the critic, and defy him to find out an error in the ſcale and compoſition of his ſtructure.

Putting aſide therefore any further mention of Shakeſpear, who was a poet out of all rule, and beyond all compaſs of criticiſm, one whoſe excellencies are above compariſon, and his errors beyond number, I will venture an opinion that this drama of *The Fox* is, critically ſpeaking, the neareſt to perfection of any one drama, comic or tragic, which the Engliſh ſtage is at this day in poſſeſſion of.

N° CXI.

N° CXI.

IN my foregoing paper when I remarked that Jonſon in his comedy of *The Fox* was a cloſe copier of the antients, it occurred to me to ſay ſomething upon the celebrated drama of *The Sampſon Agoniſtes*, which, though leſs beholden to the Greek poets in its dialogue than the comedy above-mentioned, is in all other particulars as compleat an imitation of the Antient Tragedy, as the diſtance of times and the difference of languages will admit of.

It is profeſſedly *built according to antient rule and example*, and the author by taking Ariſtotle's definition of tragedy for his motto, fairly challenges the critic to examine and compare it by that teſt. His cloſe adherence to the model of the Greek tragedy is in nothing more conſpicuous than in the ſimplicity of his diction; in this particular he has curbed his fancy with ſo tight a hand, that, knowing as we do the fertile vein of his genius, we cannot but lament the fidelity of his imitation; for there is a harſhneſs in the metre of his Chorus, which to a certain degree ſeems to border upon pedantry and affectation; he premiſes that *the meaſure is indeed of all ſorts*, but muſt take leave to obſerve that in ſome places it is no meaſure at all, or ſuch at leaſt as the ear will not patiently endure, nor which any recitation can make harmonious. By caſting out of his compoſition the

ſtrophe

ſtrophe and antiſtrophe, thoſe ſtanzas which the Greeks appropriated to ſinging, or in one word by making his Chorus monoſtrophic, he has robbed it of that lyric beauty, which he was capable of beſtowing in the higheſt perfection; and why he ſhould ſtop ſhort in this particular, when he had otherwiſe gone ſo far in imitation, is not eaſy to gueſs; for ſurely it would have been quite as natural to ſuppoſe thoſe ſtanzas, had he written any, might be ſung, as that all the other parts, as the drama now ſtands with a Chorus of ſuch irregular meaſure, might be recited or given in repreſentation.

Now it is well known to every man converſant in the Greek theatre, how the Chorus, which in fact is the parent of the drama, came in proceſs of improvement to be woven into the fable, and from being at firſt the whole grew in time to be only a part: The fable being ſimple, and the characters few, the ſtriking part of the ſpectacle reſted upon the ſinging and dancing of the interlude, if I may ſo call it, and to theſe the people were too long accuſtomed and too warmly attached, to allow of any reform for their excluſion; the tragic poet therefore never got rid of his Chorus, though the writers of the Middle Comedy contrived to diſmiſs their's, and probably their fable being of a more lively character, their ſcenes were better able to ſtand without the ſupport of muſic and ſpectacle, than the mournful fable and more languid recitation of the tragedians. That the tragic authors laboured againſt the Chorus will appear from their efforts to expel Bacchus and his Satyrs from the ſtage, in which they were long

long time oppoſed by the audience, and at laſt by certain ingenious expedients, which were a kind of compromiſe with the public, effected their point: This in part was brought about by the introduction of a fuller ſcene and a more active fable, but the Chorus with its accompaniments kept its place, and the poet, who ſeldom ventured upon introducing more than three ſpeakers on the ſcene at the ſame time, qualified the ſterility of his buſineſs by giving to the Chorus a ſhare of the dialogue, who at the ſame time that they furniſhed the ſtage with numbers, were not counted amongſt the ſpeaking characters according to the rigour of the uſage above-mentioned. A man muſt be an enthuſiaſt for antiquity, who can find charms in the dialogue-part of a Greek Chorus, and reconcile himſelf to their unnatural and chilling interruptions of the action and pathos of the ſcene: I am fully perſuaded they came there upon motives of expediency only, and kept their poſt upon the plea of long poſſeſſion, and the attractions of ſpectacle and muſic: In ſhort nature was ſacrificed to the diſplay of art, and the heart gave up its feelings that the ear and eye might be gratified.

When Milton therefore takes the Chorus into his dialogue, excluding from his drama the lyric ſtrophe and antiſtrophe, he rejects what I conceive to be its only recommendation, and which an elegant contemporary in his imitations of the Greek tragedy is more properly attentive to; at the ſame time it cannot be denied that Milton's Chorus ſubſcribes more to the dialogues, and harmonizes

monizes better with the buſineſs of the ſcene, than that of any Greek tragedy we can now refer to.

I would now proceed to a review of the performance itſelf, if it were not a diſcuſſion, which the author of *The Rambler* has very ably prevented me in; reſpect however to an authority ſo high in criticiſm muſt not prevent me from obſerving, that, when he ſays—*This is the tragedy, which ignorance has admired and bigotry applauded*, he makes it meritorious in any future critic to attempt at following him over the ground he has trode, for the purpoſe of diſcovering what thoſe blemiſhes are, which he has found out by ſuperior ſagacity, and which others have ſo palpably overlooked, as to merit the diſgraceful character of *ignorance and bigotry*.

The principal, and in effect the only, objection, which he ſtates, is that *the poem wants a middle, ſince nothing paſſes between the firſt act and the laſt, that either haſtens or delays the death of Sampſon*. This demands examination: The death of Sampſon I need not deſcribe; it is a ſudden, momentary event; what can haſten or delay it, but the will of the perſon, who by an exertion of miraculous ſtrength was to bury himſelf under the ruins of a ſtructure, in which his enemies were aſſembled? To determine that will depends upon the impulſe of his own ſpirit, or it may be upon the inſpiration of Heaven: If there are any incidents in the body of the drama, which lead to this determination, and indicate an impulſe, either natural or præternatural, ſuch muſt be called leading incidents, and thoſe leading incidents will conſtitute

conſtitute a middle, or in more diffuſive terms the middle buſineſs of the drama. Manoah in his interview with Sampſon, which the author of the Rambler denominates the ſecond act of the tragedy, tells him

This day the Philiſtines a popular feaſt
Here celebrate in Gaza, and proclaim
Great pomp and ſacrifice and praiſes loud
To Dagon, as their God—

Here is information of a meeting of his enemies to celebrate their idolatrous triumphs; an incident of juſt provocation to the ſervant of the living God, an opportunity perhaps for vengeance, either human or divine; if it paſſes without notice from Sampſon, it is not to be ſtiled an incident, if on the contrary he remarks upon it, it muſt be one—but Sampſon replies,

Dagon muſt ſtoop, and ſhall ere long receive
Such a diſcomfit, as ſhall quite deſpoil him
Of all theſe boaſted trophies won on me,
And with confuſion blank his worſhippers.

Who will ſay the expectation is not here prepared for ſome cataſtrophe, we know not what, but awful it muſt be, for it is Sampſon which denounces the downfal of the idol, it is God who inſpires the denunciation; the criſis is important, for it is that which ſhall decide whether God or Dagon is to triumph, it is in the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of the expreſſion—*dignus vindice nodus*—and therefore we may boldly pronounce *Deus interſit!*

That this interpretation meets the ſenſe of the author is clear from the remark of Manoah, who

is

is made to ſay that *he receives theſe words as a prophecy*. Prophetic they are, and were meant to be by the poet, who in this uſe of his ſacred prophecy imitates the heathen oracles, on which ſeveral of their dramatic plots are conſtructed, as might be ſhewn by obvious examples. The interview with Manoah then is conducive to the cataſtrophe, and the drama is not in this ſcene devoid of incident.

Dalilah next appears, and if whatever tends to raiſe our intereſt in the leading character of the tragedy, cannot rightly be called epiſodical, the introduction of this perſon ought not to be accounted ſuch, for who but this perſon is the cauſe and origin of all the pathos and diſtreſs of the ſtory? The dialogue of this ſcene is moral, affecting and ſublime; it is alſo ſtrictly characteriſtic.

The next ſcene exhibits the tremendous giant Harapha, and the contraſt thereby produced is amongſt the beauties of the poem, and may of itſelf be termed an important incident: That it leads to the cataſtrophe I think will not be diſputed, and if it is aſked in what manner, the Chorus will ſupply us with an anſwer—

He will directly to the Lords I fear,
And with malicious counſel ſtir them up
Some way or other further to afflict thee.

Here is another prediction connected with the plot and verified by its cataſtrophe, for Sampſon is commanded to come to the feſtival and entertain the revellers with ſome feats of ſtrength: Theſe commands he reſiſts, but obeys an impulſe of his mind

mind by going afterwards and thereby fulfils the prophetic declaration he had made to his father in the ſecond act. What incident can ſhew more management and addreſs in the poet, than this of Sampſon's refuſing the ſummons of the idolaters and obeying the viſitation of God's ſpirit?

And now I may confidently appeal to the judicious reader, whether the *Sampſon Agoniſtes* is ſo void of incident between the opening and concluſion as fairly to be pronounced *to want a middle.* Simple it is from firſt to laſt, ſimple perhaps to a degree of coldneſs in ſome of its parts, but to ſay that nothing paſſes between the firſt act and the laſt, *which haſtens or delays the death of Sampſon*, is not correct, becauſe the very incidents are to be found, which conduce to the cataſtrophe, and but for which it could not have come to paſs.

The author of the Rambler profeſſes to examine *The Sampſon Agoniſtes* according to the rule laid down by Ariſtotle for the diſpoſition and perfection of a tragedy, and this rule he informs us is that it ſhould have *a beginning, a middle, and an end.* And is this the mighty purpoſe for which the authority of Ariſtotle is appealed to? If it be thus the author of the Rambler has read *The Poetics*, and this be the beſt rule he can collect from that treatiſe, I am afraid he will find it too ſhort a meaſure for the poet he is examining, or the critic he is quoting. Ariſtotle had ſaid *that every whole hath not amplitude enough for the conſtruction of a tragic fable; now by a whole*, (adds he in the way of illuſtration) *I mean that, which hath beginning, middle and end.* This and no more is what he ſays upon beginning, middle and end;

end; and this, which the author of the Rambler conceives to be a rule for tragedy, turns out to be merely an explanation of the word *whole*, which is only one term amongſt many employed by the critic in his profeſſed and compleat definition of tragedy. I ſhould add that Ariſtotle gives a further explanation of the terms, beginning, middle and end, which the author of the Rambler hath turned into Engliſh, but in ſo doing he hath inexcuſably turned them out of their original ſenſe as well as language; as any curious critic may be convinced of, who compares them with Ariſtotle's words in the eighth chapter of the *Poetics*.

Of the poetic diction of *The Sampſon Agoniſtes* I have already ſpoken in general; to particularize paſſages of ſtriking beauty would draw me into too great length; at the ſame time, not to paſs over ſo pleaſing a part of my undertaking in abſolute ſilence, I will give the following reply of Sampſon to the Chorus—

Wherever fountain or freſh current flow'd
Againſt the eaſtern ray, tranſlucent, pure
With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice alluying
Thirſt, and refreſh'd; nor envy'd them the grape,
Whoſe heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Of the character I may ſay in few words, that Sampſon poſſeſſes all the terrific majeſty of *Prometheus chained*, the myſterious diſtreſs of *Oedipus*, and the pitiable wretchedneſs of *Philoctetes*. His properties, like thoſe of the firſt, are ſomething above human; his misfortunes, like thoſe of the ſecond, are derivable from the diſpleaſure of heaven and involved in oracles; his condition, like that

that of the laſt, is the moſt abject, which hu
nature can be reduced to from a ſtate of di
and ſplendor.

Of the cataſtrophe there remains only t
mark, that it is of unparalleled majeſty
terror.

N° CXII.

To the OBSERVER.

Etiam mortuus loquitur.

SIR,

IF I am rightly adviſed, the laws of En
have provided no remedy for an injury, wh
have received from a certain gentleman, wh
me at defiance, and whom I am not conſcio
having offended in the ſmalleſt article in life.
caſe is as follows: Some time ago I went int
South of France for the recovery of my he
which (thank God) I have ſo far effected, t
ſhould think I was at this very moment enj
as good a ſtock of ſpirits and ſtrength, as I
en

njoyed for many years of my life paſt, if I was ot outfaced by the gentleman in queſtion, who vears I am dead, and has proceeded ſo far as to ubliſh me dead to all the world with a whole olume of memoirs, which I have no remembrance f, and of ſayings, which I never ſaid.

I think this is very hard upon me, and if there s no redreſs for ſuch proceedings, but that a man nuſt be printed dead, whenever any fanciful fel- ow chuſes to write a book of memoirs, I muſt ake the freedom to ſay this is no country to live n; and let my ingenious biographer take it how ie will, I ſhall ſtill maintain to his face that I am live, and I do not ſee why my word in ſuch a :aſe ſhould not go as far as his.

There is yet another thing I will venture to ſay, that I did never in the whole courſe of my life utter one half or even one tenth part of the ſmart repartees and bon-mots he is pleaſed to impute to me: I don't know what he means by laying ſuch things at my door; I defy any one of my acquaintance to ſay I was a wit, which I al- ways conſidered as another name for an ill-temper- ed fellow. I do acknowledge that I have lived upon terms of acquaintance with my biographer, and have paſſed ſome ſocial hours in his company, but I never ſuſpected he was minuting down every ſooliſh thing, that eſcaped my lips in the unguard- ed moments of convivial gaiety; if I had, I would ave avoided him like the peſtilence. It is hard pon a man, let me tell you, Sir, very hard in- eed to find his follies upon record, and I could moſt wiſh his words were true, and that I were ead in earneſt, rather than alive to read ſuch onſenſe, and find myſelf made the father of it.

Judge of my ſurpriſe, when paſſing alon
go-lane upon a friendly call, as I intended
this very gentleman, of whom I complain, I
up a volume from a ſtall in a whitey-brown
binding, and opening it at the title-page m
own face, ſtaring me out of countenance full
front: I ſtarted back with horror; nature
gave me any reaſon to be fond of my own feat
I never ſurvey my face but when I ſhave m
and then I am aſhamed of it; I truſt it is n
type of my heart, for it is a ſorry ſample c
ture's handy-work, to ſay no worſe of it.
the devil tempted him to ſtick it there I c
gueſs, any more than I can at his publiſh
bundle of nonſenſical ſayings and doings, v
I deteſt and diſavow. As for his printing m
will and teſtament, and diſpoſing of my poo
ſonals at pleaſure, I care little about it;
had taken only my money and ſpared my l
would not have complained.

And now what is my redreſs? I apply n
to you in my diſtreſs as an author, whoſe
is in pretty general circulation, and one, as I
ceive, who aſſaults no man's living fame and
racter; I deſire therefore you will take minc
your protection, and if you can think of any
to deter the world in future from ſuch flippa
you are welcome to make what uſe you ple
this letter; for as I have always ſtrove to do
little ſervice I could to the living, when I w
lowed to be one of their number, ſo now
voted out of their company, I would gladly
ſome uſe to the dead.

Your's, whilſt I lived,

H. POSTHUMO

P

S. I am ſorry I did not leave you ſomething
' will, as I believe you deſerve it as well, and
it more than ſome that are in it. If I live
: a ſecond time, I will be ſure to remember

I am not verſed in the law of libels, I know
vhat advice to give in Poſthumous's caſe,
ı I would by no means wiſh to ſee entangled
ther difficulties; though I think he might
ſay to his biographer with a courtly poet of
entury,

Oh! libel me with all things but thy praiſe!

e practice, which ſome of our public news-
's are in, of treating their readers with a
o of puerile anecdotes and ſcraps of chi-
s, has probably led the way to a very fooliſh
n, which is gaining ground amongſt us:
oner does a great man die, than the ſmall
reep into his coffin, like the ſwarm of bees
carcaſe of Sampſon's lion, to make honey
his corpſe. It is high time that the good
of the nation ſhould correct this imperti-

ave availed myſelf of Poſthumous's per-
n to publiſh his letter, and I ſhall without
e ſubjoin to it one of a very different ſort,
I have received from a correſpondent,
name I do not mean to expoſe; it is with
eluctance I introduce it into this work, be-
t brings a certain perſon on the ſtage, whom
no deſire to exhibit oftner than I can help;

but as I think it will be a conſolation to P
mous to ſhew him others in the ſame hazar
himſelf, I hope my readers will let it paſ
this apology.

To the OBSERVER.

SIR,

I AM a man, who ſay a great many good t
myſelf, and hear many good things ſaid by ot
for I frequent clubs and coffee-rooms in all
of the town, attend the pleadings in Weſt
ſter Hall, am remarkably fond of the compa
men of genius, and never miſs a dinner a
Manſion Houſe upon my Lord Mayor's day.

I am in the habit of committing to paper
ry thing of this ſort, whether it is of my
ſaying, or any other perſon's, when I am
vinced I myſelf ſhould have ſaid it, if he had
Theſe I call my conſcientious witticiſms,
give them a leaf in my common-place boo
themſelves.

I have the pleaſure to tell you that my co
tion is now become not only conſiderable in
but, (that I may ſpeak humbly of its merit) I
alſo ſay, that it is to the full as good, and
more creditable to any gentleman's chara

than the books, which have been publiſhed about a certain great wit lately deceaſed, whoſe memory has been ſo completely diſſected by the operators in Stationer's Hall.

Though I have as much reſpect for poſterity as any man can entertain for perſons he is not acquainted with, ſtill I cannot underſtand how a poſt-obit of this ſort can profit me in my life, unleſs I could make it over to ſome purchaſer upon beneficial conditions. Now, as there are people in the world, who have done many famous actions without having once uttered a real good thing, as it is called, I ſhould think my collection might be an acceptable purchaſe to a gentleman of this deſcription, and ſuch an one ſhould have it a bargain, as I ſhould be very glad to give a finiſhing to his character, which I can beſt compare to a coat of Adams's plaiſter on a well-built houſe.

For my own part, being neither more nor leſs than a haberdaſher of ſmall wares, and having ſcarcely rambled beyond the boundaries of the bills of mortality, ſince I was out of my apprenticeſhip, I have not the preſumption to think the anecdotes of my own life important enough for poſthumous publication; neither do I ſuppoſe my writings, (though pretty numerous, as my books will teſtify, and many great names ſtanding amongſt them, which it is probable I ſhall never croſs out,) will be thought ſo intereſting to the public, as to come into competition with the lively memoirs of a *Bellamy* and a *Baddeley*, who furniſh ſo many agreeable records of many noble families, and are the ſolace of more than half the toilets in town and country.

But to come more cloſely to the chief purport of this letter—It was about a fortnight ago, that I croſſed upon you in the Poultry near the ſhop-door of your worthy bookſeller: I could not help giving a glance at your looks, and methought there was a morbid ſallowneſs in your complexion and a ſickly languor in your eye, that indicated ſpeedy diſſolution: I watched you for ſome time, and as you turned into the ſhop remarked the total want of energy in your ſtep. I know whom I am ſaying this to, and therefore am not afraid of ſtartling you by my obſervations, but if you actually perceive thoſe threatening ſymptoms, which I took notice of, it may probably be your wiſh to lay in ſome ſtore for a journey you are ſoon to take. You have always been a friend and cuſtomer to me, and there is nobody I ſhall more readily ſerve than yourſelf: I have long noticed with regret the very little favor you receive from your contemporaries, and ſhall gladly contribute to your kinder reception from poſterity; now I flatter myſelf, if you adopt my collection, you will at leaſt be celebrated for your ſayings, whatever may become of your writings.

As for your private hiſtory, if I may gueſs from certain events, which have been reported to me, you may with a little allowable embelliſhment make up a decent life of it. It was with great pleaſure I heard t'other day, that you was ſtabbed by a monk in Portugal, broke your limbs in Spain, and was poiſoned with a ſallad at Paris; theſe with your adventures at ſea, your ſufferings at Bayonne, and the treatment you received from your employers on your return, will be amuſing anecdotes,

anecdotes, and as it is generally ſuppoſed you have not amaſſed any very great fortune by the plunder of the public, your narrative will be read without raiſing any envy in the reader, which will be ſo much in your favor. Still your chief dependance muſt reſt upon the collection I ſhall ſupply you with, and when the world comes to underſtand how many excellent things you ſaid, and how much more wit you had than any of your contemporaries gave you credit for, they will begin to think you had not fair play whilſt you was alive, and who knows but they may take it in mind to raiſe a monument to you by ſubſcription amongſt other merry fellows of your day?

I am your's,

H. B.

I deſire my correſpondent will accept this ſhort but ſerious anſwer: If I am ſo near the end of life, as he ſuppoſes, it will behove me to wind it up in another manner from what he ſuggeſts: I therefore ſhall not treat with my friend the haberdaſher for his ſmall wares.

N° CXIII.

DARK and erroneous as the minds of men in general were before the appearance of Chriſt, no friend to Revelation ever meant to ſay, that all the groſs and glaring abſurdities of the heathen ſyſtem, as vulgarly profeſſed, were univerſally adopted, and that no thinking man amongſt them entertained better conceptions of God's nature and attributes, juſter notions of his ſuperintendance and providence, purer maxims of morality and more elevated expectations of a future ſtate than are to be found in the extravagant accounts of their eſtabliſhed theology. No thinking man could ſeriouſly ſubſcribe his belief to ſuch fabulous and chimerical legends, and indeed it appears that opinions were permitted to paſs without cenſure, very irreconcileable to the popular faith, and great latitude given to ſpeculation in their reaſonings upon natural religion; and what can be more gratifying to philanthropy, than to trace theſe efforts of right reaſon, which redound to the honour of man's nature, and exhibit to our view the human underſtanding, unaſſiſted by the lights of revelation and ſupported only by its natural powers, emerging from the darkneſs of idolatry, and breaking forth into the following deſcription of the Supreme Being, which is faithfully tranſlated from the fragment of an antient Greek tragic poet?

" Let not mortal corruption mix with your
" idea of God, nor think of him as of a corporeal
" being,

" being, ſuch as thyſelf; he is inſcrutable to " man, now appearing like fire, inplacable in " his anger; now in thick darkneſs, now in the " flood of waters; now he puts on the terrors of " a ravening beaſt, of the thunder, the winds, " the lightning, of conflagrations, of clouds: " Him the ſeas obey, the ſavage rocks, the " ſprings of freſh water, and the rivers that flow " along their winding channels; the earth her- " ſelf ſtands in awe of him; the high tops of the " mountains, the wide expanſe of the cærulean " ocean tremble at the frown of their Lord and " Ruler."

This is a ſtrain in the ſublime ſtile of the Pſalmiſt, and ſimilar ideas of the Supreme Being may be collected from the remains of various heathen writers.

Antiphanes, the Socratic philoſopher, ſays, " That God is the reſemblance of nothing upon " earth, ſo that no conception can be derived " from any effigy or likeneſs of the Author of " the univerſe."

Xenophon obſerves, " That a Being, who con- " trouls and governs all things, muſt needs be " great and powerful, but being by his nature " inviſible, no man can diſcern what form or " ſhape he is of."

Thales, being aſked to define the Deity, replied that " He was without beginning and with- " out end." Being further interrogated, " If " the actions of men could eſcape the intelligence " of God?" he anſwered, " No, nor even their " thoughts."

Philemon, the comic poet, introduces the following queſtion and anſwer in a dialogue: "Tell "me, I beſeech you, what is your conception of "God?—As of a Being, who, ſeeing all things, "is himſelf unſeen."

Menander ſays, that "God, the lord and father of all things, is alone worthy of our humble adoration, being at once the maker and the "giver of all bleſſings."

Melanippidas, a writer alſo of comedy, introduces this ſolemn invocation to the Supreme Being: "Hear me, O Father, whom the whole "world regards with wonder and adores! to "whom the immortal ſoul of man is precious."

Euripides in a ſtrain of great ſublimity exclaims, "Thee I invoke, the ſelf-created Being, "who framed all nature in thy ethereal mould, "whom light and darkneſs and the whole multitude of the ſtarry train encircle in eternal "chorus."

Sophocles alſo in a fragment of one of his tragedies aſſerts the unity of the Supreme Being; "Of a truth there is one, and only one God, "the maker of heaven and earth, the ſea and all "which it contains."

Theſe ſelections, to which however many others might be added, will ſerve to ſhew what enlightened ideas were entertained by ſome of the nature of God. I will next adduce a few paſſages to ſhew what juſt conceptions ſome had formed of God's providence and juſtice, of the diſtribution of good and evil in this life, and of the expectation of a future retribution in the life to come.

Ariſton,

Ariſton, the dramatic poet, hath bequeathed us the following part of a dialogue—

" Take heart; be patient! God will not fail " to help the good, and eſpecially thoſe, who are " as excellent as yourſelf; where would be the " encouragement to perſiſt in righteouſneſs, un- " leſs thoſe, who do well, are eminently to be " rewarded for their well-doing?

" I would it were as you ſay! but I too often " ſee men, who ſquare their actions to the rules " of rectitude, oppreſſed with misfortunes; whilſt " they, who have nothing at heart but their own " ſelfiſh intereſt and advantage, enjoy proſperity " unknown to us.

" For the preſent moment it may be ſo, but " we muſt look beyond the preſent moment and " await the iſſue, when this earth ſhall be diſ- " ſolved: For to think that chance governs the " affairs of this life, is a notion as falſe as it is " evil, and is the plea, which vicious men ſet up " for vicious morals: But be thou ſure that the " good works of the righteous ſhall meet a re- " ward, and the iniquities of the unrighteous a " puniſhment; for nothing can come to paſs in " this world, but by the will and permiſſion of " God."

Epicharmus, the oldeſt of the comic poets, ſays in one of the few fragments, which remain of his writings, " If your life hath been holy, " you need have no dread of death, for the ſpirit " of the bleſt ſhall exiſt for ever in heaven."

Euripides has the following paſſage, " If any " mortal flatters himſelf that the ſin, which he " commits, can eſcape the notice of an avenging " Deity,

" Deity, he indulges a vain hope, deceiving " himſelf in a falſe preſumption of impunity, be- " cauſe the divine juſtice ſuſpends for a time the " puniſhment of his evil actions; but hearken to " me, ye who ſay there is no God, and by that " wicked infidelity enhance your crimes. There " is, there is a God! Let the evil doer then ac- " count the preſent hour only as gain, for he is " doomed to everlaſting puniſhment in the life " to come."

The Sibylline verſes hold the ſame language, but theſe I have taken notice of in a former volume.

I reſerve myſelf for one more extract, which I ſhall recommend to the reader as the fineſt, which can be inſtanced from any heathen writer, exhibiting the moſt elevated conceptions of the being and ſuperintendance of one, ſupreme, all-ſeeing, ineffable God, and of the exiſtence of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, by the juſt diſtribution of which to the good and evil all the ſeeming irregularities of moral juſtice in this life ſhall hereafter be ſet ſtrait; and this, if I miſtake not, is the ſummary of all that natural religion can attain to. The following is a cloſe tranſlation of this famous fragment—

" Thinkeſt thou, O Niceratus, that thoſe de- " parteſt ſpirits, who are ſatiated with the luxu- " ries of life, ſhall eſcape as if from an oblivious " God? The eye of juſtice is wakeful and all- " ſeeing; and we may truly pronounce that there " are two ſeveral roads conducting us to the " grave; one proper to the juſt, the other to " the unjuſt; for if juſt and unjuſt fare alike,

" and

" and the grave ſhall cover both to all eternity—
" Hence! get thee hence at once! deſtroy, lay
" waſte, defraud, confound at pleaſure! But de-
" ceive not thyſelf; there is a judgment after
" death, which God, the lord of all things, will
" exact, whoſe tremendous name is not to be
" uttered by my lips, and He it is, who limits
" the appointed date of the tranſgreſſor."

It is curious to diſcover ſentiments of this venerable ſort in the fragment of a Greek comedy, yet certain it is that it has either *Philemon* or *Diphilus* for its author, both writers of the New Comedy and contemporaries. Juſtin, Clemens and Euſebius have all quoted it, the former from *Philemon*, both the latter from *Diphilus*: Grotius and Le Clerc follow the authority of Juſtin, and inſert it in their collection of *Philemon's* fragments; Hertelius upon the joint authorities of Clemens and Euſebius gives it to *Diphilus*, and publiſhes it as ſuch in his valuable and rare remains of the Greek comic writers. I conceive there are now no *data*, upon which criticiſm can decide for either of theſe two claimants, and the honour muſt accordingly remain ſuſpended between them.

Sentences of this ſort are certainly very precious reliques, and their preſervation is owing to a happy cuſtom, which the Greeks had of marking the margins of their books oppoſite to any paſſage, which particularly ſtruck them, and this mark was generally the letter χ, the initial of χρηστὸν, [uſeful] and the collection afterwards made of theſe diſtinguiſhed paſſages they called χρηστομάθειαι.

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It would be a curious and amuſing collation moral and religious ſentences, extracted fro heathen writers, with correſponded texts, ſ lected from the holy ſcriptures: Grotius ha done ſomething towards it in his preface to t *Collectanea* of Stobæus; but the quotations alre dy given will ſuffice to ſhew in a general poi of view what had been the advances of hum reaſon before God enlightened the world by l ſpecial Revelation.

N° CXIV.

IF the deiſt, who contends for the all-ſuffi ency of natural religion, ſhall think that in t paſſages, which I have quoted in the precedi number, he has diſcovered freſh reſources on t part of human reaſon as oppoſed to divine revel tion, he will find himſelf involved in a very fa concluſion. Though it were in my power to ha collected every moral and religious ſentence, whi has fallen from the pens of the heathen write antecedent to Chriſtianity, and although it ſhou thereby appear that the morality of the goſpel h been the morality of right reaſon in all ages the world, he would ſtill remain as much unfu niſhed as ever for eſtabliſhing his favorite poſitio that the ſcriptures reveal nothing more than mai underſtandi

underſtanding had diſcovered without their aid. We may therefore conſole ourſelves without ſcruple in diſcovering that the heathen world was not immerſed in total darkneſs, and the candid mind, however intereſted for Chriſtianity, may be gratified with reflection that the human underſtanding was not ſo wholly enſlaved, but that in certain inſtances it could ſurmount the prejudices of ſyſtem, and, caſting off the ſhackles of idolatry, argue up to that ſupreme of all things, which the hiſtorian Tacitus emphatically defines, *ſummum illud et æternum neque mutabile neque interiturum.*

Now when the mind is ſettled in the proof of One Supreme Being, there are two ſeveral modes of reaſoning, by which natural religion may deduce the probability of a future ſtate: one of theſe reſults from an examination of the human ſoul, the other from reflecting on the unequal diſtribution of happineſs in the preſent life.

Every man, who is capable of examining his own faculties, muſt diſcern a certain power within him, which is neither coæval with, nor dependant upon his body and its members; I mean that power of reflection, which we univerſally agree to ſeat in the ſoul: It is not coæval with the body, becauſe we were not in the uſe and exerciſe of it, when we were infants; it is not dependant on it, becauſe it is not ſubject to the changes, which the body undergoes in its paſſage from the womb to the grave; for inſtance, it is not deſtroyed, or even impaired, by amputation of the limbs or members, it does not evaporate by the continual flux and exhalation of the corporeal humours, is not diſturbed by motion of the limbs, nor

nor deprived of its powers by their inact
not neceſſarily involved in the ſickneſs and
of the body, for whilſt that is decaying a
ving away by an incurable diſeaſe, the ir
faculties ſhall in many caſes remain pe
unimpaired: Why then ſhould it be ſup
ſoul of a man is to die with his body, an
pany it into the oblivious grave, when i
make its entrance with it into life, no
of its decay, its fluctations, changes an
ties?

If theſe obvious reflections upon th
and properties of the ſoul lead to the per
a future ſtate, the ſame train of reaſo
naturally diſcover that the condition of t
that future ſtate muſt be determined by t
or demerits of its antecedent life. It h
been the notion of a heathen or of a d
both the good and the evil ſhall enter u
and undiſtinguiſhed felicity or puniſhm
reaſoning man could ever conceive that
of Nero and the ſoul of Antoninus in
ſtate partook of the ſame common lot;
it follows upon the evidence of reaſon,
ſoul of man ſhall be rewarded or puniſh
after according to his good or evil condu
and this conſequence is the more obvious,
it does not appear in the moral goverr
the world, that any ſuch juſt and regul
bution of rewards and puniſhments ob
this ſide the grave; a circumſtance no o
to be reconciled to our ſuitable conceptio
vine juſtice, than by referring things to
deciſion of a judgment to come.

Though all theſe diſcoveries are open to reaſon, et no man conclude that what the reaſon of a few diſcovered were either communicated to, or acknowledged by all: No; the world was dark and groſsly ignorant; ſome indeed have argued well and clearly; others confuſedly, and the bulk of mankind not at all; the being of a God, and the unity of that Supreme Being ſtruck conviction to the hearts of thoſe, who employed their reaſon coolly and diſpaſſionately in ſuch ſublime enquiries; but where was the multitude meanwhile? Bewildered with a mob of deities, whom their own fables had endowed with human attributes, paſſions and infirmities; whom their own ſuperſtition had deified and enrolled amongſt the immortals, till the ſacred hiſtory of Olympus became no leſs impure than the journals of a brothel: Many there were no doubt, who ſaw the monſtrous abſurdity of ſuch a ſyſtem, yet not every one, who diſcerned error, could diſcover truth; the immortality of the ſoul, a doctrine ſo harmonious to man's nature, was decried by ſyſtem and oppoſed by ſubtlety; the queſtion of a future ſtate was hung up in doubt, or bandied between conflicting diſputants through all the quirks and evaſions of ſophiſtry and logic: Philoſophy, ſo called, was ſplit into a variety of ſects, and the hypotheſis of each enthuſiaſtic founder became the ſtanding creed of his ſchool, from which it was an inviolable point of honour never to deſert: In this confuſion of ſyſtems men choſe for themſelves not according to conviction, but by the impulſe of paſſion, or from motives of convenience; the voluptuary was intereſted to diſmiſs the gods to their repoſe, that his

might

might not be interrupted by them; and all who wiſhed to have their range of ſenſuality in this world without fear or controul, readily enliſted under the banners of Epicurus, till his followers outnumbered all the reſt; this was the court-creed under the worſt of the Roman emperors, and the whole body of the nation, with few exceptions, adopted it: for what could be more natural, than for the deſperate to bury conſcience in the grave of atheiſm, or ruſh into annihilation by the point of the poniard, when they were weary of exiſtence and diſcarded by fortune? With ſome it was the ſtandard principle of their ſect to doubt, with others to argue every thing; and when we recollect that *Cicero* himſelf was of the *New Academy*, we have a clue to unravel all the ſeeming contradictions of his moral and metaphyſical ſentiments, amidſt the confuſion of which we are never to expect his real opinion, but within the pale of his own particular ſchool, and that ſchool profeſſed controverſy upon every point, I will inſtance one paſſage, which would have done honour to his ſentiments, had he ſpoke his own language as well as that of the Platoniſts, whom he is here perſonating—*Nec vero Deus, qui intelligitur a nobis, alio modo intelligi poteſt, quam mens ſoluta quædam et libera, ſegregata ab omni concretione mortali, omnia ſentiens et movens.* Whilſt the pureſt truths were thrown out only as themes for ſophiſtry to cavil at, the maſs of mankind reſembled a chaos, in which if ſome few ſparks of light glimmered, they only ſerved to caſt the general horror into darker ſhades.

It

It muſt not however be forgotten, that there was a peculiar people then upon earth, who profeſſed to worſhip that one Supreme Being, of whoſe nature and attributes certain individuals only amongſt the gentile nations entertained ſuitable conceptions.

Whilſt all the known world were idolaters by eſtabliſhment, the Jews alone were Unitarians upon ſyſtem. Their hiſtory was moſt wonderful, for it undertook to give a relation of things, whereof no human records could poſſibly be taken, and all, who received it for truth, muſt receive it as the relation of God himſelf, for how elſe ſhould men obtain a knowledge of the Creator's thoughts and operations in the firſt formation of all things? Accordingly we find their inſpired hiſtorian, after he has brought down his narration to the journal of his own time, holding conferences with God himſelf, and receiving through his immediate communication certain laws and commandments, he was to deliver to the people, and according to which they were to live and be governed. In this manner Moſes appears as the commiſſioned legiſlator of a Theocracy, impowered to work miracles in confirmation of his vicegerent authority, and to denounce the moſt tremendous puniſhments upon the nation, ſo highly favoured, if in any future time they ſhould diſobey and fall off from theſe ſacred ſtatutes and ordinances.

A people under ſuch government, ſet apart and diſtinguiſhed from all other nations by means ſo ſupernatural, form a very intereſting object for our contemplation, and their hiſtory abounds in events no leſs extraordinary and miraculous than the revelation

velation itſelf of thoſe laws, upon which their conſtitution was firſt eſtabliſhed: Their tedious captivities, their wonderful deliverances, the adminiſtration of their prieſts and prophets, their triumphs and ſucceſſes, whilſt adhering to God's worſhip, and their deplorable condition, when they corrupted his ſervice with the impurities of the idolatrous nations, whom they drove from their poſſeſſions, form a moſt ſurprizing chain of incidents, to which the annals of no other people upon earth can be ſaid to bear reſemblance.

Had it ſuited the all-wiſe purpoſes of God, when he revealed himſelf to this peculiar people, to have made them the inſtruments for diſſeminating the knowledge of his true religion and worſhip over the Gentile world, their office and adminiſtration had been glorious indeed; but this part was either not allotted to them, or juſtly forfeited by their degenerate and abandoned conduct; diſobedient and rebellious againſt God's ordinances, they were ſo far from propagating theſe imparted lights to the neighbouring nations, that they themſelves ſunk into their darkneſs, and whilſt all the land was overrun with idols, few were the knees, which bowed to the living, true and only God.

Moſes, their inſpired lawgiver, and prophet, is generally ſaid to have delivered to them no doctrine of a future ſtate: I am aware there is a learned author now living, one of their nation, *David Levi* by name, who controverts this aſſertion; it is fit therefore I ſhould leave it in reference to his future proofs, when he ſhall ſee proper to produce them; in the mean time I may fairly ſtate it upon

upon this alternative, that if Moſes did not impart the doctrine above-mentioned it was wholly reſerved for future ſpecial revelation; if he did impart it, there muſt have been an obſtinate want of faith in a great part of the Jewiſh nation, who knowingly profeſſed a contrary doctrine, or elſe there muſt have been ſome obſcurity in Moſes's account, if they innocently underſtood it: The Sadducees were a great portion of the Jewiſh community, and if they were inſtructed by their lawgiver to believe and expect a future ſtate, it is high matter of offence in them to have diſobeyed their teacher; on the other hand, if they were not inſtructed to this effect by Moſes, yet having been taught the knowledge of one all-righteous God, it becomes juſt matter of ſurprize, how they came to overlook a conſequence ſo evident.

Nº CXV.

FROM the review we have taken of the ſtate of mankind in reſpect to their religious opinions at the Chriſtian æra it appears, that the Gentile world was ſyſtematically devoted to idolatry, whilſt the remnant of the Jewiſh tribes profeſſed the worſhip of the true God; but at the ſame time there did not exiſt on earth any other temple dedicated to God's ſervice, ſave that

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at Jeruſalem. The nation ſo highly favoured by him, and ſo enlightened by his immediate revelations, was in the loweſt ſtate of political and religious declenſion; ten out of their twelve tribes had been carried away into captivity, from which there has to this hour been no redemption, and the remaining two were brought under the Roman yoke, and divided into ſects, one of which oppoſed the opinion of the other, and maintained that there was to be no reſurrection of the dead: The controverſy was momentous, for the eternal welfare of mankind was the object of diſcuſſion, and who was to decide upon it? The worſhippers of the true God had one place only upon earth, wherein to call upon his name; the groves and altars of the idols occupied all the reſt; who was to reſtore his worſhip? Who was to redeem mankind from almoſt total ignorance and corruption; Where was *the light* that was *to lighten the Gentiles?* Reaſon could do no more; it could only argue for the probability of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, but demonſtration was required; an evidence, that might remove all doubts, and this was not in the power of man to furniſh: Some Being therefore muſt appear of more than human talents to inſtruct mankind, of more than human authority to reform them: The world was loſt, unleſs it ſhould pleaſe God to interpoſe, for the work was above human hands, and nothing but the power, which created the world, could ſave the world.

Let any man caſt his ideas back to this period, and aſk his reaſon, if it was not natural to ſuppoſe, that the Almighty Being, to whom this general ruin and diſorder muſt be viſible, would in mercy

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o his creatures ſend ſome help amongſt them ; nleſs it had been his purpoſe to abandon them o deſtruction, we may preſume to ſay he ſurely ould : Is it then with man to preſcribe in what articular mode and form that redemption ſhould ome ? Certainly it is not with man, but with od only ; he who grants the vouchſafement, ill direct the means : Be theſe what they may, hey muſt be præternatural and miraculous, beauſe we have agreed that it is beyond the reach f man by any natural powers of his own to acomplish : A ſpecial inſpiration then is requiſite ; me revelation it ſhould ſeem, we know not what, e know not how, nor where, nor whence, except hat it muſt come from God himſelf : What if he nds a Being upon earth to tell us his immediate ill, to teach us how to pleaſe him, and to conince us of the reality of a future ſtate ? That eing then muſt come down from him, he muſt ave powers miraculous, he muſt have qualities ivine and perfect, he muſt return on earth from ie grave, and perſonally ſhew us that he has ſurved it, and is corporeally living after death : Will this be evidence demonſtrative ? Who can ithſtand it ? He muſt be of all men moſt obſtiately bent upon his own deſtruction, who ſhould tempt to hold out againſt it ; he muſt prefer arkneſs to light, falſehood to truth, miſery to ppineſs, hell to heaven, who would not thankly embrace ſo great ſalvation.

Let us now apply what has been ſaid to the pearance of that perſon, whom the Chriſtian urch believes to have been the true Meſſias of od, and let us examine the evidences, upon which

which we assert the divinity of his mission the completion of its purposes.

In what form and after what manner w sent amongst us? was it by natural or præt tural means? if his first appearance is ushere by a miracle, will it not be an evidence in fa of God's special revelation? If he is present the world in some mode superior to and diff from the ordinary course of nature, such a troduction must attract to his person and char a more than ordinary attention: If a miraci and mysterious Being appears upon earth compounded of divine and human nature a surpass our comprehension of his immediat sence, and at the same time so levelled to our e ly ideas, as to be visibly born of a human mo not impregnated after the manner of the f but by the Spirit of God, in other words the of a pure virgin, shall we make the myste incarnation of such a præternatural being a re for our disbelief in that revelation, which wit a miracle we had not given credit to? We told that the birth of Christ was in this wise; fact rests upon the authority of the evang who describe it: The Unitarians, who pr Christianity with this exception, may dispute testimony of the sacred writers in this partic and the Jews may deny their account *in toto*, still if Christ himself performed miracles, w the Jews do not deny, and if he rose from dead after his crucifixion, which the Unita admit, I do not see how either should be stag ed by the miracle of his birth: for of the I may demand, whether it were not a thin

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redible for God to have wrought a miracle at the birth of Moſes for inſtance, as that he ſhould afterwards empower that prophet to perform, not one only, but many miracles? To the Unitarians I would candidly ſubmit, if it be not as eaſy to believe the incarnation of Chriſt as his reſurrection, the authorities for each being the ſame? Let the authorities therefore be the teſt!

I am well aware that the ſilence of two of the evangeliſts is ſtated by the Unitarians amongſt other objections againſt the account, and the non-accordance of the genealogies given by Saint Matthew and Saint Luke is urged againſt the Chriſtian church by the author of *Lingua Sacra*, in a pamphlet lately publiſhed, in the following words—*The Evangeliſt Saint Matthew in the firſt chapter of his goſpel gives us the genealogy of Chriſt, and Luke in the third chapter of his goſpel does the ſame; but with ſuch difference, that an unprejudiced perſon would hardly think they belonged to one and the ſame perſon; for the latter not only differs from the former in almoſt the whole genealogy from Joſeph to David, but has alſo added a few more generations, and likewiſe made Jeſus to deſcend from Nathan the ſon of David inſtead of Solomon.——(Levi's Letter to Dr. Prieſtley, p. 81.)*

The learned Jew is founded in his obſervation upon the non-accordance of theſe pedigrees, but not in applying that to Chriſt, which relates only to Joſeph. Saint Matthew gives the genealogy of Joſeph, whom he denominates *the huſband of Mary, of whom was born Jeſus, who is called Chriſt.* C. 1. *v.* 16. Saint Luke with equal preciſion ſays, that *Jeſus himſelf began to be about*

thirty years of age, being, as was ſuppoſed, th of Joſeph. Now when it is thus clear that theſe genealogies apply to Joſeph, and both evangeliſts expreſsly aſſert that Jeſus was of an immaculate virgin, I do not think it ſtatement to call it the genealogy of Chriſ the purpoſe of diſcrediting the veracity of evangeliſts in points of faith or doctrine, m becauſe they differ in a family catalogue of generations of Joſeph, one of which is ca up to Adam, and the other brought down Abraham. The goſpel hiſtorians, as I under them, profeſs ſeverally to render a true acc of Chriſt's miſſion, compriſing only a ſhort od of his life; within the compaſs of this pe they are to record the doctrines he preached, miracles he performed, and the circumſtanc his death, paſſion, and reſurrection; to this dertaking they are fairly committed; this are to execute as faithful reporters, and if t reports ſhall be found in any eſſential matter tradictory to each other or themſelves, let learned author late mentioned, or any other ponent to Chriſtianity point it out, and can muſt admit the charge; but in the matte a pedigree, which appertains to Joſeph, w our church univerſally omits in its ſervice, w compriſes no article of doctrine, and which, ing purely matter of family record, was co probably from the roll by Matthew, and f another by Luke, I cannot in truth and ſince ſee how the ſacred hiſtorians are impeached the non-agreement of their accounts. We them the *inſpired* writers, and when any ſuch

al contradiction as the above can be ſixed upon ıem by the enemies of our faith, the word is re-ırted upon us with triumph; but what has in-›iration to do with the genealogy of Joſeph, *the ppoſed*, not the real, father of Jeſus? And in-eed what more is required for the ſimple narrati-n of any facts than a faithful memory, and ſin-:re adherence to truth?

Let this ſuffice for what relates to the birth f Chriſt and the different ways, in which men rgue upon that myſterious event: If his coming ras foretold, and if his perſon and character ful-y anſwer to thoſe predictions, no man will deny he force of ſuch an evidence: If we are ſimply old that a *virgin did conceive and bear a ſon*, it s a circumſtance ſo much out of the ordinary ourſe of nature to happen, that it requires great aith in the veracity of the relater to believe it; ut if we are poſſeſſed of an authentic record of igh antecedent antiquity, wherein we find it :xpreſsly predicted, that ſuch a circumſtance ſhall happen, and that *a virgin ſhall conceive and bear a ſon*, it is ſuch a confirmation of the fact, that, wonderful as it is, we can no longer doubt the truth of the hiſtorians who atteſt it. Now it is not one but many prophets, who concur in foretelling the coming of the Meſſias; his per-ſon, his office, his humility and ſufferings, his ignominious death and the glorious benefits re-ſulting from his atonement are not merely glanced at with ænigmatic obſcurity, but point-edly and preciſely announced. Had ſuch evi-dences met for the verification of any hiſtori-al event unconnected with religion, I ſuppoſe

there is no man, who could compare the with the other, but would admit its full c cordance and completion; and is it not a ſtra perverſeneſs of mind, if we are obſtinate doubting it, only becauſe we are ſo deeply tereſted to believe it?

I have ſaid there was but one temple u earth, where the only true and living God worſhipped, the temple at Jeruſalem: The J had derived and continued this worſhip fr the time of Abraham, and to him the prom were made, that *in his ſeed all the nations of world ſhould be bleſſed.* Where then are we turally to look for the Meſſias but from ſtock of Abraham, from the deſcendants of t family, in which alone were preſerved the kn ledge and worſhip of the only true God? therefore the religion, which Chriſt found does in fact hold forth that bleſſing to all nations of the world, then was that pron fulfilled in the perſon of Chriſt, *who took u him the ſeed of Abraham.*

N° CXVI.

WE are next to enquire if the charac and commiſſion of the Meſſias were marked ſuch performances, as might well be expec from a perſon, whoſe introduction into the wo was of ſo extraordinary a nature.

We are told by one of the ſacred hiſtorians, hat *the Jews came round about him and ſaid unto im, How long doſt thou make us to doubt? If thou e the Chriſt, tell us plainly: Jeſus anſwered them, told you, and ye believed not; the works that I do n my Father's name, they bear witneſs of me.*

In this paſſage Chriſt himſelf appeals to his vorks done in the name of God to witneſs againſt ll cavils for his being the true Meſſias. The ame queſtion was put to him by the diſciples of he Baptiſt, *Art thou he that ſhould come, or do we look for another?* The ſame appeal is made to his works in the reply he gives to theſe enquirers.

It follows next in order that we ſhould aſk what theſe works were, and it ſo happens that he perſon who performed them, has himſelf enumerated them in the following words: *The blind receive their ſight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleanſed and the deaf hear, the dead are raiſed up, and the poor have the goſpel preached unto them.* Theſe are works it muſt be acknowledged of a moſt benevolent ſort; they are not indeed ſo ſplendid as he miraculous act of dividing the Red Sea for he people of Iſrael to march through it, and again commanding it to cloſe upon their purſuers in he rear and ſwallow up the army of Pharaoh; hey are not of ſo tremendous a character as thoſe afflicting plagues with which Moſes puniſhed the Egyptians; but would theſe, or ſuch as theſe, have been characteriſtic of a mediator? Chriſt came to ſave and not to deſtroy the world, and he works above deſcribed are no leſs merciful in heir nature, than miraculous.

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When the Jews therefore tauntingly aſſert ſuperior magnificence of the miracles wrough Moſes, which we admit to have been in all ſpects ſuitable to the commiſſion which M was encharged with, they ſhould with equal dour admit, that the leſs ſplendid, but more tary, miracles of Chriſt, were no leſs ſuited to merciful commiſſion, which he came amongſ to perform. There is indeed more horrible g deur in the ſpectacle of a vaſt army ſwallowe by the ſea, miraculouſly divided into a wall on ſide of thoſe who paſſed through it; but who ſay that God's power is not as wonderfully conſpicuouſly diſplayed in reſtoring dead Laz to life, as in drowning Pharaoh and his h Surely it is as great a miracle to give life to dead, as it is to put the living to death.

The miracles of Chriſt were performed wit oſtentation and diſplay, yet they were of ſuch neral notoriety, that the Jews themſelves did and do not even now, deny their being wro by him, but aſcribed them to the aid and ag of the Devil: A miſerable ſubterfuge inde But this is not all: A contemporary writer of nation, *David Levi*, in his letter to Dr. Pr ley aſſerts, that there was not only *no ſuch n ſity* for the miracles of Jeſus as for thoſe of M but *that they were ſcarcely juſt or rational, and ſequently cannot be offered as proofs of his di miſſion in compariſon with that of Moſes. p.*

In ſupport of this aſſertion the learned con verſaliſt obſerves, *that as to the miracles of M*

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'here was the greateſt neceſſity for them ; for inſtance, 'he plagues he brought upon the Egyptians were ne-ceſſary for the redemption of the Jewiſh nation ; as was the dividing of the Red Sea, and the drowning 'he Egyptians for their further deliverance from 'hem ; the manna from heaven and the water from 'he rock were neceſſary for their ſubſiſtence in the wil-derneſs ; the ſame of all the reſt.

This we may admit in its full force ; but as the miracles, which Chriſt wrought were altogether as *neceſſary* for the proof of his divine miſſion, as thoſe of Moſes for the proof of his ; a man muſt be very partial to his own nation, who will aſſert, that the deliverance of the Jews from their captivity in Egypt was a more important object than the redemption of loſt mankind. We will not doubt but it was *neceſſary* the Egyptian hoſt ſhould be drowned, becauſe it ſeemed good to God ſo to puniſh their obduracy, and extricate the Jewiſh tribes ; but it is no leſs *neceſſary*, that mankind ſhould believe in Chriſt, if they are to be ſaved through his means, and for the confirmation of that *neceſſary* faith, theſe miracles were perform-ed : The author of the objection, who himſelf aſ-ſerts that Moſes delivered the important doctrine of a future ſtate, will not deny that the belief of a future ſtate is a *neceſſary* belief ; and if it be ſo, it muſt follow that Chriſt's reſurrection and ap-pearance upon earth after his crucifixion, (a mi-racle I preſume as great and ſtriking as any wrought by the hand of Moſes) was as pertinent to that general end, as the wonders in the land of Egypt and at the Red Sea were to the particu-lar

lar purpoſe of reſcuing the Jews out of their captivity.

If we grant that Moſes, as this objector intimates, did impart the doctrine of a future ſtate, Chriſt did more by exemplifying it in his own perſon, and againſt ſuch evidence we might preſume even a Sadducee would not hold out. Now as ſo large a portion of the Jewiſh nation were ſtill in the avowed diſbelief of that doctrine, which our opponent believes was taught them by their great prophet and lawgiver himſelf, ſurely he muſt of force allow, that the reſurrection of Chriſt was to them at leaſt, and to all who like them did not credit the doctrine of a life to come, a *neceſſary* miracle.

Where ſuch a teacher as Moſes had failed to perſuade, what leſs than a miracle could conquer their infidelity? Unleſs indeed, our author ſhall join iſſue with Abraham in his reply to Dives, as recorded in the words of Chriſt, and maintain with him, that as they would not believe the word of Moſes, *neither would they be perſuaded, though one actually roſe from the dead.*

And now I will more cloſely animadvert upon the bold aſſertion of *David Levi*, the Jew, (whoſe hoſtile opinions we tolerate) that the miracles of Chriſt, the Saviour of the world (whoſe religion we profeſs) were *ſcarcely juſt or rational.*

Our faith is at iſſue; our eſtabliſhed church falls to the ground, our very ſovereign becomes no longer the *defender of our faith*, but rather the defender of our folly, if this contemner of Chriſt, this alien, who aſſaults our religion, whilſt he is living under the protection of our laws, ſhall, with

with one ſtroke of an audacious pen, undermine the ſtrong foundation of our belief.

Let us hear how this modern caviller confutes thoſe miracles, which his forefathers ſaw and did not dare to deny.

He takes two out of the number, and if there is any merit in the ſelection, he is beholden to his correſpondent for it: Theſe are, firſt, *the driving the devils out of the man poſſeſſed, and ſending them into the herd of ſwine; Mat. viii.* 28. Secondly, *the curſe pronounced upon the barren fig-tree; Mark xi.* 13.

Upon the firſt of theſe he has the following ſtricture—*This I think was not ſtrictly juſt, for as according to your* [Dr. Prieſtley's] *opinion, he was but a man and a prophet, I would willingly be informed what right he had to deſtroy another man's property in the manner he did by ſending the devils into them, and ſo cauſing them to run violently into the ſea and periſh?*

This miracle is recorded alſo by Saint Mark, v. 1. and again by Saint Luke, viii. 26. What Saint Matthew calls the country of the Gergeſenes, the other two evangeliſts call the country of the Gadarenes, and St. Luke adds that it is over againſt Galilee; this country, as I conceive, was within the boundaries of the half tribe of Manaſſeh, on the other ſide of Jordan, and is by Strabo called *Gadarida*, lib. 16. Now Moſes both in Leviticus xi. and Deuteronomy xiv. prohibits ſwine, as one of the unclean beaſts: *Of their fleſh ſhall you not eat, and their carcaſe ſhall ye not touch; they are unclean to you.* Iſaiah alſo ſtates it as a particular ſin and abomination in the

Jews, whom he calleth *a rebellious people, a people that provoketh me to anger continually to my face; which remain among the graves and lodge in the monuments, which eat ſwine's fleſh. lxv.* 2, 3, 4. And again, *They that ſanctify themſelves and purify themſelves in the gardens, behind one tree in the midſt, eating ſwine's fleſh, &c. ſhall be conſumed together, ſaith the Lord. lxvi.* 17 Eleazar the ſcribe, *when conſtrained to open his mouth and eat ſwine's fleſh, choſe rather to die glorioufly, than to live ſtained with ſuch an abomination. 2 Macc. vi.* 18. 19. The ſeven brethren alſo, who were compelled to the like abomination, declared, *They were ready to die rather than to tranſgreſs the laws of their fathers.* This being the law of Moſes with reſpect to this proſcribed animal, and ſuch being the corruptions of the people in violating that law, I am at a loſs to diſcover the *injuſtice* of the miracle; ſeeing what abominations theſe creatures had occaſioned amongſt the Jews, ſo as to draw down the denunciations of the prophet Iſaiah, repeatedly urged in the paſſages above quoted; and it is with particular ſurprize I meet the charge from one, who is himſelf a Jew, and who, I muſt preſume, would die the death of Eleazar rather than be defiled with ſuch abominable food. It would be hard indeed if Chriſt, whom he arraigns for aboliſhing the Moſaical diſpenſation in one part of his argument, ſhould in another be accuſed of wrong and injury for conforming to it: But any wretched ſhift ſhall be reſorted to for a matter of railing againſt Chriſt, and rather than not feed his ſpleen at all, he will feed it upon ſwine's fleſh: Let the learned Jew

firſt

firſt prove to me that a hog was not an abomination to his countrymen, and it will then be time enough to debate upon the *injuſtice* of deſtroying them; meanwhile I ſhall not be diſpoſed to allow of any damages for the ſwine in queſtion at the ſuit and proſecution of a Jew.

His ſecond attack is pointed againſt the miracle of the fig-tree, which was blaſted at the word of Chriſt.

Though Saint Matthew as well as Saint Mark, records this miracle, yet, for reaſons ſufficiently obvious, he refers to the latter, who ſays, *that when Chriſt came to it he found nothing but leaves; for the time of figs was not yet.* His argument upon this paſſage is as follows: *Hence it is manifeſt, that he required the tree to produce fruit out of ſeaſon, and which would have been contrary to the intent of its creator; and therefore he, as a dutiful ſon, curſes the innocent and guiltleſs tree for doing that, which his father had commanded it to do, viz. to bear fruit in its proper ſeaſon:* In this paragraph our Jew has quickened his argument with ſome facetious irony, and he follows it with an air of exultation as well as inſult: *If, after this, Chriſtians ſhould ſtill perſiſt in the miracle, according to the letter of the ſtory, much good may it do them; but I am ſure it will never be the means of converting the unbelieving Jews to the Chriſtian faith.*

I cloſe with him in opinion that this miracle will not be the means of converting his unbelieving brethren to Chriſtianity; for how can I hope, that what their fathers ſaw and yet believed not, ſhould at this diſtant period gain belief from their poſterity? I alſo join with him in ſaying (and I ſuſpect

ſuſpect I ſay it with ſomewhat more ſincerity) *much good may it do* to all thoſe Chriſtians, who perſiſt in their belief of it! A deſcendant of thoſe who murdered Chriſt, may act in character, when he inſults his miracles and ridicules his perſon, but a believer in Chriſt will be an imitator of his patience.

It is now time to diſmiſs the irony and apply to the argument. This ſimply turns upon Saint Mark's interjectional obſervation, not noticed by Saint Matthew in his account, viz. *that the time of figs was not yet:* He ſays, that Jeſus being hungry ſaw a fig-tree afar off, having leaves, and came if haply he might find any thing thereon: By this it appears that the tree was in leaf, and Jeſus approached it with the expectation of finding ſomething thereon; but when he found nothing but leaves, he ſaid unto it, *No man eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever!* And his diſciples heard it; Theſe came again the next morning, and paſſing by the fig-tree ſaw it dried up from the roots; which when Peter remarked as a completion of the miracle, Jeſus ſaid to them all, HAVE FAITH IN GOD!

In theſe important words we have the moral of the act. The tree, which this reviler takes upon himſelf to ſay, was *commanded* by God *to bear fruit in its proper ſeaſon*, was on the contrary commanded by God to bear fruit no more, but ſerve a nobler purpoſe by witneſſing to the miraculous power of Chriſt; and now if *an innocent and guiltleſs tree* was blaſted out of ſeaſon by the word of Chriſt for the purpoſe of inſpiring the beholders with *Faith in God*, the benefit conferred upon human

man nature may well atone for the injury done to vegetable nature; though I am free to acknowledge to its pathetic advocate, that, as a Jew, he has undertaken a more cleanly cauſe, than when he before ſtood forth in defence of the hogs: As well may he bewail *the innocent and guiltleſs trees* and grain of Egypt, which were ſmitten by the hail, when Moſes called it down upon the land, if ſuch be his tender feelings toward the productions of the earth, as this ſingle fig-tree: Till he can convince us that the deliverance of the Jews from their Egyptian bondage was a more important object than the redemption of the world, he will find it hard to make a reaſoning man allow, that this ſingle fig-tree, even though it had no right to bear fruit, had a ſtronger appeal to juſtice againſt the miracle of Chriſt, than *every herb of the field that was ſmitten, every* guiltleſs and innocent *tree of the field that was broken* by the ſtretching forth of the rod of Moſes.

Thus then ſtands the account between Chriſt and his accuſer; the Jewiſh nation loſt a tree, and mankind gained—a Savior!

N° CXVII.

IF it were neceſſary to enter into a more literal defence of the miracle of the blaſted fig-tree, I ſee no abſolute reaſon to conclude with the caviller, that Chriſt required the tree to produce fruit out of ſeaſon and act againſt its nature;

ture; for if *the time of figs* be the gathering or harveſt of figs, it was more reaſonable to expect fruit from this tree before the time of plucking, than after it; and as this fruit was no ſmall article in the produce and traffick of Judæa, we may well conclude *the time of figs*, mentioned by Saint Mark, was like the vintage in the wine countries; and I apprehend it would not be an unreaſonable expectation to find a cluſter of grapes on a vine, before the time of vintage was come. This conſtruction of the words will ſeem the more reaſonable, when we remark that Saint Matthew, who records the miracle, takes no account of this circumſtance, and that Saint Mark, who ſtates it, ſtates alſo that Chriſt in his hunger applied to the tree, *if haply he might find any thing thereon*, which implies expectation.

But our Jew hath ſuggeſted a better method of performing the miracle by commanding fruit from a withered tree inſtead of blaſting a living one; which, ſays he, *if Jeſus had done, it would have been ſuch an inſtance of his power, as to have rendered the proof of the miracle indiſputable.*

Here let him ſtand to his confeſſion, and I take him at his word: I agree with him in owning that the miracle, as he ſtates it, would have been indiſputable, had Chriſt given life and fruit to a withered tree; and I demand of him to agree with me, that the miracle was indiſputable, when the ſame Chriſt gave breath and life to dead Lazarus.

But alas! I can hardly expect that the raiſing a dead tree to life would have been thus ſucceſsful, though even infidelity aſſerts it, when the miracle

miracle of reſtoring a dead man to life hath not ſilenced his cavils, but left him to quibble about hogs and figs, and even in the face of his own confeſſion to arraign the Savior of the world as *unjuſt and irrational*, through the channel of a Chriſtian preſs: Neither am I bound to admit, that his correction of the miracle would in any reſpect have amended it; for, as an inſtance of Chriſt's miraculous power, I can ſee no greater energy in the act of enlivening a dead tree, than in deſtroying a living one by the ſingle word of his command.

I muſt yet aſk patience of the reader, whilſt I attend upon this objector to another cavil ſtarted againſt this miracle of the fig-tree, in the account of which he ſays there is a contradiction of dates between Saint Matthew and Saint Mark, for that in the former it appears *Chriſt firſt caſt the buyers and ſellers out of the temple, and on the morrow curſed the fig-tree; whereas according to Saint Mark it was tranſacted before the driving them out of the temple, and ſuch a manifeſt contradiction muſt greatly affect the credibility of the hiſtory.*

Whether or not a day's diſagreement in the dates would ſo *greatly affect the credibility of the hiſtory* we are not called upon to argue, becauſe it will be found that no ſuch contradiction exiſts.

Saint Mark agrees with Saint Matthew in ſaying that *Jeſus entered into Jeruſalem and into the temple*, and on the morrow curſed the fig-tree; he then adds that he returned to Jeruſalem and drove the buyers and ſellers out of the temple: Again, the next morning he and his diſciples

paſſed

paſſed by the fig-tree and ſaw it dried up from the roots: This is told in detail.

Saint Matthew agrees with Saint Mark in ſaying Jeſus went into the temple the day before he deſtroyed the fig-tree, but he does not break the narrative into detail, as Saint Mark does; for as he relates the whole miracle of the fig-tree at once, compriſing the events of two days in one account, ſo doth he give the whole of what paſſed in the temple at once alſo.

Both Evangeliſts agree in making Chriſt's entrance into the temple antecedent to his miracle; but Saint Matthew with more brevity puts the whole of each incident into one account, Saint Mark more circumſtantially details every particular: And this is the mighty contradiction, which David Levi hath diſcovered in the ſacred hiſtorians, upon which he exultingly pronounces, that *he is confident there are a number of others as glaring as this; but which he has not at preſent either time or inclination to point out.*

Theſe menaces I ſhall expect he will make good, for when his time ſerves to point them out, I dare believe his inclination will not ſtand in the way.

In the mean time let it be remembered that David Levi ſtands pledged as the author of an unſupported charge againſt the veracity of the Evangeliſts, and let every faithful Chriſtian, to whom thoſe holy records are dear, but moſt of all the proper guardians of our church, be prepared to meet their opponent and his charge.

But our caviler hath not yet done with the Evangeliſts,

Evangeliſts, for he aſſerts that *they are not only contradictory to each other, but are inconſiſtent with themſelves; for what can be more ſo than Matthew* i. 18. *with Matthew* xiii. 55.?

Now mark the contradiction! *The birth of Jeſus was on this wiſe; When as his mother Mary was eſpouſed to Joſeph, before they came together, ſhe was found with child of the Holy Ghoſt. Chap.* i. 18. The other text is found in *Chap.* xiii. 55: *Is not this the carpenter's ſon? is not his mother Mary? and his brethren James and Joſes and Simon and Judas?*

Need any child be told, that in the firſt text Saint Matthew ſpeaks, and in the ſecond the cavilling Jews? who then can wonder if they diſagree? as well we might expect agreement between truth and falſehood, between the Evangeliſt and *David Levi*, as between two paſſages of ſuch oppoſite characters. Is this the man, who is to confute the holy ſcriptures? Weak champion of an unworthy cauſe!

What he means by an inconſiſtency between *Luke* i. 34, 35. and *Luke* xiv. 22. I cannot underſtand, and conclude there muſt be an error of the preſs, of which I think no author can have leſs reaſon to complain, than *David Levi*.

Theſe two unproſperous attacks being the whole of what he attempts upon the inconſiſtency of the ſacred hiſtorians with themſelves, I ſhall no longer detain my readers, than whilſt I notice one more cavil, which this author points againſt the divine miſſion of Chriſt, as compared with that of Moſes, viz. *That God ſpeaking with Moſes face to face in the preſence of ſix hundred thouſand men, beſides women and children, as mentioned in Exod.*

Exod. xix. 9. *was ſuch an eſſential proof of the divine miſſion of Moſes, as is wanting on the part of Jeſus;* and therefore he concludes, that taking the miracles of Moſes and this colloquy with the Supreme Being together, the evidences for him are much ſtronger than for Chriſt.

A man, who does not inſtantly diſcern the futility of this argument, muſt forget all the ſeveral incidents in the hiſtory of Chriſt, where the voice of God audibly teſtifies to his divine miſſion; for inſtance *Matth.* iii. 16, 17. *And Jeſus, when he was baptized, went up ſtraitway out of the water, and lo! the heavens were opened unto him, and he ſaw the Spirit of God deſcending like a dove, and lighting upon him; and lo! a voice from heaven, ſaying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleaſed.* The ſame is repeated by *Mark*, i. 10, 11.; again by *Luke*, iii. 21, 22.; again by *John*, i. 32, 33, 34.

If theſe ſupernatural ſigns and declarations do not evince the ſuperiority of Chriſt's miſſion above that of Moſes, if Chriſt, to whom angels miniſtered, when the devil in deſpair departed from him, Chriſt, who was transfigured before his diſciples, *and his face did ſhine as the ſun, and his raiment was white as the light, and behold! there appeared unto them Moſes and Elias talking with him;* Chriſt, at whoſe death *the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened, and many bodies of ſaints, which ſlept, aroſe, and came out of the graves after his reſurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many;* in concluſion,

concluſion, if Chriſt, whoſe reſurrection was declared by angels, ſeen and acknowledged by many witneſſes, and whoſe aſcenſion in heaven crowned and completed the irrefragable evidences of his divine miſſion; if Chriſt, whoſe prophecies of his own death and reſurrection, of the deſtruction of Jeruſalem and of the ſubſequent diſperſion of the Jews, have been and now are ſo fully verified, cannot, as our caviller aſſerts, meet the compariſon with Moſes, then is the Redeemer of loſt mankind a leſs ſublime and important character than the legiſlator of the Jews.

I have now attempted in the firſt place to diſcover how far the world was illuminated by right reaſon before the revelation of Chriſt took place; for had men's belief been ſuch, and their practice alſo ſuch as Chriſtianity teaches, the world had not ſtood in need of a Redeemer.

The reſult of this enquiry was, that certain perſons have expreſſed themſelves well and juſtly upon the ſubject of God and religion in times antecedent to the Chriſtian æra, and in countries where idolatry was the eſtabliſhed worſhip:

That the nation of the Jews was a peculiar nation, and preſerved the worſhip of the true and only God, revealed in very early time to their fathers, but that this worſhip from various circumſtances and events, in which they themſelves were highly criminal, had not been propagated beyond the limits of a ſmall tract, and that the temple of Jeruſalem was the only church in the world, where God was worſhipped, when Chriſt came upon earth:

That

That from the almoſt univerſal diffuſion of idolatry, from the unworthy ideas men had of God and religion, and the few faint notions entertained amongſt them of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, the world was in ſuch deplorable error, and in ſuch univerſal need of an inſtructor and redeemer, that the coming of Chriſt was moſt ſeaſonable and neceſſary to ſalvation:

That there was a number of concurrent prophecies of an authentic character in actual exiſtence, which promiſed this ſalvation to the world, and depicted the perſon of the Meſſias, who was to perform this mediatorial office in ſo ſtriking a manner, that it cannot be doubted but that all thoſe characteriſtics meet and are fulfilled in the perſon of Chriſt:

That his birth, doctrines, miracles, prophecies, death and paſſion with other evidences are ſo ſatisfactory for the confirmation of our belief in his divine miſſion, that our faith as Chriſtians is grounded upon irrefragable proofs:

Laſtly, That the vague opinions of our own diſſenting brethren, and the futile cavils of a recent publication by a diſtinguiſhed writer of the Jewiſh nation, are ſuch weak and impotent aſſaults upon our religion, as only ſerve to confirm us in it the more.

If I have effected this to the ſatisfaction of the ſerious reader I ſhall be moſt happy, and as for thoſe, who ſeek nothing better than amuſement in theſe volumes, I will apply myſelf without delay to the eaſier taſk of furniſhing them with matter

ter more ſuited to their taſte, and if the following pages ſhall introduce another Jew to their acquaintance, I can promiſe them he ſhall be one, of whom no honeſt man need be aſhamed.

N° CXVIII.

Ἀπραγμόνως ζῆν, ἡδύ.
APOLLODORUS ADELPHIS.

"*A life from cares and buſineſs free,*
"*Is of all lives the life for me.*"

NED DROWSY came into poſſeſſion of a good eſtate at a time of life, when the humours and habits contracted by education, or more properly by the want of it, become too much a part of the conſtitution to be conquered but by ſome extraordinary effort or event. Ned's father had too tender a concern for his health and morals to admit him of a public ſchool, and the ſame objections held againſt an univerſity: Not that Ned was without his pretenſions to ſcholarſhip, for it is well known that he has been ſometimes found aſleep upon his couch with a book open in his hand, which warrants a preſumption that he could read, though I have not met any body yet, who has detected him in the act itſelf. The literature of the nurſery he held in general contempt, and had no more paſſion for the feats of *Jack the Giant-killer*, when he was a child, than he had for

for the labours of Hercules in his more adult years: I can witneſs to the deteſtation, in which he held the popular allegory of *the Pilgrim's Progreſs*, and when he has been told of the many editions that book has run through, he has never failed to reply, that there is no accounting for the bad taſte of the vulgar: At the ſame time, I ſpeak it to his honour, I have frequently known him expreſs a tender fellow-feeling for *the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*, and betray more partiality, than he was apt to be guilty of, to the edifying ſtory of *the Seven Dreamers*, whom I verily believe he held in more reſpect than the Seven Wiſe Men of Greece.

Rural ſports were too boiſterous for Ned's ſpirits; neither hares nor partridges could lay their deaths at his door, ſo that all his country neighbours gave him their good word, and poached his manors without mercy: There was a canal in front of his houſe, where he would ſometimes take up with the placid amuſement of angling from an alcove by the ſide of it, with a ſervant in attendance for the purpoſe of baiting his hook, or calling upon him to pull, if by chance he was ſurprized with a bite; happily for his repoſe this very rarely was the caſe, though a tradition runs in the family of his having once ſnapped an officious perch of extraordinary ſize.

There was a learned practitioner in the law, one *Mr Driver*, who had a houſe in his pariſh, and him Ned appointed manager of his eſtate; this worthy gentleman was ſo conſiderate as ſeldom if ever to give him any trouble about his accounts,

counts, well knowing his averſion from items and particulars and the little turn he had to the drudgery of arithmetic and calculations. By the kind offices of Mr. Driver Ned was relieved from an infinite deal of diſagreeable buſineſs, and Mr. Driver himſelf ſuddenly became a man of conſiderable property, and began to take a lead in the county. Ned together with his eſtate had ſucceeded to a Chancery ſuit, which was pending at the death of the late poſſeſſor: This ſuit was for a time carried on ſo proſperouſly by Mr. Driver, that nothing more ſeemed requiſite to bring it to a favorable iſſue, than for Ned to make his appearance in Court for ſome purpoſes I am not able to explain: This was an undertaking ſo inſurmountable, that he could never be prevailed upon to ſet about it and the ſuit was deſerted accordingly. This ſuit and the circumſtance of a copper mine on his eſtate, which his agent never could engage him to work, were the only things that ever diſturbed his tranquillity, and upon theſe topics he was rather ſore, till Mr. Driver found it convenient to give up both points, and Ned heard no more of his Chancery ſuit or his copper mine.

Theſe few traits of my friend's character will ſuffice to make my readers acquainted with him before I relate the particulars of a viſit I paid him about three months ago. It was n compliance with the following letter, which I was favoured with from Mr. Driver.

" Sir,

" Theſe are to inform you that Mr. Drowſy deſires the favour of your company at Poppy-Hall, which

which he has ordered me to notify to you, not doubting but you will take it in good part, as you well know his humour ſtands towards writing. He bids me ſay that he has ſomething of conſequence to conſult you upon, of which more when we meet: Wiſhing you health and a ſafe journey I remain in all reaſonable ſervice,

Your's to command,

DANIEL DRIVER."

In conſequence of this ſummons I ſet off for Poppy-Hall, and arrived there early in the evening of the ſecond day. I found my friend Drowſy in company with my correſpondent the attorney, the reverend Mr. Beetle curate of the pariſh, and two gentlemen, ſtrangers to me, who, as I underſtood from Mr. Driver, were Mr. Sparkle ſenior, an eminent auctioneer in London, and Billy Sparkle his ſon, a city beau. My friend was in his eaſy chair turned towards the fire; the reſt were ſitting round the table at ſome diſtance, and engaged, as I ſoon diſcovered, in a very intereſting converſation upon beauty, which my entrance for a while put a ſtop to. This intermiſſion however laſted no longer than whilſt Mr. Drowſy paid his compliments to me, which he performed in few words, aſking me however if I came on horſeback, which having anſwered in the affirmative, he ſententiouſly obſerved, that he never rode. And now the elder Mr. Sparkle reſumed the converſation in the following manner.

What I was going to obſerve to you, when this gentleman came in, upon the article of beauty is peremptorily and preciſely this: Beauty, gentlemen, is in the eye, I aver it to be in the eye of the beholder and not in the object itſelf; my beauty for inſtance is not your beauty, your's is not

not mine; it depends upon fancy and taſte, fancy and taſte are nothing but caprice: A collection of fine women is like a collection of fine pictures; put them to auction, and bidders will be found for every lot.—But all bidders, cries the attorney, are not *bonâ fide* buyers; I believe you find many an article in your ſales ſent back upon the owner's hands, and ſo it is with beauty; all, that is bidden for, is not bought in—Here the curate interpoſed, and turning to his lay-brother of the pulpit, reminded him that beauty was like a flower of the field; here to-day, and gone to-morrow; whereas virtue was a hardy plant and defied the ſcythe of time; virtue was an evergreen and would bloom in the winter of life; virtue would flouriſh, when beauty was no more. —I believe it ſeldom makes any conſiderable ſhoots till that is the caſe, cried Billy Sparkle, and followed up his repartee with a laugh, in which he was himſelf the only performer.—It is high time now, ſays the attorney, directing his diſcourſe to me, to make you acquainted with the buſineſs we are upon, and how we came to fall upon this topic of beauty. Your friend Mr. Drowſy does not like the trouble of talking, and therefore with his leave I ſhall open the caſe to you, as I know he wiſhes to take your opinion upon it—Here the attorney ſeeming to pauſe for his cue, Drowſy nodded his head and bade him go on. We are in conſultation, rejoined he, upon a matter of no leſs moment than the choice of a wife for the gentleman in that eaſy chair.—And if he is eaſy in it, demanded I, what need he wiſh for more?—Alackaday! he has no heir, and till that event takes place, he is only tenant for life ſubject to impeachment of waſte; he can-

not be called maſter of his own eſtate; only think of that, Sir. That was for him to do, I replied; how does Mr. Drowſy himſelf think of it? I. don't think much about it, anſwered Ned. And how ſtands your mind towards matrimony?—No anſwer.—There's trouble in it, added I.—There is ſo, replied he with a ſigh; but Driver ſays I want an heir. There's trouble in that too, quoth I; have you any particular lady in your eye? That is the very point we are now upon, cried Mr. Sparkle ſenior; there are three lots up for Mr. Drowſy or his friends to chuſe from, and I only wait his ſignal for knocking down the lot, that he likes beſt. This I could not perfectly underſtand in the terms of art, which Mr. Sparkle made uſe of, and therefore deſired he would expreſs himſelf in plain language. My father means to ſay, cries Billy, there are three girls want huſbands, and but one man that wiſhes to be married. Hold your tongue, puppy, ſaid old Sparkle, and proceeded. You ſhall know, Sir, that to accommodate Mr. Drowſy in the article of a wife, and ſave him the trouble of looking out for himſelf, we ſome time ago put an advertiſement in the papers; I believe I have a copy of it about me: Aye, here it is!

"WANTED

"A young, healthy, unmarried woman, of a diſcreet character, as wife to a gentleman of fortune, who loves his eaſe and does not care to take upon himſelf the trouble of courtſhip: ſhe muſt be of a placid domeſtic turn, and not one that likes to hear herſelf talk. Any qualified perſon, whom this may ſuit, by applying to Mr. Sparkle auctioneer,

auctioneer, may be informed of particulars. A ſhort trial will be expected.

" N. B. Maids of Honor need not apply, as none ſuch will be treated with."

I told Mr. Sparkle I thought his advertiſement a very good one, and properly guarded, and I wiſhed to know the reſult of it: He ſaid that very many applicants had preſented themſelves, but for want of full credentials he had diſmiſſed all but three, whom I will again deſcribe, added he, not only for your information, but in hopes Mr. Drowſy will give ſome attention to the catalogue, which I am ſorry to ſay has not yet been the caſe.

He then drew a paper of minutes from his pocket-book and read as follows—

" Katherine Cumming, ſpinſter, aged twenty-five, lodges at Graveſend in the houſe of Mr. Duffer, a reputable ſlop-ſeller of that place, can have an undeniable character from two gentlemen of credit, now abſent, but ſoon expected in the next arrivals from China: Her fortune, which ſhe ingenuouſly owns is not capital, is for the preſent inveſted in certain commodities, which ſhe has put into the hands of the gentlemen above-mentioned, and for which ſhe expects profitable returns on their arrival. This young lady appeared with a florid blooming complexion, fine long ringlets of dark hair in the faſhionable diſhevel, eyes uncommonly ſparkling, is tall of ſtature, ſtrait and in good caſe. She wore a locket of plaited hair ſlung in a gold chain round her neck, and was remarkably neat and elegant about the feet and ancles: Is impatient for a ſpeedy anſwer, as ſhe has thoughts of going out in the next ſhips to India."

Let her go! cried Ned, I'll have nothing to ſay to Kitty Cumming.—I'll bet a wager ſhe is one of us, exclaimed the city beau, for which his father gave him a look of rebuke and proceeded to the next.

" Agnes de Crapeau, daughter of a French proteſtant clergyman in the Iſle of Jerſey, a comely young woman, but of a penſive air and downcaſt look; lived as a dependant upon a certain rich trader's wife, with whom her ſituation was very unpleaſant; flattered herſelf ſhe was well practiſed in ſubmiſſion and obedience, ſhould conform to any humours which the advertiſer might have, and, ſhould he do her the honour to accept her as his his wife, ſhe would do *her poſſible* to pleaſe him with all humble duty, gratitude and devotion."

Ned Drowſy now turned himſelf in his chair, and with a ſigh whiſpered me in the ear, Poor thing! I pity her, but ſhe won't do: Go on to the laſt.

The lady I am next to deſcribe, ſaid Sparkle, is one of whom I can only ſpeak by report, for as yet I have not ſet my eyes on her perſon, nor is ſhe acquainted with a ſyllable of theſe proceedings, being repreſented to me as a young woman, whoſe delicacy would not ſubmit to be the candidate of an advertiſement. The account I have had of her is from a friend, who, though a man of a particular way of thinking, is a very honeſt honourable perſon, and one whoſe word will paſs for thouſands: He called at my office one day, when this advertiſement was lying on my deſk, and caſting his eye upon the paper aſked me, if that filly jeſt was of my inventing; I aſſured him it was no jeſt, but a ſerious advertiſement; that the

ty was a man of property and honor, a
ıan by birth and principle, and one every
alified to make the married ſtate happy.
e loſt his underſtanding, ſaid my friend,
: takes this method of convening all the
tes about the town, or doth he conſult his
much, as not to trouble himſelf whether
: be a modeſt woman or not? Humph!
Ned, what ſignifies what he ſaid? go on
our ſtory. To make ſhort of it then, re-
Sparkle, my friend grew ſerious upon the
and after a conſiderable time addreſſed
to me as follows; If I were ſatisfied your
al is a man, as you deſcribe him, qualified
per and diſpoſition to make an amiable and
s girl happy, I would ſay ſomething to you
ſubject; but as he chuſes to be concealed,
I cannot think of blindly ſacrificing my
ırge to any man, whom ſhe does not know
prove, there is an end of the matter. And
? exclaimed Ned with more energy than I
er obſerved in him; I ſhould be glad to
gentleman and lady both; I ſhould be glad
them.

his inſtant a ſervant entered the room and
ıced the arrival of a ſtranger, who wiſhed
k with the elder Mr. Sparkle.

N° CXIX.

[friend Ned Drowſy is a man, who hath
: neglected nature's gifts, but not abuſed
; he is as void of vice, as he is of induſtry,
nper is ſerene, and his manners harmleſs

and inoffenſive; he is avaricious of nothing but of his eaſe, and certainly poſſeſſes benevolence, though too indolent to put it into action: He is as ſparing of his teeth as he is of his tongue, and whether it be that he is naturally temperate, or that eating and drinking are too troubleſome, ſo it is that he is very abſtemious in both particulars, and having received the bleſſings of a good conſtitution and a comely perſon from the hand of Providence, he has not ſquandered his talent, though he has not put it out to uſe.

Accordingly when I perceived him intereſted in the manner I have related upon Mr. Sparkle's diſcourſe, and heard him give orders to his ſervant to ſhew the gentleman into the room, which he did in a quicker and more ſpirited tone than is uſual with him, I began to think that nature was about to ſtruggle for her privileges, and ſuſpecting that this ſtranger might perhaps have ſome connection with Sparkle's *incognita*, I grew impatient for his appearance.

After a while the ſervant returned and introduced a little ſwarthy old man with ſhort grey hair and whimſically dreſſed; having on a dark brown coat with a tarniſhed gold edging, black figured velvet waiſtcoat and breeches of ſcarlet cloth with long gold knee-bands, dangling down a pair of black ſilk ſtockings, which cloathed two legs not exactly caſt in the mould of the Belvedere Apollo. He made two or three low reverences as he advanced, ſo that before Mr. Sparkle could announce him by name, I had ſet him down for an Iſraelite, all the world to nothing; but as ſoon as I heard the words, *Gentlemen this is my worthy friend Mr. Abraham Abrahams!* I recognized the perſon of my correſpondent,

dent, whoſe humble and ingenious letter I thought fit to publiſh in N° LXIV. of my ſecond volume, and whom I had once before had a glimpſe of, as he walked paſt my bookſeller's door in Cornhill, and was pointed out to me from the ſhop.

Mr. Abrahams, not being a perſon, to whom nature had affixed her paſſport, ſaying *Let this man have free ingreſs and egreſs upon my authority*, made his firſt approaches with all thoſe civil aſſiduities, which ſome people are conſtrained to practiſe, who muſt firſt turn prejudice out of company, before they can ſit down in it. In the preſent caſe I flatter myſelf he fared ſomewhat better for the whiſper I gave my friend Ned in his favor, and ſilence after a ſhort time having taken place in ſuch a manner as ſeemed to indicate an expectation in the company, that he was the perſon who was now to break it, he began not without ſome heſitation to deliver himſelf in theſe words.

Before I take the liberty of addreſſing the gentleman of the houſe, I wiſh to know from my friend Mr. Sparkle, whether he has opened any hint of what has paſſed between him and me relative to a certain advertiſement; and if he has, I ſhould next be glad to know, whether I have permiſſion of the party concerned to go into the buſineſs.

Yes, Sir, cried Ned ſomewhat eagerly, Mr. Sparkle has told me all that paſſed, and you have not only my free leave, but my earneſt deſire to ſay every thing you think fit before theſe friends.

Then, Sir, ſaid Abrahams, I ſhall tell you a plain tale without varying a ſingle tittle from the truth.

As I was coming home from my club pretty late in the evening about five months ago, in turning the corner of a narrow alley, a young woman came haſtily out of the door of a houſe, and, ſeizing hold of my hand, eagerly beſought me for the love of God to follow her. I was ſtartled, and knew not what to think of ſuch a greeting; I could diſcern that ſhe was young and beautiful, and I was no adventurer in affairs of gallantry; ſhe ſeemed indeed to be exceedingly agitated and almoſt beſide herſelf, but I knew the profligate of that ſex can ſometimes feign diſtreſs for very wicked purpoſes, and therefore deſired to be excuſed from going into any houſe with her; if ſhe would however advance a few paces I would hear what ſhe had to ſay, and ſo it was nothing but my charity ſhe ſolicited, I was ready to relieve her: We turned the corner of the alley together, and being now in one of the principal ſtreets of the city, I thought I might ſafely ſtop and hear the petition ſhe had to make. As we ſtood together under the eaves of a ſhop, the night being rainy, ſhe told me that the reaſon ſhe beſought me to go into the houſe with her was in hopes the ſpectacle of diſtreſs, which would there preſent itſelf to my ſight, might, if there was any pity in my heart, call it forth, and prevail with me to ſtop a deed of cruelty, which was then in execution, by ſaving a wretched object from being thruſt into the ſtreets in a dying condition for a ſmall debt to her landlord, whom no entreaties could pacify. Bleſſed God! I exclaimed, can there be ſuch human monſters? who is the woman? My mother, replied ſhe, and burſt into an agony of tears; if I would be what I may have appeared to you, but what I never

never can be even to ſave the life of my parent, I had not been driven to this extremity, for it is reſentment, which actuates the brutal wretch no leſs than cruelty. Though I confeſs myſelf not inſenſible to fear, being as you ſee no athletic, I felt ſuch indignation riſe within me at theſe words, that I did not heſitate for another moment about accompanying this unhappy girl to her houſe, not doubting the truth of what ſhe had been telling me, as well from the manner of her relating it, as from my obſervation of her countenance, which the light of the lamp under which we were ſtanding, diſcovered to be of a moſt affecting, modeſt and even dignified character—

Sir, I honor you for your benevolence, cried Ned; pray proceed with your ſtory.

She led me up two pair of ſtairs into a back apartment, where a woman was in bed, pleading for mercy to a ſurly-looking fellow, who was calling out to her to get up and be gone out of of his houſe. I have found a fellow-creature, ſaid my conductreſs, whoſe pity will redeem us from the clutches of one, who has none; be comforted, my dear mother, for this gentleman has ſome Chriſtian charity in his heart. I don't know what charity may be in his heart, cried the fellow, but he has ſo little of the Chriſtian in his countenance, that I'll bet ten to one he is a Jew. Be that as it may, ſaid I, a Jew may have feeling, and therefore ſay what theſe poor women are indebted to you, and I will pay down the money, if my pocket can reach it; if not, I believe my name, though it be a Jew's name, will be good for the ſum, let it be what it will. May God reward you, cried the mother, our debt is not great, though it is more than we have preſent

means to pay; we owe but ſix and twenty ſhillings to our hardened creditor; I believe I am right, Conſtantia, (turning to her daughter) but you know what it is correctly. That is the amount of it, replied the lovely Conſtantia, for ſuch ſhe now appeared to me, as ſhe was in the act of ſupporting her mother on the bolſter with her arm under her neck. Take your money, man, quoth I, receive what is your own, and let theſe helpleſs creatures lodge in peace one night beneath your roof; to-morrow I will remove them, if this infirm woman ſhall be able to endure it. I hope my houſe is my own, anſwered the ſavage, and I don't deſire to be troubled with them one night longer, no, nor even one hour.

Is this poſſible? exclaimed Ned; are there ſuch diſtreſſes in the world? what then have I been doing all this while? Having ſo ſaid, he ſprung nimbly out of his eaſy chair, took a haſty ſtride or two acroſs the room, rubbing his forehead as he walked, threw himſelf into an empty chair, which ſtood next to that, in which Mr. Abrahams was ſitting, and begged him once more to proceed with his narrative.

With the help of my apothecary, who lived in the very houſe, at the door of which I had converſed with Conſtantia, I removed the invalid and her daughter that very evening in a hackney coach to my own houſe, which was not far diſtant; and by the ſame medical aſſiſtance and my wife's care, who is an excellent nurſe, I had the ſatisfaction to ſee the poor woman regain her health and ſtrength very ſpeedily, for in fact her weakneſs had been more the effect of miſery and want of diet, than any real diſeaſe: As for Conſtantia, her looks kept pace with her mother's recovery,

and

and I muſt ſay without flattery ſhe is altogether the fineſt creature I ever looked upon.

The mother of Conſtantia is ſtill a very comely woman and not above forty years old; ſhe has a father living, who is a man of great opulence, but he has conceived ſuch irreconcileable diſpleaſure at her marrying, that he has never ſince that event taken the leaſt notice either of her or of his grandchild. Then he is an unnatural monſter, cried Ned, and will be ſent to the devil for his barbarity.

Mr. Abrahams proceeded as follows; ſhe is the widow of a Captain Goodiſon, of whoſe unhappy ſtory I have at different times collected only a few particulars, but from theſe I can underſtand that ſhe went with him to America, and took her daughter with her; that he had a company of foot and little elſe to maintain himſelf and family upon but his pay; that he ſerved there in moſt of the campaigns with the reputation of a gallant officer, but that the ſpirit of gaming having been ſuffered to infect the Engliſh army in their winter quarters at New York, this wretched man, the father and the huſband of theſe helpleſs women, became a prey to that infernal paſſion, and being driven to ſell his commiſſion to pay his loſſes at play, put an end to his miſerable exiſtence by a bullet.

Here Abrahams pauſed, whilſt Ned gave vent to a groan, in which I can anſwer for his being ſeconded by one more heart at leaſt then in company, from which the recollection of that fatal period never fails to extort a pang.

The ſeries of ſufferings, which the unhappy widow and her child endured, (continued Abrahams) from this tragical period, were ſuch as I muſt leave you to imagine, for I neither wiſhed

to be informed of them, nor could ſhe expatiate upon them. It may however be proper to inform Mr. Drowſy, that I am convinced there is no room for hope, that any future impreſſion can be made upon the unforgiving nature of Conſtantia's grandfather, and it would be unjuſt in me to repreſent her as any other than what ſhe is, deſtitute of fortune even in expectancy. And what is ſhe the worſe for that? cried Ned; amongſt the articles I ſtipulate for in the advertiſement, which Mr. Sparkle has been reading, I believe you will not find that money is put down for one. Upon this Mr. Abrahams made a proper compliment to my friend, and addreſſing himſelf to the company began to apologize for having taken up ſo much of our attention by his long diſcourſe; this naturally produced a return of acknowledgements on our parts, with many and juſt commendations of his benevolence. The honeſt man's features brightened with joy upon receiving this welcome teſtimony, which he ſo well deſerved, and I remarked with pleaſure that our reverend friend, the curate, now began to regard Abrahams with an eye of complacency, and having ſet himſelf in order, like one who was about to harangue his audience with a prepared oration, he turned a gracious countenance upon the humble adverſary of his faith, and delivered himſelf as follows—

Charity, Mr. Abrahams, is by our church eſteemed the firſt of Chriſtian virtues, and as we are commanded to pray even for our enemies, in obedience to that bleſſed mandate I devoutly pray that in your inſtance it may avail to cover and blot out the multitude of ſins. Your reaching forth the hand of mercy to theſe poor Chriſtians in their pitiable diſtreſs proves you to be a man ſuperior to thoſe

thoſe ſhameful prejudices, which make a falſe plea of religion for ſhutting up the heart againſt all, but thoſe of its own faith and perſuaſion. I have liſtened to your narrative with attention, and it is but juſtice to you to confeſs, that your forbearing to retort upon the ſcurrilous fellow in the lodging-houſe, who inſulted you on the ſcore of your national phyſiognomy, is a circumſtance very highly to your credit, and what would have done honor to any one of the profeſſors of that religion, which teaches us, when we are reviled, to revile not again. I alſo remarked the modeſt manner of your ſpeaking, when you unavoidably reported of your own good deeds; you ſounded no trumpet before you, and thereby convinced me you are not of that phariſaical leaven, which ſeeketh the praiſe of men; and let me tell you, Sir, it is the very teſt of true charity, that it vaunteth not itſelf, is not puffed up. Humility, Mr. Abrahams, in a peculiar degree is expected of you, as one of the children of wrath ſcattered over the face of the earth without an abiding place which you may call your own: Charity alſo is in you a duty of more than ordinary obligation; for you and your's ſubſiſt no otherwiſe than on the charity of the nations, who give you ſhelter: The alms of others may be termed a free gift of love, but your alms are in fact a legal tribute for protection. To conclude—I exhort you to take in good part what I have now been ſaying; you are the firſt of your nation I ever communed with, and if hereafter in the execution of my duty I am led to ſpeak with rigour of your ſtiff-necked generation, I ſhall make a mental exception in your favour, and recommend in my prayers for all Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics by a ſeparate ejaculation in your behalf.

Whether

Whether Abrahams in his heart thanked the honeſt curate for his zeal is hard to ſay, but there was nothing to be obſerved in his countenance, which beſpoke any other emotions than thoſe of benevolence and good nature. My friend Drowſy was not quite ſo placid at certain periods of the diſcourſe, and when he found that the humble Iſraelite made no other return, but by a civil inclination of the head to the ſpeaker at the concluſion of the harrangue, he ſaid to Abrahams in a qualifying tone of voice, Mr. Beetle, Sir, means well; to which the other inſtantly replied, that he did not doubt it, and then with a deſign, as it ſhould ſeem, to turn the diſcourſe, informed Ned, that he had taken the liberty of going in perſon to the father of Mrs. Goodiſon, in hopes he would have allowed him to ſpeak of the ſituation, in which he had found his daughter and her child; but alas! added he, I had no ſooner began to open the buſineſs upon which I came, than he inſtantly ſtopt my mouth by demanding, if I came into his houſe to affront him? that he was aſtoniſhed at my aſſurance for daring to name his daughter in his hearing, and in the ſame breath in a very haughty tone cried out, Harkye, Sir! are not you a Jew? to which I had no ſooner replied in the affirmative, then ringing his bell very violently, he called out to his footman, to put that Jew out of his doors. . . . . .

Here Abrahams pauſed; Ned ſtarted up from his chair, drank a glaſs of wine, ſhook the Jew by the hand, flounced down upon his ſeat again, whiſtled part of a tune, and turning to me ſaid in a half-whiſper, What a world is this we live in!

N° CXX.

AFTER the converſation related in the preceding chapter, Drowſy and his gueſts paſſed a ſocial evening, and honeſt Abrahams was prevailed upon to take a bed at Poppy Hall. The next morning early, I was much ſurpriſed to find Ned there before me—I dare ſay you wonder, ſaid he, what could provoke my lazineſs to quit my pillow thus early, but I am reſolved to ſhake off a ſlothful habit, which till our diſcourſe laſt night I never conſidered as criminal. I have been thinking over all that Mr. Abrahams told us about the diſtreſſed widow and her daughter, and I muſt own to you I have a longing deſire to obtain a ſight of this Conſtantia, whom he deſcribes to be ſo charming in mind and perſon. Now I don't know with what face I can invite her hither; beſides I conſider, though I might prevail upon Mr. Abrahams to bring her, yet I ſhould be confoundedly hampered how to get handſomely off, if upon acquaintance it did not ſuit me to propoſe for her.

You judge rightly, ſaid I, your dilemma would be embarraſſing.

Well then, quoth he, there is no alternative but for me to go to her, and though I am aware of the trouble it will give me to take a journey to London, where I have never been, and ſhall probably make a very awkward figure, yet if you will encourage me ſo far as to ſay you will take a corner in my coach thither, and Mr Abrahams does not object to the ſcheme, I will even pluck up a goodcourage and ſet out to-morrow.

Be it ſo! anſwered I, if Mr Abrahams approves of it, I have no objection to the party.

On

On the morrow we ſet off; Abrahams and myſelf with Ned and his old ſervant in his coach for London, and in the evening of the ſecond day our poſt-boys delivered us ſafe at Bloſſom's Inn in Lawrence-Lane. Abrahams procured us lodgings at the houſe of his apothecary in the Poultry, where he firſt ſheltered Mrs. Goodiſon and Conſtantia; and having ſettled this affair the good man haſtened home to preſent himſelf to his family, and prepare for our ſupping at his houſe that night.

My friend Ned had been in a broad ſtare of amazement ever ſince his entry into London; he ſeemed anxious to know what all the people were about, and why they poſted up and down in ſuch a hurry; he frequently aſked me when they would go home and be quiet; for his own part he doubted if he ſhould get a wink of ſleep till he was fairly out of this noiſy town.

As he was feaſting his curioſity from the window of our lodgings, the Lord Mayor paſſed by in his ſtate coach towards the Manſion Houſe—God bleſs his Majeſty! cried Ned, he is a portly man. He was rather diſappointed when I ſet him right in his miſtake; but nevertheleſs the ſpectacle pleaſed him, and he commented very gravely upon the commodious ſize of the coach and the ſlow pace of the proceſſion, which he ſaid ſhewed the good ſenſe and diſcretion of the city magiſtrate, and obſerving him to be a very corpulent man, added with an air of ſome conſequence, that he would venture to pronounce my Lord Mayor of London was a wiſe man and conſulted his own eaſe.

We now were to ſet ourſelves in order for our viſit to honeſt Abrahams, and Ned began to ſhew

ſome

ſome anxiety about certain articles of his dreſs and appearance, which did not exactly tally with the ſpruce air of the city ſparks, whom he had reconnoitred in the ſtreets: The whole was confeſſedly of the ruſtic order, but I encouraged him to put his truſt in broad-cloth and country bloom, and ſeriouſly exhorted him not to truſt his head to the ſheers of a London hair-dreſſer. I now ordered a coach to be called, which was no ſooner announced than Ned obſerved it was ſpeedily got ready; but they do every thing in a hurry in this place, added he, and I wiſh to my heart the fat gentleman in the fine coach may order all the people to bed before our return, that I may ſtand ſome chance of getting a little reſt and quiet amongſt them.

We now ſtept into our hack, but not without a caution from Ned to the coachman to drive gently over the ſtones, which, to give him his due, he faithfully performed. We were received at the door by our friendly Iſraelite with a ſmiling welcome, and conducted by him up ſtairs to a plain but neat apartment, in which was the miſtreſs of the houſe, an elderly decent matron, who preſented us to Mrs. Goodiſon, the mother of Conſtantia, in whoſe countenance, though pale and overcaſt with melancholy, beauty and modeſt dignity ſtill kept their native poſt.

Honeſt Ned made his firſt approaches with a bow, which Veſtris perhaps could have mended, though it was of nature's workmanſhip; and this he ſtoutly followed up with a kiſs to each lady, after the cuſtom of the country, that loudly ſpoke its own good report.

Whilſt theſe antient and exploded ceremonies were in operation, the door opened, and preſented

to

to our eyes—a wonder! It was a combination of grace and beauty to have extorted raptures from old age itſelf; it was a form of modeſty to have awed the paſſions of licentious youth; it was in one word, Conſtantia herſelf, and till our reigning beauties ſhall to equal charms add equal humility, and preſent themſelves like her to the beholder's eye without one conſcious glance of exultation at their triumphs, ſhe muſt remain no otherwiſe deſcribed than as that name beſpeaks the unrivalled model of her ſex.

As for my friend Ned, who had acquitted himſelf ſo dexterouſly with the elder ladies, his lips had done their office; neither voice nor motion remained with them, and aſtoniſhment would not even ſuffer them to cloſe—

Obſtupuit, ſteteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæſit.

And what after all were the mighty inſtruments, by which theſe effects were produced? Hearken, *O Taviſtock-ſtreet*, and believe it if you can! The ſimpleſt dreſs, which modeſty could clothe itſelf with, was all the armour, which this conqueror had put on; a plain white cotton veſt with a cloſe head-dreſs, (ſuch as your very windows would have bluſhed to have exhibited) filleted with a black ſilk ribband, were all the aids, that Nature borrowed to attire her matchleſs piece of work.

Thus ſhe ſtood before us, and there ſhe might have ſtood for us till now, if the compaſſionate Iſraelite had not again ſtepped in to her reſcue: He led her to the chair, and taking his ſeat, ſet the converſation afloat, by telling her of his viſit

ſit to the worthy gentleman then preſent (as his body indeed might witneſs, but for his ſenſes they were elſewhere) ſpoke handſomely of his kind reception, of the natural beauties of the place and the country about it, and concluded with ſaying he had now the honour to introduce the owner of that hoſpitable manſion to her acquaintance, and he flattered himſelf he could not do a more acceptable office to both parties.

The anſwer, which Conſtantia made to this elaborate harangue, would in vain be ſought for in *the academy of compliments*, for it conſiſted ſimply in the eloquence of two expreſſive eyes, which ſhe directed upon the ſpeechleſs trunk of poor Ned, ſomewhere as I ſhould gueſs about the region of his heart, for I am perſuaded her emiſſaries never ſtopped till they made their way to the citadel and had audience there.

Ned now began to ſtammer out a few ſentences, by which, if Conſtantia did not underſtand more than was expreſſed, ſhe could not be much the wiſer for the information he gave her; he was glad and ſorry twice or thrice in a breath, and not always in the right place; he hoped and believed and preſumed to ſay—juſt nothing at all; when in a moment the word ſupper! announced through the noſe of a ſnuffling Hebrew ſervant, came, as if it had been conjured up by the want of an enchanter, to deliver him out of his diſtreſs: The manna in the wilderneſs was hardly more welcome to the famiſhed Jews, than were now the bloodleſs viands, that awaited us on the friendly board of Abrahams, to the ears I ſhould have ſaid rather than to the appetite of Drowſy.

Love

Love I know can do more in the way of metamorphoſis, than Ovid ever heard of; and to ſay the truth, what he had done to Ned was no trifling teſt of his art; for it was in fact no leſs a change, than if he had transformed Morpheus into Mercury: Good fellowſhip however can do ſomething in the ſame way, and the hoſpitable feſtivity of the honeſt Iſraelite now brought Ned's heart to his lips and ſet it to work: Youth ſoon catches the ſocial ſympathy, but even age and ſorrow now threw aſide their gloom, and paid their ſubſcription to the board with a good grace. Ned, whoſe countenance was lighted up with a genuine glow of benevolence, that had entirely diſpelled that air of laſſitude, which had ſo long diſarmed an intereſting ſet of features of their natural vivacity and ſpirit, now exhibited a character of as much manly beauty and even mental expreſſion, as I had ever contemplated—

Quid non poſſit amor?

Madam, ſays he, directing his diſcourſe to Mrs. Goodiſon, it is not for the honour of human nature, that I ſhould wholly credit what our worthy hoſt has told me: I won't believe there are half ſo many hard hearts in the world as we hear of; it is not talking reaſon to a man that will always argue him out of his obſtinacy; it is not ſuch a fellow as myſelf, no, nor even ſo good a pleader as my friend here, (pointing to Abrahams) who can turn a tough heart to pity; but let me once come acroſs a certain father, that ſhall be nameleſs, and let me be properly prepared to encounter him, and I'll wager all I am worth, I will

will bring him round in a twinkling: Only let me have the proper credentials in my hand, do you ſee, and I'll do it. I know whom you point at, replied Mrs. Goodiſon, but I don't comprehend all your meaning; what credentials do you allude to? To the moſt powerful, ſaid Ned, that nature ever ſet her hand to; the irreſiſtible eyes of this young lady; might I only ſay—This angel is a ſupplicant to you, the heart that would not melt muſt be of marble. Conſtantia bluſhed, every body ſeemed delighted with the unexpected turn of Ned's reply, whilſt Mrs. Goodiſon anſwered, that ſhe feared even that experiment would diſappoint him; upon which he eagerly rejoiced, Then I have a reſource againſt the worſt that can befal us: There is a comfortable little manſion ſtands without-ſide of my park; it is furniſhed and in compleat repair; there is a pleaſant garden to it; Mr. Abrahams has ſeen it, and if you will be my tenant, you ſhall not find me ſo hard a landlord, as ſome you have had to deal with. As Ned ſpoke theſe words, Mrs. Goodiſon turned her eyes full upon him with ſo intelligent and ſcrutinizing an expreſſion, as to cauſe a ſhort ſtop in his ſpeech, after which he continued—Ah, Madam, how happy you might make me! the laſt inhabitant of this beloved little place was my excellent mother; ſhe paſſed two years of widowhood in it with no companion but myſelf; I wiſh I had been more worthy of ſuch ſociety and more capable of improving by it; but I was ſadly cramped in my education, being kept at home by my father, who meant all for the beſt (God forbid I ſhould reproach him!) and put me under the care of Parſon Beetle, the curate of

one

our pariſh, an honeſt well-meaning man; but alas! I was a dull lazy blockhead and he did not keep me to my book. However ſuch as I am, I know my own deficiencies, and I hope want of honeſty and ſincerity is not amongſt the number. Nobody can ſuſpect it, cried Abrahams. Pardon me, replied Ned, I am afraid Mrs. Goodiſon is not thoroughly convinced of it; ſurely, Madam, you will not ſuppoſe I could look you in the face and utter an untruth. Nobody can look in your's, Sir, anſwered ſhe, and expect to hear one; it is your unmerited generoſity that ſtops my tongue. After all, reſumed Abrahams, I am as much indebted to your generoſity as any body preſent, for as you have never once mentioned the name of my Conſtantia in this propoſal, I perceive you do not intend to rob me of both my comforts at the ſame time. 'Tis becauſe I have not the preſumption to hope, anſwered Ned, that I have any thing to offer, which ſuch excellence would condeſcend to take: I could wiſh to tender her the beſt manſion I poſſeſs, but there is an encumbrance goes with it, which I deſpair of reconciling to ſo elegant a taſte as her's.—O love, ſaid I within myſelf, thou art a notable teacher of rhetoric! I glanced my eye round the table; Ned did the very reverſe of what a modern fine gentleman would have done at the cloſe of ſuch a ſpeech, he never once ventured to lift up his eyes, or direct a look towards the object he had addreſſed; the fine countenance of Conſtantia aſſumed a hue, which I ſuſpect our dealers in Circaſſian bloom have not yet been able to imitate, nor, if they could, to ſhift, ſo ſuddenly; for whilſt my eye was paſſing over it, her cheek underwent

erwent a change, which courtly cheeks, who
archaſe bluſhes, are not ſubject to: the whole
as conducted by thoſe moſt genuine maſters and
eſt colouriſts of the human countenance, mo-
eſty and ſenſibility, under the direction of na-
ıre, and though I am told the ingenious Pre-
lent of our Royal Academy has attempted
mething in art, which reſembles it, yet I am
ard to believe, that his carnations, however vo-
tile, can quite keep pace with the changes of
onſtantia's cheek. Wiſe and diſcreet young la-
es, who are taught to know the world by edu-
tion and experience, have a better method of
ncealing their thoughts and a better reaſon for
ncealing them; in ſhort they manage this
atter with more addreſs, and do not, like poor
onſtantia—

——Wear their hearts upon their ſleeve
For daws to peck at.

When a faſhionable lover aſſails his miſtreſs
th all that energy of action as well as utterance,
hich accompanies polite declarations of paſſion,
would be highly indiſcreet in her to ſhew him
w ſupremely pleaſed and flattered ſhe is by his
pudence; no, ſhe puts a proper portion of
rn into her features, and with a ſtern counte-
nce tells him, ſhe cannot ſtand his impertı-
nce; if he will not take this fair warning and
ſift, ſhe may indeed be overpowered through
e weakneſs of her ſex, but nobody can ſay it
s her baſhfulneſs that betrayed her, or that
ere was any prudent hypocriſy ſpared in her
fence.

Again,

Again, when a faſhionable lady throws her fine arms round her huſband's neck, and in the mournful tone of conjugal complaint ſighs out—"And will my deareſt leave his fond unhappy "wife to bewail his abſence, whilſt he is follow-"ing a vile filthy fox over hedge and ditch at "the peril of his neck?"—would it not be a moſt unbred piece of ſincerity were ſhe to expreſs in her face what ſhe feels in her heart—a cordial wiſh that he may really break his neck, and that ſhe is very much beholden to thoſe odious hounds, as ſhe calls them, for taking him out of her ſight? Certainly ſuch an act of folly could not be put up with in an age and country ſo enlightened as the preſent; and ſurely, when ſo many ladies of diſtinction are turning actreſſes in public to amuſe their friends, it would be hard if they did not ſet apart ſome rehearſals in private to accommodate themſelves.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.